CORNUCOPIA

TURKEY FOR CONNOISSEURS
ISSUE 52 2015

ISTANBUL UNWRAPPED
PART THREE

BOSPHORUS REQUIEM

VANISHING VILLAGES AND HISTORIC YALIS, ICONIC VIEWS AND HIDDEN TREASURES... CATCH THEM WHILE YOU CAN

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Cover A vanished world: yalıs in the grand style at Bebek, by HG Dwight (1875–1959), the Istanbul-born author of *Constaninople, Old and New* (1915). His photographs of Bebek appear on page 130 (the waterside café) and page 135 (the esplanade). Courtesy of the Burak Çetintaş Archive

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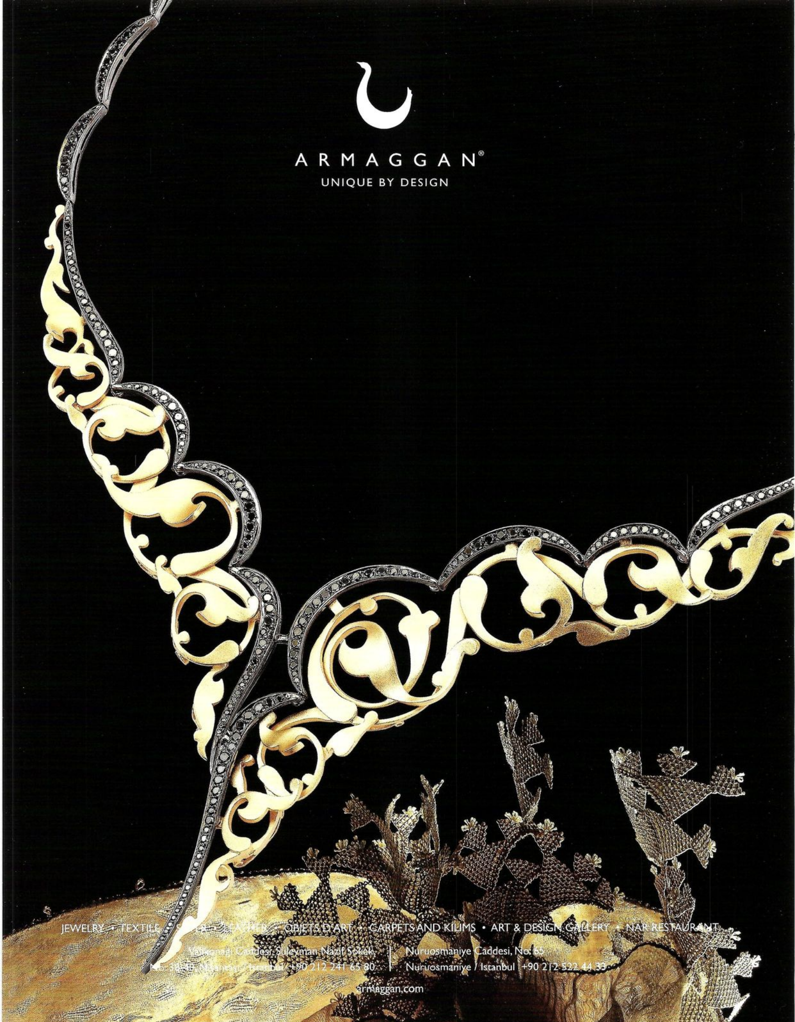

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Polychrome, underglaze-painted, stoneware Iznik plate.
Photograph by Fritz von der Schulenburg

CONNOISSEUR

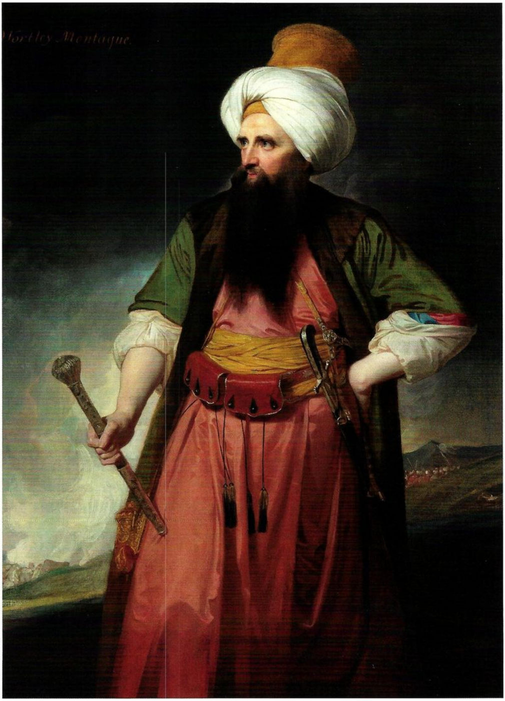
Exquisite Ottoman footwear competes for attention with exotic portraits by European artists, a magnificent Topkapi landscape, and a heady celebration of 500 years of Turkish coffee

SWAGGER ALERT

Saleroom extravaganza

An extravagant character in an extravagant portrait fetched an extravagant price last July at Sotheby's, London. George Romney's three-quarter-length likeness of the notorious Edward Wortley Montagu – described in his youth by his mother, the famous Lady Mary, as "the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant" – made £4 million in July, a record for the artist. Sold by the Earl of Warwick, it was painted in 1775, the year before Montagu died.

A gambler, libertine and cheat, famed for wearing a lifelike iron wig of his own invention, he was also an MP, a respected scholar and member of the Royal Society. His links with Turkey were long and fond. He went there aged three and was the first English child to be inoculated in the Turkish manner against smallpox. He lived *à la turque* in his Venetian palazzo and spoke excellent Turkish. Of his four marriages, the first to a washerwoman, the last to a Nubian Muslim, at least two were bigamous. He died "a good Muslim" the year after this portrait in Turkish dress was painted in Venice.


Wortley Montague.

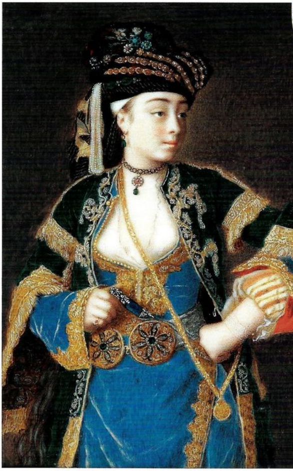
▷△ George Romney's portrait of Edward Wortley Montagu (1713–76) made £4,002,500 last July. In the same sale, the very same Ottoman mace he holds in the portrait sold for £22,500

COURTESY SOTHEBY'S

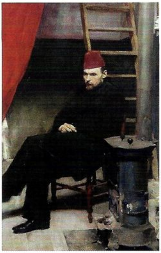
DRAWN TO THE EAST

FROM LIOTARD'S BOSPHORUS BEAUTY TO A MOODY TOPKAPI

▽The eccentric Swiss Huguenot Jean-Étienne Liotard (1702–89), finest of all the Orientalists, styled himself '*le peintre Turc*' after his four formative years in Constantinople in the 1740s and insisted on wearing Turkish dress ever after. A rare show at the Scottish National Gallery (July 4 – Sept 13) includes this exquisite miniature portrait on ivory of Laura Tarsi, 'a Grecian lady', probably the mistress of the young Marquess of Granby, for whom it was painted, while he was in the city. Her silk velvet dress and the hilt of her small dagger match her blue eyes, and she would have worn this revealing outfit with its profusion of pearls and jewels at home or in the garden.



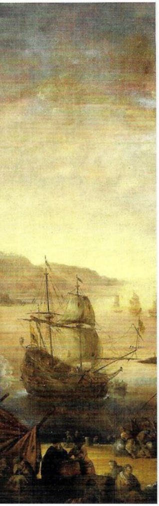
FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE

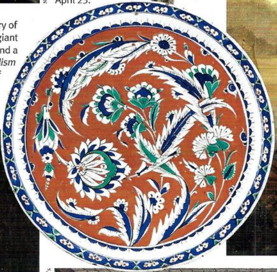


NATIONAL MUSEUM, WARSAW

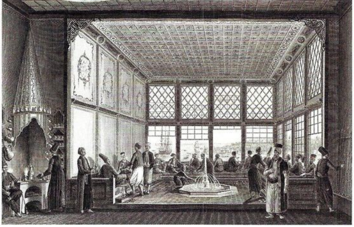
△The recent sixth centenary of Turco–Polish ties featured giant Istanbul murals (see p87) and a Pera Museum show, *Orientalism in Polish Art*, including Józef Mehoffer's 1894 portrait of the sculptor Konstanty Laszczki in a fez.

▷▽ London's Islamic Spring Sales include this dreamy 17th-century Dutch School landscape of the Topkapı (est £150,000–200,000) and an 18th-century dagger with sapphire-blue glass hilt (est £15,000) strikingly similar to the one carried by Liotard's Laura Tarsi. Both are in Sotheby's Arts of the Islamic World sale on April 22. Christie's has the vibrant Iznik dish below, c1580 (est £50–70,000), in its Art of the Islamic and Indian Worlds, April 23.





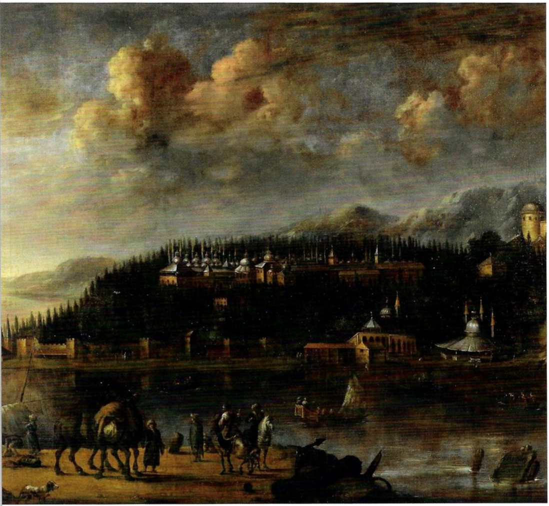
CHRISTIE'S



TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM

△ This 1830s Pera coffee house may survive only in Thomas Allom's engraving, but every day Istanbul still enjoys over 5 million cups of Turkish coffee. The Topkapı tells the drink's tale in *A Drop of Pleasure: 500 Years of Turkish Coffee* (until June 15).

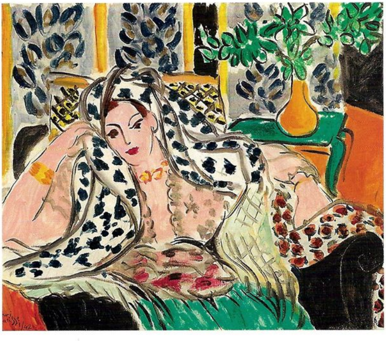
▷ Painter and film-maker Mehmet Güleryüz's retrospective (Istanbul Modern, until June 28) leads from Sixties installations to his iconic 'blizzard' landscapes, via delightful studies he never parted with, such as *Manav* (Greengrocer), 1966.



COURTESY SOTHEBY'S

▷ Matisse was captivated by Nézy the moment he saw the 17-year-old Ottoman princess in a street in Nice in 1940. After asking her grandmother Naime Sultan (a daughter of Sultan Abdülhamid II) if he might paint her, she became his favourite muse, his '*petite princesse de rêve*'. In February, *Odalisque au fauteuil noir*, painted in 1942, fetched £16 million at Sotheby's, London.

MEHMET GÜLERYÜZ/ISTANBUL MODERN



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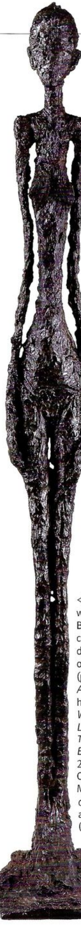
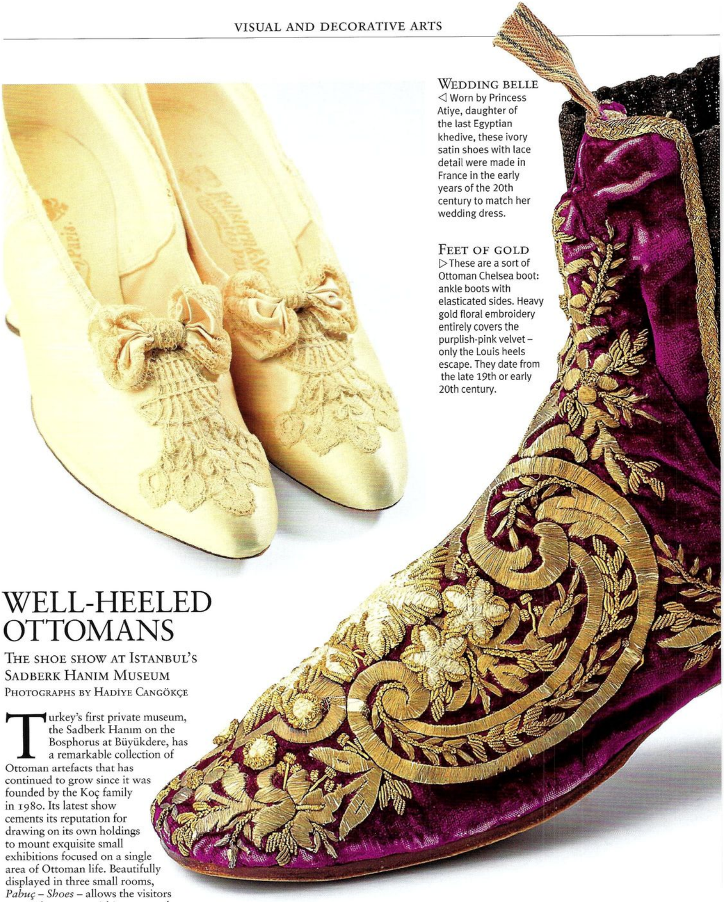


ESTATE GIACOMETTI (FONDATION GIACOMETTI + ADAGP)

◁ The Pera Museum, which opened in Pera's Bristol Hotel in 2005, celebrates its first decade with a cavalcade of shows, two by two (peramuzesi.org.tr). *Alberto Giacometti* (and his 1960 sculpture *Tall Woman I*) alongside *Life Is Short, Art Long: The Art of Healing in Byzantium* (until April 26); Grayson Perry with Cecil Beaton (from May); modern and contemporary Bosnian art with the Biennale (from September); and the nude in Turkish art with *This Is Not a Love Song* (video art and pop music) in November.



WEDDING BELLE
◁ Worn by Princess Atiye, daughter of the last Egyptian khedive, these ivory satin shoes with lace detail were made in France in the early years of the 20th century to match her wedding dress.

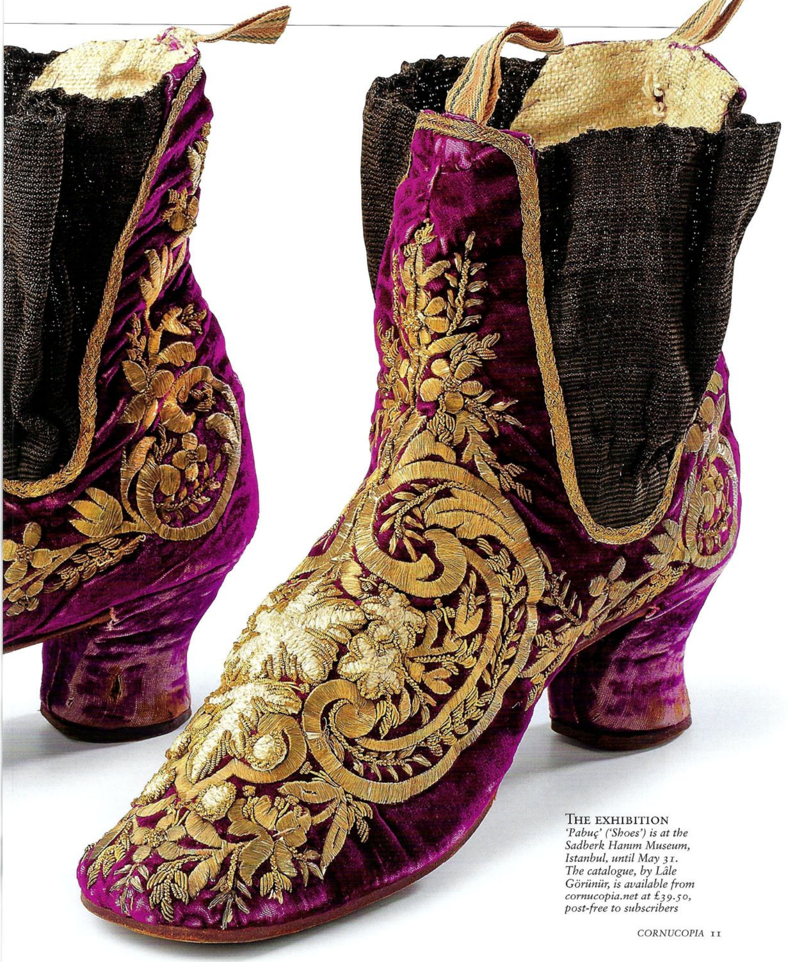
FEET OF GOLD
▷ These are a sort of Ottoman Chelsea boot: ankle boots with elasticated sides. Heavy gold floral embroidery entirely covers the purplish-pink velvet – only the Louis heels escape. They date from the late 19th or early 20th century.

WELL-HEELED OTTOMANS

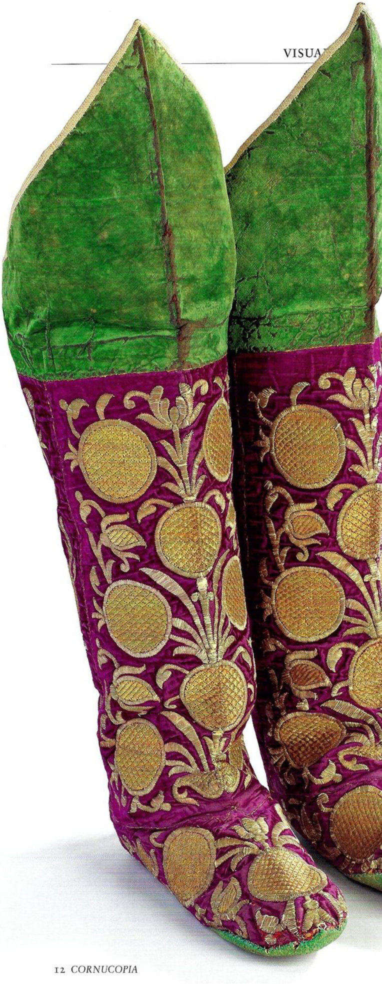
THE SHOE SHOW AT ISTANBUL'S SADBERK HANIM MUSEUM

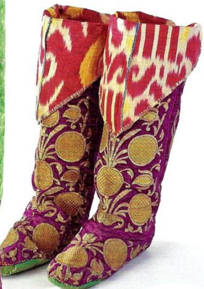
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HADİYE CANGÖKÇE

Turkey's first private museum, the Sadberk Hanım on the Bosphorus at Büyükdere, has a remarkable collection of Ottoman artefacts that has continued to grow since it was founded by the Koç family in 1980. Its latest show cements its reputation for drawing on its own holdings to mount exquisite small exhibitions focused on a single area of Ottoman life. Beautifully displayed in three small rooms, *Pabuç – Shoes* – allows the visitors to get close to a ravishing array of late-Ottoman slippers, shoes and boots.



THE EXHIBITION
'Pabuç' ('Shoes') is at the Sadberk Hanım Museum, Istanbul, until May 31. The catalogue, by Lâle Görünür, is available from cornucopia.net at £39.50, post-free to subscribers





STEPPE STYLE

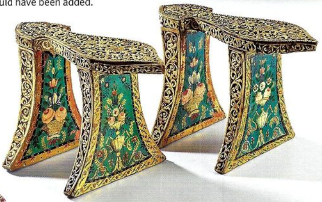
◁ A striking pomegranate and leaf design in gold thread embellishes these 19th-century riding boots (*çizme*) of leather and purple velvet. They would have been worn with custom-made overshoes. The silk ikat lining of the triangular tops is typically Central Asian.

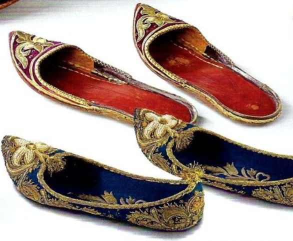
IN THE SUMMERTIME

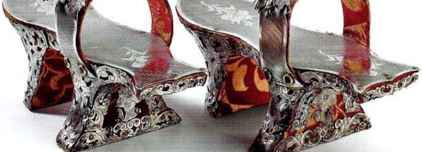
▷ Designed to match a dress, these pretty lace-up child's boots (*çocuk potini*) were worn in 1893 by Memduha, the three-year-old daughter of the governor of Bursa. The cream silk fabric is embroidered with a bold floral design in metal thread and sequins. The heels are gilded.

HIGH STEPPER

▽ High flared wedges and ivory plaques ornately carved with scrolling leaves distinguish these 18th-century wooden *nalın* (clogs for the hamam). The wedges are painted with vases and baskets of roses and carnations. Leather straps would have been added.







FAIRYTALE FOOTWEAR
◁ In dark blue velvet with turned-up toes, these shoes, densely embroidered in gold thread, have soft soles, high backs and a distinctive long tongue in the shape of a lotus bud. They are late-18th- or early 19th-century.

PRETTY ON AND OFF
△△ In houses dominated by broad divans, slippers had to be decorative both on and off the foot. These pairs, with delicate turned-up toes, are both late-18th-century. The blue ones are broadcloth (*çuha*) embroidered with seed pearls; the red ones, leather covered in sequined velvet.

APRÈS-HAMAM
▽ Ornate silver plaques of leaves and flowers cover the straps and heels of these *nalın*. The soles are also silver. The insides of the heels and straps are lined with patterned Hereke silk, and the silver bears the *tuğra* of Abdülhamid II.

Change is in the air

FIRST AN UNNEEDED THIRD BOSPHORUS BRIDGE, THEN A NEW AIRPORT THAT WILL DESTROY ACRES OF BELGRADE FOREST, NOW PLANS TO CUT A SHIPPING CANAL ACROSS THE THRACIAN PENINSULA. TO CAP IT ALL, HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD LOOKS CUTER BY THE MINUTE. ANDREW FINKEL LONGS FOR THE OLD ISTANBUL

Istanbul is the enemy of nostalgia. The aphorism is of my own devising and if I've said it once, I've probably said it often enough to be suspected of having dementia. It refers to that queasy, white-knuckle-on-the-window-ledge feeling of anyone in this city who tries to cling to the past. The whirl of change is relentless and of course this energy explains Istanbul's easy attraction to the casual visitor. But for those who inhabit the vortex, the constant erosion of the familiar can wear you down.

Which is one explanation for why the Bosphorus is so important. In a city where change is the norm, it provides a sole note of constancy. Of course, the Bosphorus is not just an attractive landmark, but the very reason for the city's existence. It is the sole passage from the warm waters of the Mediterranean to the cold Black Sea. Once upon a time, ships moored in the Sea of Marmara would wait for the favourable wind that would carry them upstream. Io, lover of Zeus, was turned into a cow to fool Hera as she forded the Bosphorus in Greek mythology; Jason sailed his Argonauts through the clashing rocks at its northern approach. Empires and nations squabbled for control of it ever since. Stalin regarded Turkish control of the Straits as grabbing the Soviet state by the throat. But for those of us who climb into a put-put commuter boat at day's end, the significance of the Bosphorus is more than geo-strategic. It is the one place in the city where there are no traffic jams.

I first came to this city in the late 1960s, when there were less than two million souls living here, and have witnessed a doubling of population close on every 15 years since. I realise this makes me something of a hard case. But you don't have to have lived here even remotely that long to feel surrounded by shadows. In Istanbul you see not just what is in front of your nose but what used to be there. The forests disappear. The hills sprout dull, utilitarian skyscrapers. The skyline of the historic peninsula is no longer sacred. But so far no political super-villain has appeared with a scheme to squeeze Asia back together with Europe and eliminate the Bosphorus Strait. And at night, as you cross the black water and stare into the wind, the flickering lights of the city appear benign. Sometimes the boat slows down to let the black silhouette of a tanker cross its path. The delay is reassuring. As long as there is a Bosphorus, Istanbul will be Istanbul.

All this begs the question: why would anyone want to build a second Bosphorus? The very notion sounds absurd. Yet plans exist to construct a so-called Kanal Istanbul – a waterway cutting through the Thracian peninsula to the West of the city, providing an alternative shipping route. The idea was broached ahead of the 2011 election and described as one of the government's "madcap" projects – the other two being the third Bosphorus Bridge now being built at the mouth of the Black Sea end, and a third airport, planned to occupy nearly 30 square miles of the Belgrade Forest nearby.

Back in the days of the Argonauts, before boats had engines, an easily navigable canal might have made sense. The principal argument now is that the transport of oil and other noxious substances through the heart of a major city is obviously hazardous. A more practical solution would be a pipeline, but that too has its problems. The Bosphorus is an international waterway with virtually unrestricted access guaranteed under treaty. So it will be no simple matter to force shipping away from its toll-free waters to an ersatz Bosphorus where you have to pay. The project will be hard to finance.

That may be a blessing in disguise, because many suspect that sending tankers through a wide canal will play Russian roulette with the environment. The Black Sea is 50cm higher than the Sea of Marmara, and without a system of expensive locks the water will whoosh through, carrying pollution from the Danube and Dnieper. And no one has yet studied the effect on the real Bosphorus, with its complex currents (the surface current goes from north to south, but a deep-water current travels in the opposite direction). The project could affect currents and sea temperatures at both ends. The Black Sea is a particularly complex body of water, without oxygen and full of sulphides in its lower depths. Will all this be disturbed, and what will be the consequences? There has been no satisfactory environmental-impact report for any of the "madcap" projects, and, what is madder still, the Kanal could sever the vital springs that feed into the city's freshwater grid – as well as the Belgrade Forest.

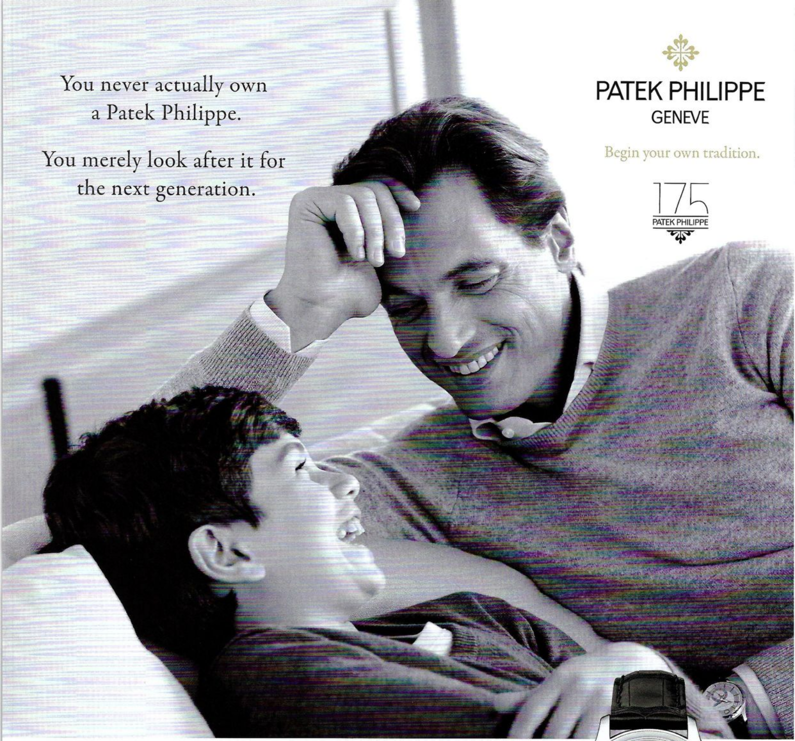
One rationale for the Kanal madness is to stimulate property development in the western periphery of the city. Speculators have already been vying for canal-fronted property. If the Bosphorus is Istanbul, then the brave new Istanbul being built appears to need a water feature all its own.

I realise I am complaining from a highly privileged position. I live in one of the few neighbourhoods that resemble the Istanbul of yesteryear. The back streets are full of low, wooden houses and there is a huge market-garden which the community association has saved from the developers' digging machines. And I realise, too, that I am being the wrong side of churlish if I complain that the streets are just too cute for their own good.

I made this discovery one Saturday morning. Not one block from my house stood a couple in full wedding gear – black tie for the groom and a full-length hooped gown for the bride. They were posing for photographs in front of someone's pastel-coloured front door. Nothing wrong with that – were it not that in the weeks and months that followed I realised the entire neighbourhood was turning into a photographic studio. Now it is not uncommon to chance upon couple after couple gazing adoringly into each other's eyes for as long as it takes them to say cheese. I went out to buy some milk the other day and counted nine fully kitted-out brides. It is like living in a Fellini film. What really maddens me, I realise, is that here I am fighting manfully not to indulge in nostalgia, while so many others put up no fight at all.

Now and then I do try to draw a line in the sand. I see the construction of glass towers which, while perfectly suitable for the skyline of some Midwestern American town, have no business overlooking my Bosphorus. A key offender is the Zorlu Center, a mall with residences and office blocks that has climbed onto the horizon like some well-heeled King Kong. Watching its construction, I vowed never to set foot inside. And I kept to that resolution well enough – until I received an invitation to a Lang Lang concert in its concert hall. Annoyingly, the acoustics turned out to be rather good. I nipped out in the intermission to hear jazz maestros Kenny Barron and Dave Holland jam in the smaller auditorium across the way. I hated myself, of course, particularly when I returned a week later to see if the massive Eataly (Italian) food emporium was all it was cracked up to be. Worse still, I went back yet again to accept an invitation to lunch at the Ristorante Italia di Massimo Bottura. As I watched the waiter grate white truffle onto the fettuccine, I took a solemn oath not to swallow. ◆

Andrew Finkel, CORNUCOPIA *contributing editor, has worked from Istanbul as a journalist for 25 years. He is a founding member of P24 (platform24.org), in support of media independence*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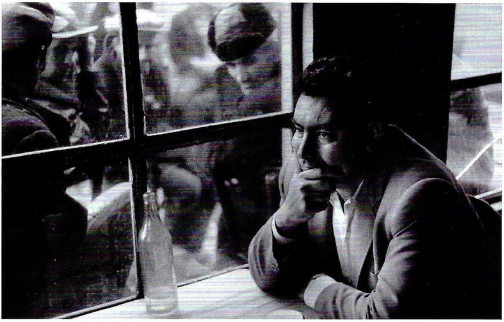
BOOKS

THE NOVELIST YAŞAR KEMAL, WHO DIED IN FEBRUARY; İRFAN ORGA'S REDISCOVERED DRAMA, POETRY IN THE WALLS OF SINOP; A TRIBUTE TO THE BOTANIST ASUMAN BAYTOP

Literary giant

David Barchard looks back on the life of Yaşar Kemal (1923–2015). Portrait by Ara Güler



In the late spring of 1951 a 28-year-old man arrived in Istanbul from southern Turkey. He had on him five Turkish lira, some of his own writing, and a few letters of introduction from left-wing Turkish authors. He had recently come out of prison for allegedly making Communist propaganda.

His aim was to become a journalist on *Cumhuriyet*. Failing that, he would scratch a living as a petition writer outside the Yeni Cami. When Kemal (then sleeping out in Gülhane Park) arrived at the paper's offices, the janitor thought him too shabby to allow in. So several weeks passed. Penniless, he lived by catching and selling fish from the Bosphorus.

When he eventually did get to see the famous editor, Nadir Nadi, he pored over the young man's work for a few minutes, told him he wrote brilliant Turkish, and hired him at once. The career of Yaşar Kemal (his real surname was Gökçeli) had begun. He would arguably become Turkey's finest novelist, and one of its most famous citizens.

He had been born Kemal Sadık in 1923 into a Kurdish farming family driven during the First World War from Lake Van by hunger and invading armies to a village near the Mediterranean where they were the sole Kurdish speakers. He lost an eye in infancy and at the age of five his father was murdered in front of him by his adopted brother.

The first literature Kemal encountered was folklore: ballads and legends telling of violence, desperate struggles and the suffering of the villagers. His first book, published in 1943 at the age of 20, was a collection of ballads, but his interest soon shifted to the novel and short stories. He owed much to the leftist Kemalist Halkevi system of "people's houses", which brought him into contact with writers and saw his early work published.

A book of short stories appeared a year after his arrival in Istanbul. And in 1955 came his first novel, *İnce Memed*, known in English as *Memed, My Hawk*, the story of a young villager fighting a cruel local landowner. Written in a simple, compelling style, the novel was a success in Turkey. In translation it became a bestseller across the world, the first Turkish novel to win world-classic status.

Over the next five decades he produced 23 novels and books of short stories, achieving a unique place in Turkish literature. It was a success built on workaholic determination and personal charm.

In 1952 he had married Thilda Serrero, daughter of one of Turkey's leading Jewish families and one of his first translators. Visitors to their home in Basınköy would be welcomed by a beaming, voluble Yaşar, while Thilda contrived simultaneously to serve refreshments, hold a sparkling conversation and somehow keep typing away ceaselessly at her translations.

Though fate robbed him of the Nobel Prize most people thought his due, almost every other conceivable literary honour came his way. Despite fame, Kemal was never assertive or self-assuming: a figure in Istanbul streets and restaurants who chatted jocosely with everyone.

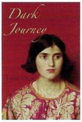
In 1995 he was sentenced to 20 months in prison for an article published in England, but though he defied them to do it, the authorities did not imprison him.

His later years were saddened by the death of Thilda in 2001 but a second marriage to Ayşe Semiha Baban brought him great happiness in his final decade – by which time Kemal had become a national treasure. *See also Letter from Anatolia, p216*

MELLOW DRAMA

Tim Cornwell

DARK JOURNEY
The Legend of Kamelya and Murat
İrfan Orga
Eland, 2015, £12.99



More than 60 years after Irfan Orga's luminescent memoir, *Portrait of a Turkish Family*, earned its place as a modern Turkish classic, his companion novel has finally found its way to a publisher. *Dark Journey: The Legend of Kamelya and Murat* recounts the dramatic misadventures of a young Ottoman widow and her son, struggling to survive in the

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tragic and tumultuous early years of the Turkish Republic.

In 1950, *Portrait of a Turkish Family* made Orga – a Turkish Air Force officer who left his country for the love of a married Irish woman he had met in London during the war – a minor publishing phenomenon in both the US and Britain.

Portrait tells the story of Orga's well-to-do Ottoman family, from the time of his birth in 1908 to the death of his mother, Şevkiye Orga, in 1940. The backdrop is the headlong collapse of the Ottoman economy and the unravelling of society on the empire's entry into the First World War. Seen through the eyes of a young man, it recounts how one Turkish family, particularly its women, responded after the males set off to war, never to return.

Dark Journey was probably written a year later, and explores many themes of the memoir, particularly Orga's loaded relationship with his mother. Like *Portrait,* it was written in close collaboration with his wife, Margaret. Orga died in 1970, having published other works including Turkish cookery books and a biography of Atatürk.

Dark Journey was not exactly lost. The author's son, Ateş Orga, notes in an afterword that it survived as a mildewy manuscript amid several boxes of family papers kept after his father's death. Ateş properly rediscovered and read the manuscript in 2007, after it resurfaced in an old military attaché case, and its publication was supported by the travel writer and editor Barnaby Rogerson and his wife, Rose Baring, who run Eland Books.

"We never learnt why publishers refused the book," Rogerson writes, but he suggests that the story was simply "out of chime with the general post-war climate and perceived comfort needs of the West".

Dark Journey boasts Dickensian themes of a middle-class descent into poverty and prostitution as war and revolution overturn the established order. The beautiful Kamelya, genteel daughter of an Ottoman governor, widowed at the outset of the First World War, finds herself embroiled in a seedy Istanbul underworld when her naive quest for a "gentleman husband" and guardian for her beloved son, Murat, sees her caught in the clutches of a seedy marriage broker. The resulting neighbourhood uproar of outraged morality is one of the most memorable scenes in the book.

Stolen as a mistress by a bandit chieftain, torn apart from her son, it is her desperate, misconceived efforts to reunite with the boy, now a young military cadet, that are the emotional axis of the book. As Kamelya recovers to become a "cosmopolitan beauty" under the new order of things, she keeps her face of innocence. Meanwhile, separation and guilt push Kamelya and Murat's relationship from filial love towards calamity of Oedipal proportions.

Readable and pacey, *Dark Journey* has the dramatically fantastical plotting of a melodramatic Turkish film: passionate characters, tragic situations, theatrical coincidences, mysterious strangers, operatic denouement, soulful searching of the streets of old Istanbul... It gives form to the smaller, seedier off-stage characters of *Portrait*, though at a cost to subtlety.

Whether or not it quite works as a novel – it lacks the descriptive richness and depth of *Portrait* – it is a fascinating adjunct to Orga's memoir, and suggests that a fuller re-examination of his life and work may be in order.

IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK

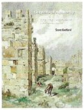
Robert G Ousterhout

LEGENDS OF AUTHORITY
The 1215 Seljuk Inscriptions of Sinop Citadel, Turkey

Scott Redford

Koç University Press, 2014, £25

Less spectacular and less touristy than its Mediterranean or Aegean counterparts, most guidebooks dismiss Sinop on the Black Sea as "pretty" but difficult of access, with cold-water beaches and an abandoned prison among its key landmarks. Situated on a picturesque peninsula with natural harbours at Turkey's northernmost point, Sinop is rich in history, and, as Scott Redford's excellent new book demonstrates, repays careful study.



At first glance, *Legends of Authority: The 1215 Seljuk Inscriptions of Sinop Citadel* might be similarly dismissed as "pretty" but difficult of access. Indeed, the book is handsomely produced, replete with lovely colour images, including Jules Laurens's watercolours from his travels in 1847. That said, most epigraphic studies are not for the faint-hearted, as their authors narrow their gaze to focus solely on decipherment and classification, based on the vagaries of word usage and letterform in all-but-forgotten languages. But Redford is much more interested in context: not so much what the inscriptions say as what they mean. This drives the narrative structure of the book, resulting in a readable, wide-ranging reassessment of the history and fabric of the city and its implications for the formative period of the Seljuk sultanate.

In 1214, Byzantine Sinop surrendered to the Seljuk sultan 'Izz al-Dīn Kaykā'ūs, who had military support from the Ayyubids of Syria, as well as from a gaggle of provincial governors, all of whom collaborated in the refurbishment of the citadel. Within the walls and towers are 16 inscribed panels, made within a five-month period in the summer of 1215. The inscriptions provide a sort of gazetteer of who's who within the power structure at the time, and as the work was undertaken after the sultan had departed, the tensions and presumptions of his heterogeneous entourage are openly expressed in the inscriptional record.

Most of the inscriptions are formulaic: they glorify the sultan for the God-granted victory, then cite the work undertaken (such as

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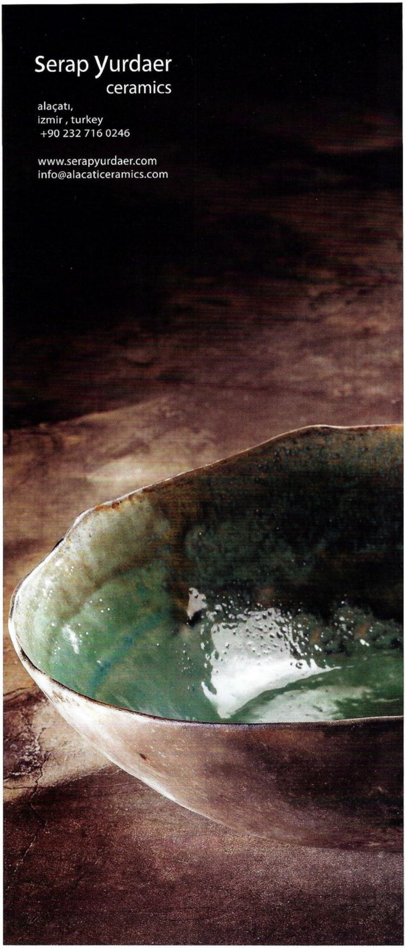
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the construction of a tower) and give the date, the name of its patron and sometimes that of the scribe who composed the inscription. Of these, 15 are in Arabic, although one is bilingual with Greek, another in Persian. To complicate matters, several are no longer in their original settings, one was intentionally defaced, and another – the most prominent – seems to have been intentionally replaced.

To unravel the manifold meanings and mysteries, Redford steps away from the citadel's walls to take a broad view, situating the inscriptions within the larger context of local and regional history. To do this, he enlists the aid of a variety of specialists, notably James Crow, who provides a detailed analysis of the well-preserved fortifications.

Most significant in Crow's contribution is the irrefutable fact that the lion's share of the fortification system must date to the Byzantine Dark Ages of the 8th–9th centuries, including most of the areas where the Seljuk inscriptions were placed. This reverses the long-standing scholarly opinion that if the inscriptions were Seljuk, the walls must also be Seljuk – indeed, the inscriptions will claim that an emir "built", but the physical remains indicate he simply "repaired". The excellent set of architectural drawings not only provide the setting for the inscriptions but also make the book invaluable for the Byzantine specialist. Sinop's citadel is now among the best-documented Byzantine fortifications in Anatolia.

As Crow and Redford insist, the addition of the inscriptions marks the transfer of power, accompanied by a modest restoration, rather than the construction of the fortification system *de novo*. Nevertheless, in spite of the hyperbole, the inscriptions can tell us far more. Redford effectively reads between the lines in Chapter 2 ("Power, Display, and Contestation") to tease out the nuances of the inscriptions, both individually and collectively. While attributing the work to different emirs, the placement, visibility and length of the inscriptions are hierarchical, an expression of the pecking order among the Seljuk elite, with the sultan and the military governors given pride of place, above various ranks of emirs. Taken together, they mark the citadel symbolically as a place of authority.

The use of language can also be instructive: Persian, not Arabic, was the administrative and literary language of the Seljuks, and the many mistakes in Arabic suggest the scribes were not native speakers. Persian inscriptions are exceptional in Anatolia; the single example at Sinop, which belonged to the powerful emir of Malatya, is both poetic and replete with royal and palatial associations. Analysed in an appendix by ACS Peacock, it seems to represent an act of hubris by the emir, who must have played a major role in Sinop's refortification. On the other hand, the Greek of the bilingual inscription seems to be addressed to a local, recently conquered audience. While repeating the substance of its Arabic counterpart, it is more specific as to the conditions of the conquest and is positioned facing the town.

Within the Arabic inscriptions, Redford notes many scribal practices comparable to manuscript texts, such as angled lines or vegetal or floral ornament, as well as unusual phrasings. He identifies four different scribal hands, one of which may be associated with Ayyubid Syria and seems to be associated with the work of Syrian architects. Unlike many of the Arabic inscriptions, the grammar is flawless. Thus, in addition to the jockeying of the powerful, we get a sense of the heterogeneity of the workforce, both masonic and scribal.

Perhaps most fascinating in Redford's reconstructed narrative is Badr al-Dīn Abū Bakr, governor of nearby Simre, who seems to have been appointed governor of Sinop after the conquest. Three inscriptions belong to him, including the bilingual panel and a late addition of 1218–19. He is also a likely candidate for the defacing of the main sultanic inscription, and the possible perpetrator of "unspecified offenses" against

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the Seljuk state immediately after the sultan's death in early 1219. While Redford admits there is no "smoking chisel", his argument is compelling. The late inscription is visually prominent, written by the same bad epigraphic hand as another Badr al-Dīn panel, anomalously positioned over the entrance to the citadel, where – framed by lions – the main sultanic inscription should have been, and probably originally was.

As Redford reconstructs the events, Badr al-Dīn both usurped authority and issued the Seljuk equivalent of a *damnatio memoriae* against Sultan 'Izz al-Dīn Kaykā'ūs, destroying one inscription and replacing another with a backdated panel. Never mind the fact that it's too small for its setting and badly written.

What became of bad, bad Badr al-Dīn? We may never know. Within a few years, the Empire of Trebizond reconquered Sinop, and he must have gone the way of other obscure provincial upstarts.

If there is a hero to this story, it is its teller. Redford goes where few epigraphers have dared before, viewing a collection of inscriptions not as an end in itself but as a beginning. With nuance, insight and a little bit of imagination, he brings to life an all-but-forgotten chapter in the history of Sinop by simply reading the writing on its walls.

There is, of course, much more to the book, including a chapter on the near-contemporary inscriptions at Bayburt, which provide useful comparisons; a meticulous catalogue of inscriptions; and additional commentaries in the appendices by WM Thackston Jr and Oktay Özel. Taken together, Redford combines a compelling tale of contestation and display for the general reader with the authoritative documentation that good scholarship demands. In short, both Sinop and *Legends of Authority* are well worth a visit. ◆

Robert Ousterhout teaches Byzantine art and architecture at the University of Pennsylvania. His book 'John Henry Haynes, A Photographer and Archaeologist in the Ottoman Empire 1881–1900' is available from cornucopia.net at £19.50

FIRST LADY OF THE CROCUS

Brian Mathew

A tribute to the botanist Asuman Baytop and her life's work (1920–2015)

Although those who knew Prof Dr Asuman Baytop will understandably be saddened by the news of her death on Wednesday, February 18, we must at the same time give thanks for a long and influential botanical career.

Her publications on various aspects of the Turkish flora are numerous, and the large and important herbarium of the Faculty of Pharmacy at Istanbul University (ISTE) – which she set up – includes a significant number of specimens she collected in Turkey during her wide-ranging travels. Her life's work, the herbarium contains 23,300 specimens, of which she personally collected almost 1900.

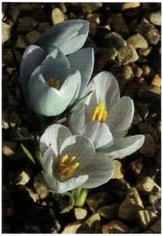
These collections greatly enhanced the materials available for researchers on the immense *Flora of Turkey* project (edited by PH Davis and published by the University of Edinburgh Press), to which she contributed. Volume 8 of the *Flora* (1984) was dedicated jointly to Asuman and her late husband, the celebrated botanist Turhan Baytop, also of Istanbul University, who died in 2002. The couple often went on plant-hunting "excursions" together.

Asuman Baytop was born in Istanbul in 1920 and graduated in pharmacy from Istanbul University in 1943. Apart from a break in Switzerland to study for a doctorate, her career centred on the Faculty of Pharmacy, and she was appointed director of its Department of Pharmaceutical Botany in 1964. In 1987 she became emeritus professor and specialised in the study of the history of botany in Turkey.

These researches culminated in 2003 with the publication of her collected articles in *Türkiye'de Botanik Tarihi Araştırmaları* (*Studies on the History of Botany in Turkey*), edited by her daughter, Prof Dr Feza Günergun.

On a personal note, it gave me great pleasure to name a Crocus species in her honour: *Crocus asumaniae*, discovered by Asuman in 1973 near Akseki, above Antalya. In the same year she collected on Honaz Dağ, near Denizli, the first specimens of *Crocus baytopiorum*, notable for its unique pale turquoise-blue.

Asuman Baytop was a cultured and courteous lady, always with a warm welcome for those on study visits to the ISTE herbarium. We send condolences to her daughter, Feza, and other family members.



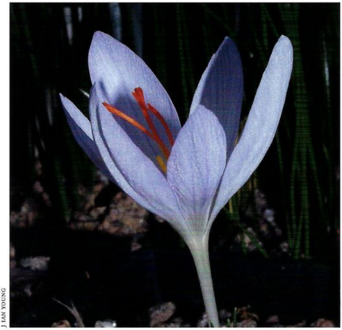
JANIS RUKSANS

Above 'Crocus baytopiorum' is found at high altitudes in southwestern Anatolia. Its pale turquoise-blue flowers are a unique colour in the genus

Left Turhan and Asuman Baytop plant-hunting in Thrace in 1959, photographed by Cafer Türkmen

Below 'Crocus asumaniae', a distinctive relative of the saffron crocus, inhabits a restricted area around Akseki in the mountains above Antalya. Asuman Baytop discovered both the species on this page in 1973

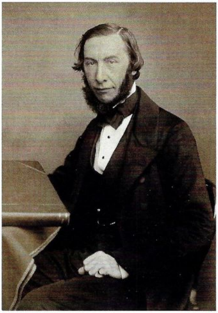
Crocus photographs courtesy of the Scottish Rock Garden Club, www.srgc.net



J IAN YOUNG

HELLO CONSTANTINOPLE

The first royal tour to be photographed for the public, in 1862, was a great success. It kept Queen Victoria's wayward heir, Bertie, out of trouble, and in London crowds flocked to see Francis Bedford's images of the Ottoman Empire. Sophie Gordon charts the Constantinople leg of the tour



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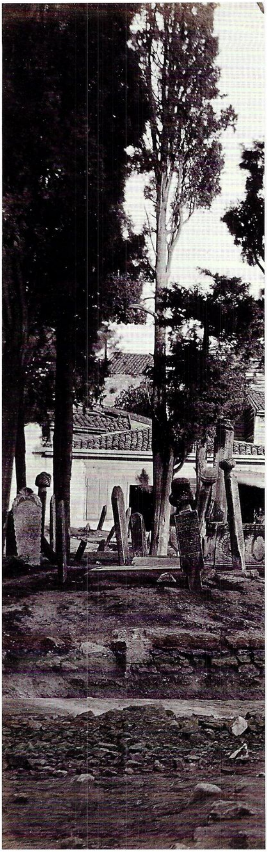
Francis Bedford (1815–94), photographer to the Prince of Wales for the royal tour of 1862. The public went in droves to the German Gallery, Bond Street, to see his photographs. Albumen plates were for sale, and the complete set of 172 cost 43 guineas. Florence Nightingale bought photographs of Scutari



Right Bedford's work was praised for its 'truthfulness'. He photographed the Galata Tower on May 21, 1862. The old Genoese walls were pulled down in 1867

All photographs courtesy of the Royal Collection Trust © Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

On May 20, 1862, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (the future Edward VII, known to posterity as Prince Edward, and to his family as Bertie) sailed into Constantinople on board the Royal Yacht *Osborne*. The visit was supposed to be a private, low-key affair, but by the time the *Osborne* had anchored opposite Dolmabahçe Palace, the royal party had been joined on board by the British ambassador, Sir Henry Bulwer, numerous staff from the embassy, the admiral in command of the Turkish navy, the grand vizier, Âli Pasha, the foreign minister, Fuad Pasha, and several other functionaries from the Ottoman court.

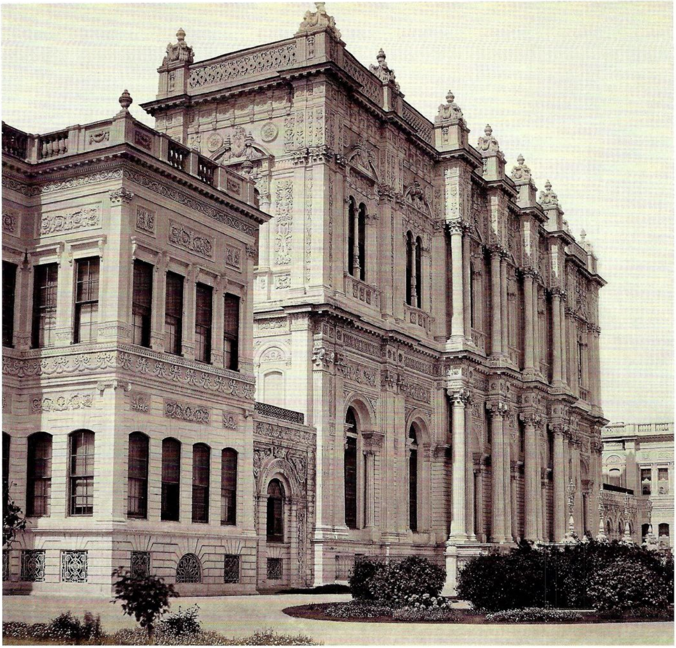
Prince Edward was taken almost immediately to the palace to meet Sultan Abdülaziz, to whom the rest of the British suite was also presented. It was the start of a packed week of visits and sightseeing in the city, and it was a key part of the four-month educational tour of the Middle East that the prince had begun in February.

The planning for the tour had started in mid-1861, when his parents, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, decided that their eldest son needed something extraordinary to occupy him between finishing his university education and getting married.

During the summer the prince had been sent to Ireland to gain some military experience, but his encounter there with the actress Nellie Clifden had led to scandalous stories reaching the ears of his parents. They believed that sending the prince far away in the company of a small group of equerries and advisers would be the best thing for him.

Even the unexpected death of Prince Albert, aged just 42, in December 1861,

F. Bedford

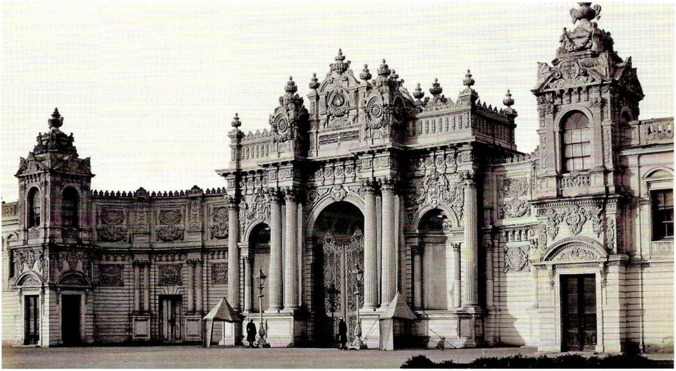


ABOVE AND TOP RIGHT: 'THE NEW PALACE' AT THE TIME OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT, DOLMABAHÇE PALACE WAS NEWLY COMPLETED BY ABDÜLAZIZ'S PREDECESSOR, ABDÜLMECID, WHO HAD MOVED IN SIX YEARS EARLIER, IN 1856. THE PRINCE SAW IT AS 'VERY PRETTY, & BEAUTIFULLY FITTED UP'. BEDFORD'S EXTRAORDINARILY FINE PHOTOGRAPHS RECORD THE 'RIVER FRONT' AND 'SOUTH ENTRANCE' IN ALL THEIR PRISTINE NEWNESS

did nothing to alter the plans. So, still in mourning for his father, the 20-year-old prince left Windsor Castle on February 6 and set out to cross Europe by train to join the Royal Yacht at Trieste. His tour would take him to Egypt, the Holy Land, Syria, Lebanon, Turkey and Greece. For the first time, the royal tour was accompanied by an official photographer, the respected and accomplished Francis Bedford (1815–94).

Bedford was required to document anything of interest that the party visited, including monuments and ruins, landscapes and the local people of the different countries. In 1857 he had undertaken a commission for Queen Victoria to photograph scenes associated with the childhood of Prince Albert in Coburg, Germany. The Queen presented the resulting photographs to her husband on his birthday. The success of this project and Bedford's growing status as one of Britain's finest architectural photographers undoubtedly led to the Queen's decision to select him to accompany her son.

The tour was intended to introduce the rich cultural heritage of the region to the prince, concentrating particularly on history and religion. As a future king and emperor,



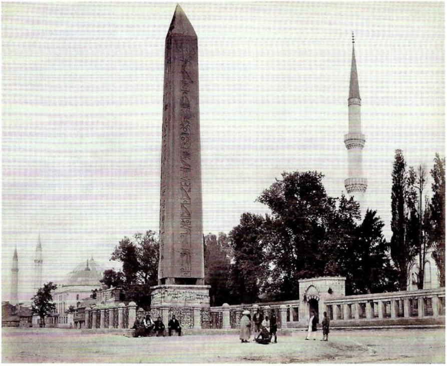
Imperial likenesses
Above On May 27, the day the prince left Constantinople for Athens aboard the Royal Yacht, his busy week ended with a photographic session at the Beyoğlu studios of Abdullah Frères
Far right Sultan Abdülaziz in London in 1867, five years after the prince's visit. He was the first Ottoman ruler to undertake a tour of Western capitals

Above centre: Pera House The British Embassy, where the prince stayed, with its fashionable formal garden

however, he also needed to understand the contemporary politics of the land. The tour was conducted at a time when the power of the ruling Ottoman Empire was beginning to wane and European interest in the area was growing fast. The prince therefore paid several visits to rulers, diplomats and statesmen, including the Viceroy of Egypt, Muhammad Sa'id Pasha, and the King and Queen of Greece. Bedford was on hand to photograph every encounter and, at the same time, the prince kept a careful account of his experiences in a journal, possibly written with his mother's gaze in mind. It is rare to have so much documentation from such an early royal tour. Together, the photographs and the journal bring the journey to life.

May 20, 1862

By the time the prince and his entourage arrived in Constantinople, they had already travelled many hundreds of miles and experienced over 3,000 years of culture. They could be forgiven perhaps for feeling exhausted, but if anything the prince was more enthusiastic about the city than he had been about many of the places previously encountered. His first impressions indicate that he had not known what to expect. The



entry in his journal for this day reads: "The first view of Constantinople was beautiful, & I had no idea that the town was of so great an extent."

Dolmabahçe Palace was described as "very pretty, & beautifully fitted up", although this impression was gathered during the initial meeting with the sultan: "I had a longish audience & rather a stiff one with him. He is a short, stoutish, rather good looking man, but does not talk French, & Aali Pasha acted as Interpreter."

After the initial welcome from the sultan, the prince was taken to the British Embassy, where he would be staying. Shortly afterwards, as was the custom, the sultan went briefly to the embassy to return the prince's visit.

May 22, 1862

Over the following week, the programme included visits to the principal mosques in the city, shopping in the Grand Bazaar, and several trips to Topkapı Palace to see the treasury, the crown jewels and "the Costumes of the Janissaries". Of the mosques, he particularly admired Ayasofya, the Sultan Ahmed Mosque (the Blue Mosque) and the Süleymaniye.

"We… then visited the Mosque of St. Sophia, wh. is the finest I have seen in the East. It was formerly a Xtian Church. We next saw the Mosque of Achmet (Sultan) wh. is also fine, but much plainer… The last Mosque we saw was that of Suleimanji, wh. is a large one, & is very fine, & has lately been renovated."

ABOVE: THE OBELISK IN THE HIPPODROME
BEDFORD'S VIEW, OF MAY 22, 1862, SHOWS THE OUTER COURT OF THE BLUE MOSQUE, WITH THE MINARETS OF AYASOFYA ON THE LEFT

OPPOSITE: THE AHMED III FOUNTAIN
THE FAMOUS TULIP PERIOD FOUNTAIN BUILT IN 1729 AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOPKAPI, PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEDORD ON THE SAME DAY. THE BOYS BRING LOCAL COLOUR. NO PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN INSIDE THE PALACE, STILL AN OFFICIAL IMPERIAL RESIDENCE

BELOW: THE ROYAL YACHT HMS OSBORNE (IN THE FOREGROUND) WITH THE FRIGATE HMS DORIS, OFF MALTA ON JUNE 7, 1862. COMMANDED BY THE ARCTIC EXPLORER SIR LEOPOLD MCCLINTOCK, THE DORIS ACCOMPANIED THE PRINCE THROUGHOUT HIS FOUR-MONTH TOUR

May 24, 1862

As well as pleasant luncheon excursions, the royal party spent a day in the countryside north of the city. The *Osborne* sailed up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea before returning to "Canluja" (Kanlıca), where Fuad Pasha entertained the prince. Then the group sailed on to Büyükdere, "where we landed, found horses waiting for us, & rode to Forest of Belgrade, wh. is extremely pretty, the trees are chiefly beeches & chestnuts".

May 25, 1862

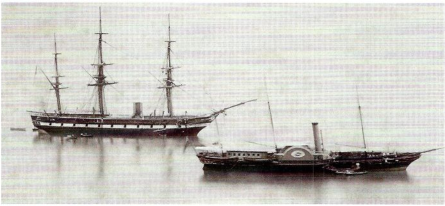
The shadow of the Crimean War (1853–56) still hung over the visit, however. Britain and France had been allies of the Ottoman Empire during the conflict against Russia. The prince made several visits of military interest, inspecting the Armoury (Tophane), the artillery barracks in Pera and the Turkish ship that had escorted the Royal Yacht from the Dardanelles to Constantinople.

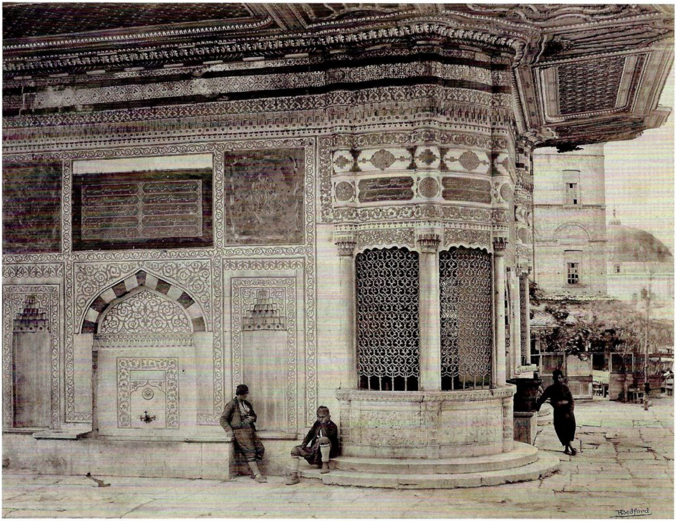
He also visited the barracks in Üsküdar, which had served as a hospital for British troops during the war. Nearby was the cemetery where many of those who had died were buried. Among the graves was that of Harry Teesdale, the brother of Christopher Teesdale, one of the prince's equerries in the royal party.

"We visited the Cemetery & saw Ld. Cheston's grave & poor Teesdale's only brother who died fr. the effects of wounds received at the Alma. … Baron Marochetti's monument is placed in the Cemetry [sic] & looks very well. We looked into the Turkish Hospital where our troops had once been, & found it very clean, airy & well kept. We then returned in our caique."

May 26, 1862

The prince was also taken on different days to the Sweet Waters of Europe and the Sweet Waters of Asia, and at both locations a lavish lunch was presented. On the 26th the royal party were joined by Abdülaziz at the Sweet Waters of Asia, in the palace of Küçüksu Kasrı (see p186).





"[We] lunched at a charming Kiosk belonging to the Sultan. The Sultan made a gt. exception in eating with so many, as Fuad Pasha, Aali Pasha, Captan Pasha, the Seraskier & Kamil Pasha also lunched with him. Everything went off very well & the Sultan was very civil."

The prince was evidently sensible of the honour given to him by the sultan's presence. A few days earlier, the sultan had awarded him the Order of Osmanieh, the empire's chivalric order.

May 27, 1862

The prince and his companions left Constantinople, having stopped earlier in the day at the photographic studio of Monsieur Abdullah (of the firm Abdullah Frères). A number of successful portraits were made.

The Royal Yacht then began the final leg of the tour, steaming towards Greece and Malta before reaching Marseille, from where the prince travelled across country, arriving home at Windsor on June 14.

On their return, Bedford was allowed to exhibit a selection of 172 photographs from the tour at the German Gallery, Bond Street, in London. The exhibition opened on July 23 and was immediately visited by the Prince of Wales. There was a great deal of interest from the press, with numerous reviews, all highly positive. One specialist publication, the *British Journal of Photography*, described it as "perhaps the most important photographic exhibition that has hitherto been placed before the public".

The general public attended in large numbers – it was still relatively unusual for photographs of members of the royal family to be displayed for the masses, and even rarer for copies of those photographs to be for sale – a selection of eight could be purchased for two guineas. Additionally, interest in this region was increasing as it became more familiar through travel, current events and publications.

The photographs, some of which showed newly discovered temples in Egypt and sites in the Holy Land not previously captured on camera, offered people the opportunity to see what were perceived to be "truthful" images, undistorted by the subjective hand of the artist.

The Times of December 29, 1862, summed up the general reaction to the photographs: "The whole collection is remarkable for the clearness and the brilliancy of the views. They are incomparably the finest that have been produced illustrative of the historical scenes of the East." ◆

These photographs are from the book 'Cairo to Constantinople: Francis Bedford's Photographs of the Middle East', by Sophie Gordon, with an introduction by John McCarthy (Royal Collection Trust), available from cornucopia.net at £29.95

An exhibition, 'Cairo to Constantinople: Early Photographs of the Middle East', was held at Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, and at the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace

ISTANBUL UNWRAPPED

THE BOS

SETTING THE SCENE DAVID BARCHARD ON THE HISTORY · 34 DAVID WHEELER TAKES TO THE PARKS · 62

CONTRIBUTIONS: ANDREW FINKEL, TIM CORNWELL, HARRIET RIX, JOHN CARSWELL, EMRE ARACI, ROSE SHEPHERD, SUSANA RABY, HILARY STAFFORD-CLARK,

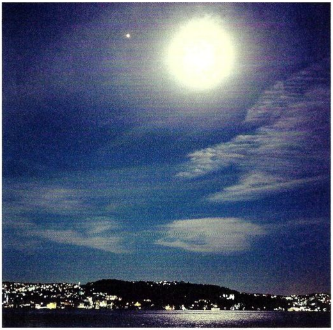
PHOTOGRAPHS: JÜRGEN FRANK

Manhattan is steel planted in bedrock – even Central Park is a totally manufactured space. Rome is a palimpsest, the modern overwriting the Renaissance overwriting antiquity. Cities are the ultimate man-made objects. It is the beehive of humanity in front of Shibuya Station that gives Tokyo its buzz.

And Istanbul? Of course, the silhouette of domes and minarets along the historical skyline serves notice that you could be nowhere else on earth. But Istanbul's greatness derives from something else: something so obvious that it is (literally) overlooked – the river that runs through it.

Well, it's not a river; it is a strait – a passageway from the warm waters of the Aegean to the chilly Black Sea. And it was carved out not by man but by nature, the result, some academics would have it, of the Biblical flood. The Bosphorus is what designers call "negative space", the dark frame that surrounds the good, the bad and the ugly that Istanbul's inhabitants have wrought in the eight millennia since the strait came into being.

It even defines continents. It is the Maginot Line between Asia and Europe, East and West. It has been a pinch point in history, the subject of myth, and the last refuge for those fleeing the damage man continues to wreak on the fabric of the city. On a moonlit night, the waters are still achingly beautiful, a black mirror reflecting our triumphs and our follies, and the reason why some visitors to Istanbul never leave. ANDREW FINKEL



PHORUS

PATRICIA DAUNT'S FAVOURITE YALIS · 120 MAUREEN FREELY 'BOSPHORISES' WITH HER FATHER · 202

TONY BARRELL, VICTORIA KHROUNDINA. HISTORICAL NOTES BY BURAK ÇETİNTAŞ

CITY BOSPHORUS

All along the waterfront: the two faces of a great maritime city

THE EUROPEAN SHORE 38–61

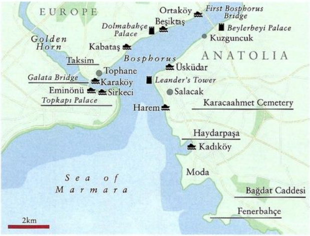
Emerging from the Old City, we pass docks and palaces and discover a sultan's hideaway

KARAKÖY TO ORTAKÖY · 40
YILDIZ PALACE AND PARK · 46

THE ANATOLIAN SHORE 64–119

Crossing to the Asian side, we explore urbane Kadıköy and old-fashioned Üsküdar and their easy-going enclaves of Moda and Kuzguncuk

KADIKÖY AND MODA · 66
ÜSKÜDAR AND KUZGUNCUK · 90


EUROPE
Ortaköy
First Bosphorus Bridge
Beşiktaş
Dolmabahçe Palace
Beylerbeyi Palace
Kuzguncuk
Golden Horn
Kabataş
ANATOLIA
Taksim
Bosphorus
Üsküdar
Tophane
Galata Bridge
Karaköy
Leander's Tower
Eminönü
Sirkeci
Salacak
Topkapı Palace
Harem
Karacaahmet Cemetery
Haydarpaşa
Kadıköy
Moda
Sea of Marmara
Bağdat Caddesi
Fenerbahçe
2km

VILLAGE BOSPHORUS

Heading north to the upper Bosphorus, a village-by-village tour

THE EUROPEAN SHORE 122–157

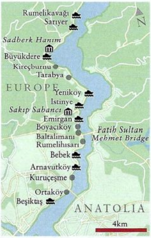
Travelling upstream, we call at the chic urban villages of Arnavutköy, Bebek, Emirgan and Yeniköy, and at two world-class museums

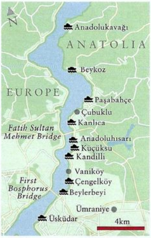
KURUÇEŞME TO RUMELİHİSARI · 124
BALTALİMANI TO SARIYER · 136

THE ANATOLIAN SHORE 158–199

From a Baroque palace we idle up to the sleepier charms of the yalı-lined upper reaches

BEYLERBEYİ TO ANADOLUHİSARI · 160
KANLICA TO ANADOLUKAVAĞI · 190


Rumelikavağı
Sarıyer
N
Sadberk Hanım
Büyükdere
Kireçburnu
Tarabya
EUROPE
Yeniköy
Istinye
Sakıp Sabancı
Emirgan
Boyacıköy
Fatih Sultan Mehmet Bridge
Baltalimanı
Rumelihisarı
Bebek
Arnavutköy
Kuruçeşme
Ortaköy
Beşiktaş
ANATOLIA
4km


N
Anadolukavağı
ANATOLIA
Beykoz
EUROPE
Paşabahçe
Çubuklu
Kanlıca
Fatih Sultan Mehmet Bridge
Anadoluhisarı
Küçüksu
Kandilli
Vaniköy
Çengelköy
First Bosphorus Bridge
Beylerbeyi
Ümraniye
Üsküdar
4km

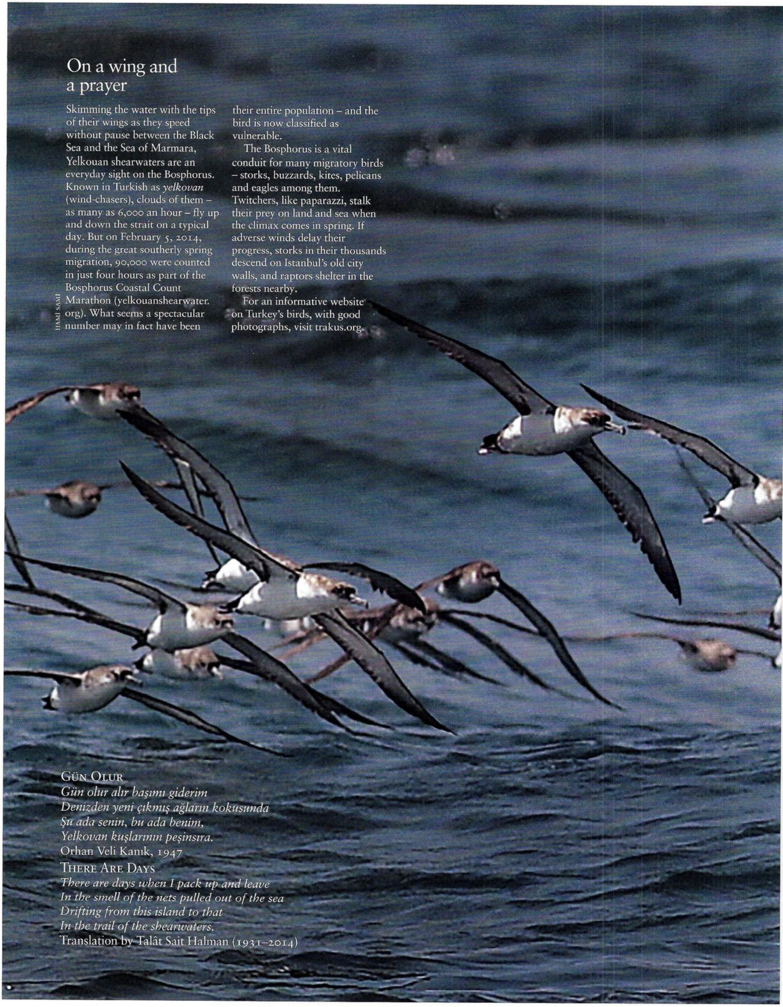
MAPS: SUSANNA HICKLING

On a wing and a prayer

Skimming the water with the tips of their wings as they speed without pause between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmara, Yelkouan shearwaters are an everyday sight on the Bosphorus. Known in Turkish as *yelkovan* (wind-chasers), clouds of them – as many as 6,000 an hour – fly up and down the strait on a typical day. But on February 5, 2014, during the great southerly spring migration, 90,000 were counted in just four hours as part of the Bosphorus Coastal Count Marathon (yelkouanshearwater.org). What seems a spectacular number may in fact have been their entire population – and the bird is now classified as vulnerable.

The Bosphorus is a vital conduit for many migratory birds – storks, buzzards, kites, pelicans and eagles among them. Twitchers, like paparazzi, stalk their prey on land and sea when the climax comes in spring. If adverse winds delay their progress, storks in their thousands descend on Istanbul's old city walls, and raptors shelter in the forests nearby.

For an informative website on Turkey's birds, with good photographs, visit trakus.org.



HAMI SAMI

GÜN OLUR

Gün olur alır başımı giderim
Denizden yeni çıkmış ağların kokusunda
Şu ada senin, bu ada benim,
Yelkovan kuşlarının peşinsıra.
Orhan Veli Kanık, 1947

THERE ARE DAYS

There are days when I pack up and leave
In the smell of the nets pulled out of the sea
Drifting from this island to that
In the trail of the shearwaters.
Translation by Talât Sait Halman (1931–2014)

WATERWAY OF DREAMS

WAVE UPON WAVE OF SETTLERS OVER THE CENTURIES HAVE BEEN DRAWN TO ISTANBUL'S VITAL WATERWAY, ITS VERY LIFEBLOOD. ALL HAVE LEFT THEIR MARK, WRITES DAVID BARCHARD

Despite occasional comparisons with the Bay of Naples, nowhere else in the world do land and sea, history, legend and sheer enjoyment mingle as wonderfully as in the Bosphorus. Its unique waterway originated, at least according to legend, when Zeus, in the shape of a bull, eloped with Europa. The first known traveller to pass through it (again according to legend) was Jason, sailing through on his way to Colchis and the Golden Fleece, just before the Trojan War. On his way back he offered thanksgiving sacrifices on the hilltop of what is now Anadolukavağı. The remains of Greek and Roman temples still crowned many of the Bosphorus hills in the 19th century.

One person in the ancient world who we know for sure came this way was the poet Ovid, exiled by Augustus in 8 BC. His boat trip up the Bosphorus was anything but idyllic, and he complained wretchedly of high waves in the Black Sea as he sailed into exile at a small coastal town in what is now Romania, never to return. In the forest between Kilyos and Uskumruköy, the Tower of Ovid stands as a monument to his journey, though quite why it has this name is not known. It is extremely unlikely that Ovid ever went near it.

For nearly two millennia between Jason's time and the end of the classical world, the Bosphorus seems to have been what it is today: a garden adjunct to the city to its south. Palaces, convents, monasteries and villages nestled in its valleys and on its hillsides. At Çubuklu, in the Bay of Beykoz, there was the famous monastery of the Acoemetae, or Unsleeping Monks, and in the second half of the 5th century, somewhere between Beşiktaş and Ortaköy, Daniel the Stylite lived on top of a 30ft pillar. Daniel came from near modern Adıyaman, developed rotting feet and sores on his perch, counselled two emperors and, despite his putrefying feet, lived to be 84, dying in 493. He is venerated as a saint, but his asceticism verges on the unbelievable, and he may possibly have been a fraud.

Soon after AD600, the classical world ended abruptly with waves of invaders ripping up the fabric of late-Roman society and economy. The Bosphorus ceased to be a playground, and for about 900 years was frequently dangerous and insecure, a conduit for invaders hunting the riches of Istanbul: Persians, Slavs, Arabs, Vikings, Russians, Crusaders and eventually Turks.

It was not until security and prosperity returned under the high Ottoman Empire that the Bosphorus once again became a seaside garden for the great, with sultans scattering summer palaces where they and their relatives could enjoy the waterway and its view. There seem to be no mentions of Byzantine emperors out boating for pleasure, but there are numerous pictures of sultans in their *kayıks* (caiques).

The lands and hills along the waterway belonged, of course, to the sultans, whose palaces were followed in the 17th century by mansions in the *korus* (groves) in the wooded valleys running down the hillsides. On the shore stood the yalıs, the wooden waterside mansions, some of which still survive, while *köşks* – small palaces or country houses – were built on the hills above. By the time of the Crimean War, the Bosphorus, as Mrs Emelia Hornby put it, was "fringed with silent dreamy palaces".

In the early years of Mahmud II's reign (1808–39), the changes of the 19th century had not yet begun to unfold and the Bosphorus was still a stage for displays of the sultan's glory. Charles Pertusier, an artillery officer attached to the French Embassy, described Mahmud II at the launch of a ship on the Bosphorus, during his stay between 1812 and 1815 – when, it must be remembered, the sultan was far less powerful than he later became. The sultan, Pertusier wrote, arrived at Tophane with cannons blazing in salute, borne on a gilded yacht with 26 oarsmen, and followed by other richly decorated vessels. A few days later, sitting over a coffee near Anadoluhisarı, Pertusier saw Mahmud a second time, as cannons were once again fired in celebration of a victory in the war to recapture Mecca from the Wahabis.

The Ottoman Greeks had performed ceremonies and held festivals along the Bosphorus presumably as far back as Byzantine times, and after the elimination of the Janissaries in 1826, Frankish (ie European) merchant families began building summer homes there too. *The Standard* newspaper in 1828 referred evocatively to "the Frank families… accustomed to pass the summer months in the cool villages on the Bosphorus in Bujukderé and Therapia", enjoying late-night promenades while their early-rising Turkish neighbours lay sound asleep.

The great statesmen of the empire had homes on the Bosphorus, usually gifts from the sultan. Âli Pasha, foremost of the reforming Tanzimat pashas, lived at Bebek, where he would sit in the evening in his waterside garden, smoking with a few friends and soothing his nerves, frayed by the crises of the empire. Âli lived frugally, but his colleague and friend Keçecizade Fuad Pasha had several houses, including a grand yalı at Kanlıca and a *köşk* at Küçük Çamlıca, above Üsküdar. North of Rumelihisarı, at Baltalimanı, was the home of Mustafa Reşid Pasha, earliest of the modernising pashas. His property adjoined the home given to Giritli (Cretan) Mustafa Nailî Pasha by Sultan Abdülmecid. Reputed in the 1830s to be the richest man in the empire, Mustafa Nailî had been ordered out of Crete at the behest of Reşid Pasha. A home on the Bosphorus was little consolation, for he had spent almost all his adult life in Crete and left behind a great palace at Perivolia.

Perhaps not surprisingly, Mustafa Nailî – despite having gone on in Istanbul to become grand vizier twice – detested his powerful neighbour and made furious incursions into Reşid Pasha's garden to try to set fire to it. Mustafa Nailî's son Veli had a great house at Üsküdar, one part of which still stands. All of these grand summer mansions were of course in addition to palatial houses in the Old City.

As the 19th century advanced, the Bosphorus increasingly opened up to diplomats and the wealthy, the underlying reason being the rise of steam power for ships, which shortened the time it took to get to and from the city. Tourists, too, began to grow in number, with John Murray producing excellent guides from the 1830s onwards.

In 1842 Sir Stratford Canning rented a summer villa at Büyükdere, and five years later Abdülmecid granted him land at Tarabya to build a permanent summer embassy. There had been a British connection with Tarabya since at least the previous century, but this new building, later enlarged, served as the British Embassy for much of the year until it burnt down in the winter of 1911/12. Other countries also maintained embassies there, all celebrating their monarchs' birthdays in splendid style.

While the British ambassador would travel to and from Tarabya in a grand vessel known as a *stationnaire*, many of his juniors also had their own yachts, enabling them to cross from shore to shore and village to village to enjoy dinners and days out with friends.

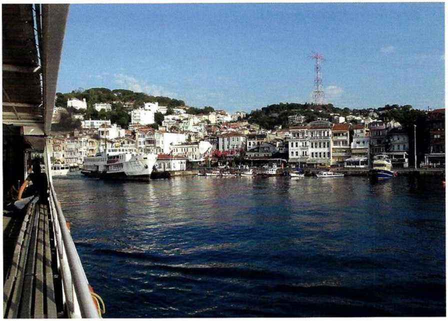
Ottoman officials and foreign diplomats might spend their summers up the Bosphorus, but once the weather broke they all had to trek back to Istanbul for the winter months. In his memoirs, Sir Thomas Hohler, who served in the British Embassy in the 1890s, recalled the annual retreat: "Early in November we moved from Therapia to town – a highly amusing proceeding. All our furniture was piled on bullock-carts, dragged by water-buffaloes at the rate of about a mile an hour. The head of the Chancery went in the carriage, taking with him the ciphers in a stout box and armed with a revolver. The rest of us went as best we could, mostly in the Embassy launch."

While diplomats headed back to the city with the end of summer, the indigenous populations of the Bosphorus villages, of course, were there all year round. The majority at this date would have been *Rum* (Ottoman Greeks), who lived as fishermen and oarsmen. Boatmen in the first half of the 19th century belonged to a guild of Greeks. According to Charles White, writing in the mid-1840s, they "never flinch and work from sunrise to sunset with unabated vigour, and without the slightest evil result... boatmen are careful when not rowing to cover their heads with a large *kaook* [a tall, conical hat], encircled with an immense black, white, or blue linen winder."

Emilia Hornby observed the fishermen at Ortaköy on Christmas Day, 1855, as she sailed down the Bosphorus for Christmas dinner with Sir Stratford Canning. "The Sultan's white marble mosque was gleaming in the morning sun. Numbers of Greeks and Turks were basking on the rickety woodwork, idly watching the turbaned fishermen in their gaily painted boats pulling in nets quite silvery with multitudes of glittering fish... Once on this lovely sea you forget about miseries and calamities... and can only think it the most beautiful place in the world, as your caique darts along the waves, and you mark places and gardens and distant mountains."

One such seaman became infamous in Turkish history. Hain (Traitor) Ahmet Fevzi Pasha was born as a Christian in Crete but converted to Islam and rose to become high admiral of the empire – until the summer of 1839, when, after the death of Mahmud II, he deserted with his entire fleet to Egypt.

If fishing was for Ottoman Greeks, farming was for Muslims. Mary Walker, an apparently accomplished painter who lived in Istanbul in the second half of the 19th century (but whose paintings seem now to be lost), explored the Bosphorus villages and got to know the life histories of many of their inhabitants, particularly the women. Among her friends was the family of "Laz" Mehmet – brought as a captive from the Aegean island Chios during the Greek War of Independence and raised as a Muslim. He took his nickname from his Laz wife, Emine, whose family was from the Black Sea. Originally a slave but set free by a good master, Laz Mehmet, with Emine, saved enough money to buy first "a tiny cottage, then two or three cows, and made considerable profit" by selling milk and figs until, becoming quite prosperous, they eventually moved into a larger house. Farmers like these were, of course, living close to an expanding metropolitan market, and their produce sounds mouthwatering: the milk was "the purest and most creamy that could be obtained; her yaourt, or curdled milk, the sweetest and freshest... her *ca'imak* or clotted cream unrivalled".


ONE OF THE LAST 'VAPUR' FERRIES LEAVES ARNAVUTKÖY ON THE MORNING COMMUTE TO THE CITY

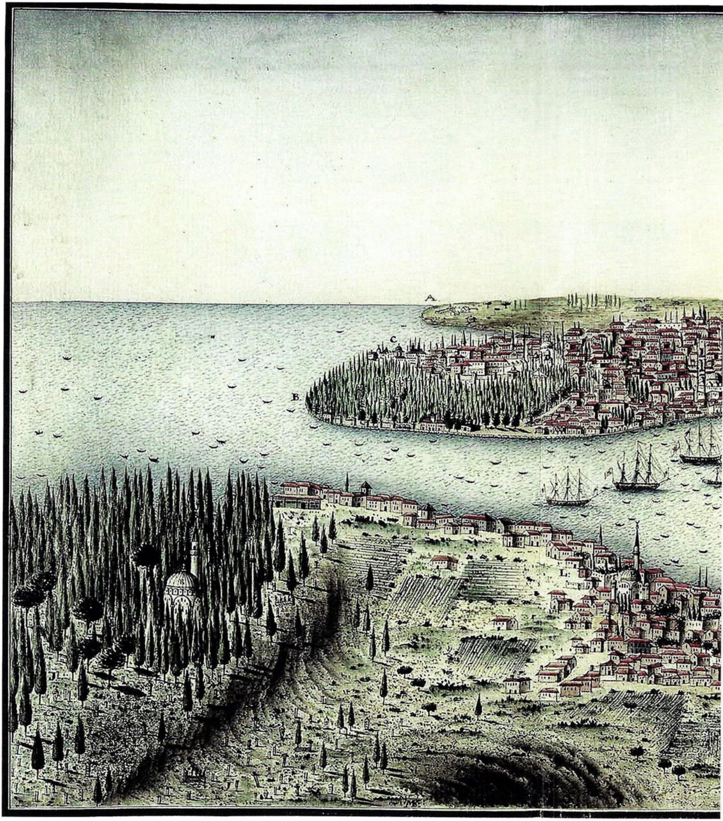
By the 1890s the Bosphorus had developed its own international society. There were clusters of big embassies from Bebek to Büyükdere, and shoreline houses for other officials. (Lady) Dorina Neave, born in 1880 to a British legal official, describes in her memoirs, *Twenty-Six Years on the Bosphorus*, how it was to grow up in late-Ottoman Kandilli. A pretty girl, she was known to her English friends as the Belle of Asia, while another friend, with a house on the other side, was the Belle of Europe. Dorina's world was none too secure: the foreign community in Istanbul thought it only a matter of time before the Tsar's forces (who had already been into the Bosphorus in 1837 and 1878) arrived to claim the city as their own for ever.

Assuming that the danger was imminent and that the occupation would be unpleasant, Dorina and her sisters developed a stratagem for coping with it. They stood above the water at the front of their house, waving in friendly salute to every Russian ship that passed by, hoping that if the occupation came they would be known as friends. It is, of course, possible that the Russian sailors mistook the nature of the girls' friendliness – which subsequent history proved unnecessary. The Kandilli house eventually burnt down, was rebuilt, and in the 1980s became home to the late Mehmet İsvan, who, with his collection of books and photographs, kept alive the memory of his predecessors.

Beauty is inevitably transient, and all the people mentioned so far would weep to see today's overbuilt Bosphorus. But they probably knew it was coming. When in 1839 Julia Pardoe published the most famous 19th-century account of the waterway, *The Beauties of the Bosphorus*, she wrote in grim prophetic tones of what lay ahead. "In after-years, in like manner, when the Constantinople of today shall have become changed (as it surely will) into a mere city of European palaces, and marts, and manufactories, it will be a reposing place for the spirit to dwell upon the semblance of that which it once was, while Turkey was yet (ostensibly at least) an independent empire with a distinct faith, and feeling, and principle of existence."

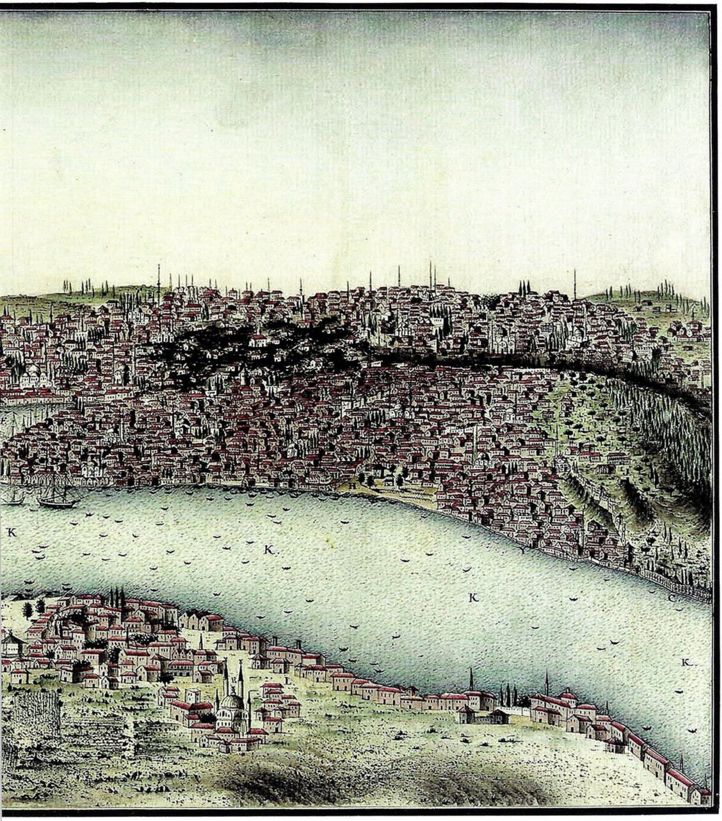
As Miss Pardoe foresaw, time has swept away most of the original vistas of the Bosphorus,to replace them with the overspill of a great industrial city. But she was right: it is still a place where ancient buildings and splendid natural views bring the visitor face to face with the Ottoman world. ◆

David Barchard, an expert on Turkish history and current affairs, is the author of a forthcoming book, 'Ottoman Lives'

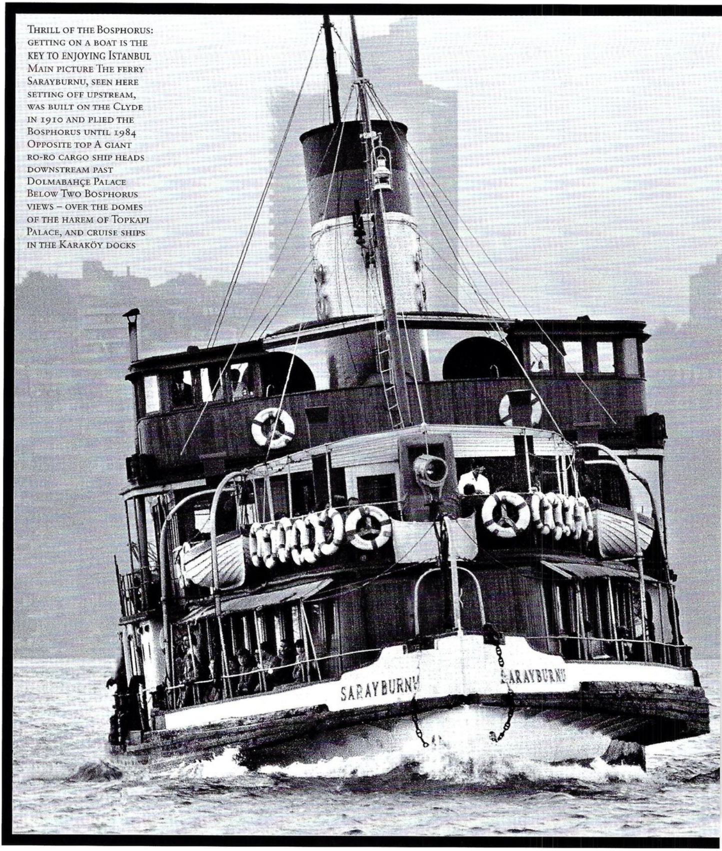


COURTESY SOTHEBY'S

The Sublime Porte, August 5, 1784 Spanish ships sailing into a Bosphorus teeming with caiques. This engraving is from the book *Voyage to Constantinople*, a record of the first-ever visit of the Spanish navy to Ottoman Istanbul. The author, the Spanish commander



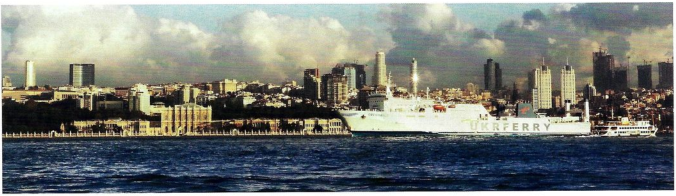
Gabriel de Aristizábal, bore gifts for Abdülhamid I from Carlos III of Spain to mark a peace between the old Mediterranean rivals. The Topkapı is hidden by trees on the far shore. On the near, Asian, side are the cypresses of Karacaahmet Cemetery and the town of Üsküdar



Thrill of the Bosphorus: getting on a boat is the key to enjoying Istanbul
Main picture The ferry Sarayburnu, seen here setting off upstream, was built on the Clyde in 1910 and plied the Bosphorus until 1984
Opposite top A giant ro-ro cargo ship heads downstream past Dolmabahçe Palace
Below Two Bosphorus views – over the domes of the harem of Topkapi Palace, and cruise ships in the Karaköy docks

ERGUN ÇAĞATAY

CITY BOSPHORUS

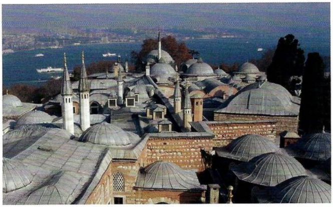


BRIAN MCKEE

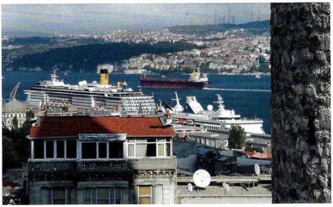
There are days when the Sea of Marmara at the entrance to the Bosphorus seems like a car park at the wrong end of town. A flotilla of rusty tankers sits high on the water, awaiting a cargo beside flocks of terns waiting for a fish. Then there are days, notably when the haze of summer has just lifted and the air is crystal-clear, when the summit of Mount Olympus (Uludağ), 70 miles away across the water, seems near enough to touch. And there are moments, rare enough never to forget, when schools of porpoises dodge the ferries to ride the choppy currents off Palace Point. The more common sight, but still odd enough to force a double take, is when the huge ocean liners slip their moorings to set sail up the Bosphorus – it is as if an entire city block suddenly became animated and decided to take a walk.

As Istanbul is a city divided by water, it is a city of dramatic views. This aspect of division and drama is pervasive; it is the constant contrast between land and sea, past and present, traditional and cosmopolitan. The overwhelming visual stimulation it provides is one source of the city's greatness and is the immediate reward of the casual visitor. This is the sight of Europe becoming Asia, Byzantine Constantinople becoming Ottoman Istanbul, empire becoming modern Turkey.

But the mouth of the Bosphorus is the waterway's busiest point and a spectacle in its own right, the light and water changing at every time of day and in every season. The cheapest, most reliable Istanbul thrill is to board a ferry from Eminönü or Karaköy to anywhere, and to realise that the great architecture of the city was built to be looked up at from the sea below. ANDREW FINKEL



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG



JÜRGEN FRANK

Karaköy to Ortaköy

PORT TO PALACE

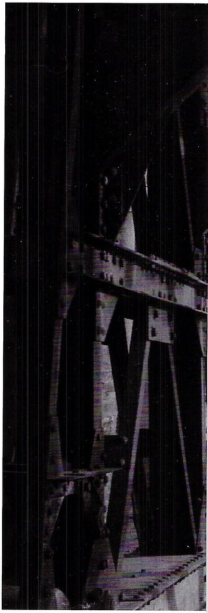
Turn your back on the Old City and make for the water. Andrew Finkel takes a drive along the Bosphorus's lower shore: from the half-abandoned docks of Karaköy, past mammoth cruise ships and hangars for modern art, to the palaces of Beşiktaş and Ortaköy

Main picture Karaköy's docks captured in their industrial heyday by the photographer Cafer Türkmen
Above Boarding the 'vapur' at Karaköy for Kadıköy on the Asian shore
Right Close to the docks and the busy Kabataş ferry station, Fındıklı Park offers an escape from the downtown clamour

By consensus, the Bosphorus begins at Karaköy – which means standing on the other side of the Galata Bridge across the Golden Horn, turning your back on the classic Istanbul view of the skyline of the historical peninsula at the confluence of the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmara. The problem is that as you walk "upstream" against the current, the view of the waterway quickly disappears in an interesting warren of streets which have become a boho sanctuary in anticipation of the developers' wrecking ball. The waterfront itself is concealed by the passenger-liner terminal and a wall of cruise ships.

It is not until **Tophane** (the Armoury) that the view opens up again between an impressive 18th-century fountain and the **Kılıç Ali Pasha Mosque** (1580). It quickly vanishes again behind the post-war red-brick custom sheds, a reminder that this was once a hard-working harbour. The Istanbul art world has appropriated some of these buildings as exhibition halls; the popular **Istanbul Modern** (istanbulmodern.org) is here, and a new Museum of Painting and Sculpture opens next year.

Istanbul Modern, worth a visit in its own right, sports a unique view of the Bosphorus from the restaurant terrace. It overlooks the quay, with the **Süleymaniye Mosque** looming large on the other side of the Golden Horn.



CAFER TÜRKMEN

There is little to see (and much traffic to be avoided) until the ferry station at **Kabataş**, always crowded with day-trippers out to catch a Bosphorus cruise or a boat trip to the Princes Islands. Before you reach Kabataş, however, just past the royal palace that serves as a campus for Mimar Sinan University (formerly the Academy of Fine Arts) is the little **Fındıklı Park**, with modest cafés where you can contemplate the miracle of Istanbul's watery topography.

From here, opposite the clock tower of the **Dolmabahçe Palace,** the road turns up to Taksim Square. The coast road is lost again, behind the vast frontage (in this case "backage") of the edifice, which hugs the waterfront all the way to Beşiktaş.

Beşiktaş should be a

magnificent public space, but is in fact a utilitarian transport hub, serving commuters from Asia arriving by ferry or small shuttle boats to leap on buses or minibuses to the business districts inland. However, there are a few curiosities.

On a clear day, if you arrive from the business districts inland and descend the steep Barbaros Boulevard (at right angles to the Bosphorus), the Princes Islands are visible in the distance, seeming to float higher on the water than the shoreline below you. Towards the bottom of the boulevard are the offices of Yıldız Palace and the mosque to which the reclusive Abdülhamid II would make the short carriage ride to attend Friday prayers, his sole public appearances.

Unlike Dolmabahçe, Yıldız is not a single grand edifice but a series of relatively modest buildings with real charm and style, inspired by Art Nouveau and the creative spirit of the age.

The kiosks for visitors and the Alpine chalet built to receive the German Kaiser, set in parkland, are reached from the coast road, opposite the Çırağan Palace.

On the waterfront at Beşiktaş is the **Naval Museum**, where the sultans' golden barges are on display. This is an old working-class Istanbul neighbourhood, whose real life is in the shops and meyhanes clustered around the fish market. On a summer night these back streets have the air of a London pub-land where customers spill onto the streets.

The road to Ortaköy, Çırağan Caddesi, runs through a royal mile, an arcade of stately plane trees and the outlandishly high walls of the Yıldız and Çırağan Palaces. There is no view of the Bosphorus here either, but it hardly seems to matter.

Ortaköy itself is one of the few Bosphorus communities with the air of a well-thought-out public space. Between the 19th-century Baroque mosque and the pier is a car-free promontory ringed by cafés and restaurants, all overlooked by the First Bosphorus Bridge.

The narrow streets are packed with food stalls and artisan shops. These in turn are surrounded by fancy restaurants, jazz clubs and luxury nightclubs, including Reina, which – for all its fame and wealthy clientele arriving by boat – is in essence an open-air food court.

The traceried windows of the Çırağan Palace, now a luxury hotel, recall the Doge's Palace in Venice. Opposite, from top: The palace seen from the water; a view of the Asian side through a ceremonial gate; the ornate marble columns of a land gate

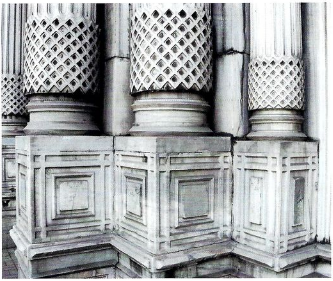
PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE

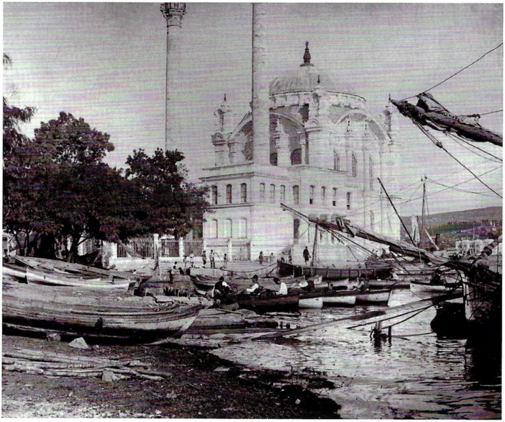
The sultans' dreams

Two 19th-century sultans who were brothers, Abdülmecid and Abdülaziz, turned the Bosphorus into a glittering stage set to rival the great capitals of Europe.

The Dolmabahçe Palace, built by Abdülmecid (1839–61), was followed a decade later by the Çırağan and Beylerbeyi Palaces, built by Abdülaziz (1861–76). The Çırağan (seen here), a vision of Venetian Gothic, was finished in 1867, the year Abdülaziz visited Paris and London to meet Napoleon III and Queen Victoria.

The Çırağan suffered an unhappy fate: it was here that Abdülaziz committed suicide after being deposed in 1876. His son Murad V, dethroned three months later after a nervous breakdown, was confined here until his death in 1904 while Abdülhamid II, his sibling, ruled from the seclusion of Yıldız Palace on the hill behind. When he, in turn, was exiled by the Young Turks in 1909, the new parliament met at the Çırağan, which was gutted by fire two months later and remained a shell until 1989, when it was resurrected as part of the Çırağan Palace Kempinski Hotel.

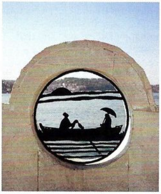



BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

Ortaköy: gateway to the Bosphorus

As you head upstream from Beşiktaş, the most frantic of the Bosphorus crossing points, the city proper comes to a triumphant end in Ortaköy, at the foot of the First Bosphorus Bridge. Here the sultans Abdülmecid and Abdülaziz would pay their Friday visits to the Mecidiye Mosque in magnificent imperial barges, now on show at the unmissable **Naval Museum** in Beşiktaş (denizmuzeleri.tsk.tr/en).

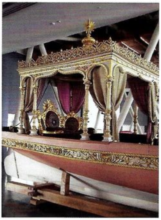
Ortaköy in the late 1990s became the newest hip thing, with its seaside square, and lots of lazy cafés where truants from the schools lining the shore between Beşiktaş and Ortaköy would hone their backgammon skills. Comparisons were made with Barcelona. Now restaurant chains have taken over, streets are filled with tat and there is a luridly colourful row of *kumpirci* (baked-potato sellers).

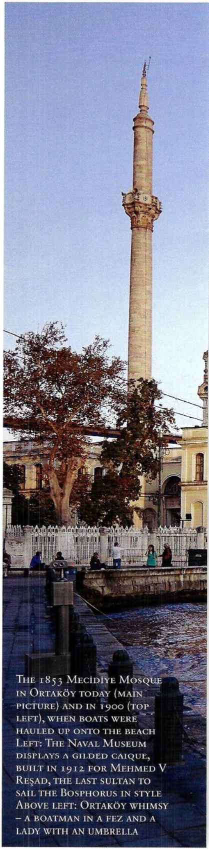

JÜRGEN FRANK

But serious things have taken root as well. By the boat station is the stylish **House Hotel** and **House Café** and the Balinese **Banyan Restaurant.** In front of the mosque is the kilim shop **Hazal** (Mecidiye Köprüsü Sok 9), an oasis of calm and good taste. On the main road the **Simya Gallery** (Muallim Cad 51) offers Sabrina Fresko's sculpted modern jewellery. But Ortaköy's heart hides in its old market district – a maze of streets inland with a famous baker, the **Ortaköy Fırını** (Eski Bahçe Sok 26), and good places for breakfast.

There are things to see, too. On the hill behind the village, near the upper entrance to Yıldız Park, is a meadow strewn with the flat gravestones of Sephardi Jews, and the austere Armenian Catholic **Andonyan Monastery**.

Opposite the Çırağan, next to Yıldız Park, a cobbled lane leads up to Sinan's romantic wooden dervish shrine. The **Yahya Efendi Dergahı** stands on a cliff in a topsy-turvy graveyard. Inside the shrine is the tomb of Süleyman the Magnificent's milk brother. It is open from dawn until dusk.


FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG


JÜRGEN FRANK

The 1853 Mecidiye Mosque in Ortaköy today (main picture) and in 1900 (top left), when boats were hauled up onto the beach
Left: The Naval Museum displays a gilded caique, built in 1912 for Mehmed V Reşad, the last sultan to sail the Bosphorus in style
Above left: Ortaköy whimsy – a boatman in a fez and a lady with an umbrella

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Yıldız The Last Ottoman Palace

A FAREWELL TO EMPIRE

Philip Mansel introduces the fin-de-siècle world of Abdülhamid II, the last Ottoman ruler to wield real power. On these pages we explore the 'earthly paradise' he was later forced to abandon: Yildiz Palace, its park and mosque

Istanbul in the 1890s was the natural destination for a struggling artist. Home to about one million inhabitants, it was not only capital of a great empire, but also one of the most international cities in the world. For many foreigners, Istanbul was a land of opportunity, particularly since the imperial decrees in 1839 and 1856 had made all religions, in theory, equal under the sultan. Regarding prosperity in the Ottoman Empire as more attractive than freedom in the newly independent kingdom of Greece, thousands of Greeks left to work in Istanbul. Poles and Hungarians found the empire a haven from oppression in the Russian and Austrian empires. Some Ottoman generals were Polish converts to Islam.

Born in a small town in the Veneto in 1854, Fausto Zonaro had studied and painted in Verona, Venice, Paris and Naples with little success. At 37 he turned to the Ottoman Empire, the charms of which had been popularised in Italy by Edmondo De Amicis' book *Constantinopoli* (1878).

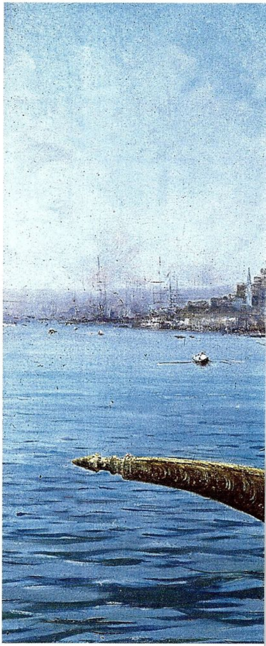
When Zonaro arrived in Istanbul in 1891, it was ruled by Abdülhamid II (1876–1909). Intelligent but autocratic, the sultan had dissolved the first Ottoman parliament and ended the brief experiment in constitutional government only two years after his succession. Traumatised by the deposition and suicide of his uncle Abdülaziz in May 1876, and the deposition three months later for mental instability of his brother Murad V, soon followed by a war that brought the armies of Tsar Alexander II within sight of the minarets of Istanbul, he reacted by concentrating power in the palace of Yıldız, on a hill above the Bosphorus outside Istanbul (some say it was called Yıldız, or star, because the stars were so dazzling a spectacle here).

Abdülhamid rarely visited the city. Instead he made Yıldız into a separate palace city, the last great power statement of the Ottoman sultans. It was at once a palace, a ministry, a military headquarters and a university. Behind the high walls were offices, barracks, museums, schools, hospitals, a theatre, a library, a furniture factory, a photography laboratory, printing press and zoo. In 1895 the French ambassador was told: "The Sultan has ended by absorbing everything… Everything is decided at the palace, the most insignificant as well as the most important affairs." He was said to pay one half of his empire to spy on the other.

A foreign artist such as Zonaro was the right man in the right place. Contemporaries regarded Istanbul as a miracle of beauty. The future King Abdullah of Jordan, who lived there as a boy, called it "fascinating beyond description, a city of great beauty enthralling in every season… nobody and nothing seems strange and you can find anything you want from any country". The air of the Bosphorus was "tonic to the body and exhilaration to the spirit".

Few cities have been recorded so fully by one artist as Istanbul by Zonaro. He was not a great painter but he worked extremely hard. He painted around 1,300 pictures of the city – more than Canaletto painted of Venice. Seascapes were a speciality, combining masts and minarets, sails and clouds, mist and smoke, light and water.

Zonaro's importance as a painter of Istanbul is enhanced by his unparalleled access to the Ottoman court. Recommended by the Italian ambassador, he obtained the title "Painter to His Imperial Majesty the Sultan" in 1896. His most successful palace pictures are the smaller, more impressionistic views recording the 1898 visit of the German Emperor and Empress Wilhelm II and Augusta Victoria. This depiction of them embarking at Dolmabahçe (above) unites four dominating elements in Istanbul under Abdülhamid: the sea, the German alliance, the palace and mosques. The sultan himself is nowhere to be seen.

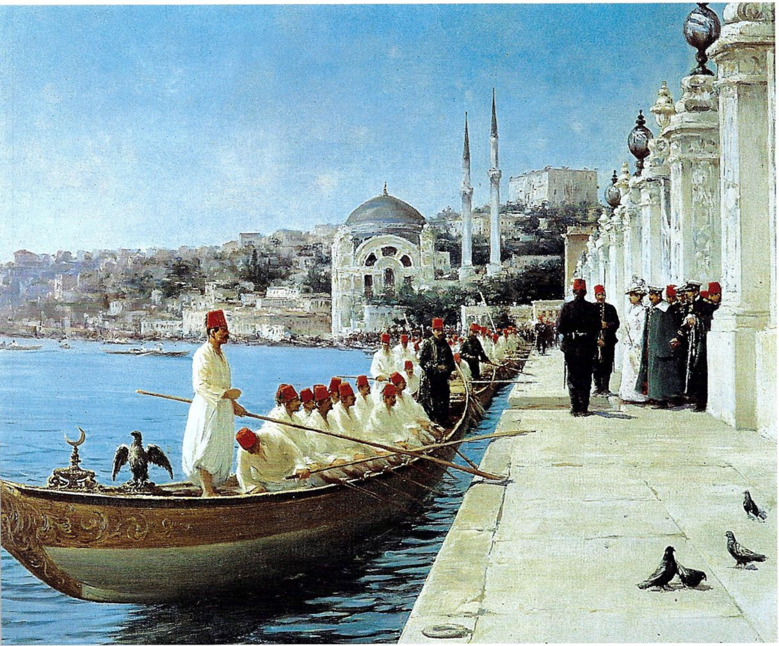


TBMM / THE NATIONAL PALACE COLLECTION

Fausto Zonaro depicts the Kaiser and his Empress at Dolmabahçe in 1898, after their stay at the secluded Yildiz Palace

Abdülhamid's reign coincided with the apogee of European imperialism. Russia was the traditional enemy, and regarded Istanbul, as Nicholas II had said, as "the key to her back door". Italy, however, was believed – wrongly – to be a power without designs on Ottoman territory. Italians had long been welcome at the Ottoman court. Since the reigns of Selim III (1789–1807) and Abdülhamid's Rossini- and brandy-loving grandfather, Mahmud II (1808–39), it had created its own synthesis of East and West. Yıldız was built and decorated in a variety of European styles, generally under the supervision of Abdülhamid's chief architect, Raimondo D'Aronco. The palace opera troupe was directed by another Italian, Arturo Stavolo. The director of the imperial band and school of music, in succession to Giuseppe Donizetti, brother of the composer Gaetano, was Guatelli Pasha.

Zonaro painted diverse aspects of the city: pashas, beggars and hamams; street barbers,



public letter-writers, gypsies, fishermen, firemen rushing across the Galata Bridge… His landscapes included fountains, graveyards and many different districts – Anadoluhisarı, Üsküdar, Ortaköy…

Zonaro called Yıldız the sultan's "earthly paradise", studied Ottoman, wore the fez and an Ottoman uniform and medals. He painted princes in a studio in the grounds and instructed artists in the Imperial Porcelain Factory, founded in 1893. Gilded Neoclassical frames were made for his pictures in palace workshops; he arranged paintings on the palace walls, and in the museum the sultan established in a wing attached to his private quarters. While hanging pictures he once met the sultan himself, with whom he was able to exchange a few words in Ottoman. Abdülhamid wryly advised him to cut bits off a painting if it did not fit the space above a doorway.

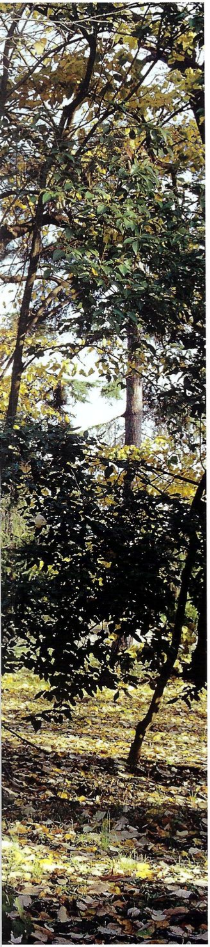
Despite its European architecture, Yıldız was also the last great Islamic palace. It was surrounded by dervish lodges. The most important ceremonies were the sultan's weekly *selamlık* at the Hamidiye Mosque, and the departure of the sultan's gifts and the pilgrim caravan to Mecca every year, which Zonaro painted in 1903.

Outside the walls, however, the sultan's authority was crumbling. Telegrams arrived almost daily with news of revolts in the provinces. In 1908 a revolt in Macedonia, led by Young Turk officers convinced of the empire's impending partition by Russia and Britain, spread rapidly. On July 24, on the advice of his ministers, the sultan abolished censorship and promised elections in the autumn. In effect he restored constitutional government. Istanbul exploded with joy. In the words of the diplomat Aubrey Herbert, the city seemed to glow like a rose.

Despite detestation of his government, the sultan himself remained popular. Zonaro remembered that when he went to the mosque after the restoration of the constitution, the sultan was cheered by crowds carrying banners proclaiming "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity and Justice". "Never in my life had I heard such a cry. Never had I seen so many exulting people."

In April 1909, however, the sultan was deposed by members of the Committee of Union and Progress – the Young Turks – at the head of an army from Salonica. The following year, after a dispute about the rent for his house behind Dolmabahçe Palace, Zonaro left Istanbul. He died in San Remo in 1929, never having seen Istanbul again.

Philip Mansel's books include 'Sultans in Splendour: Monarchs of the Middle East'; 'Constantinople: City of the World's Desire'; and 'Levant: Splendour and Catastrophe on the Mediterranean' (post-free worldwide for subscribers to Cornucopia*). A founding trustee of the Levantine Heritage Foundation (levantineheritage.com), he is writing a life of Louis XIV and a short history of Aleppo*



Yıldız Inside the Palace

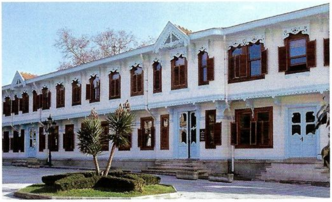
A WORLD OF HIS OWN

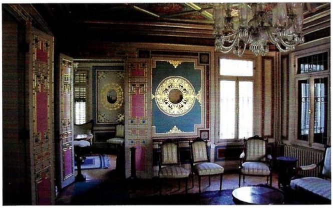
Abdülhamid II amazed his subjects by retreating behind high walls on a hilltop above Beşiktaş, taking his court and government with him. Here he created a city within a palace – in part with his own hands. In a two-part feature, Berrin Torolsan tells the story of the palace, its park and its guesthouse. Photographs by Fritz von der Schulenburg

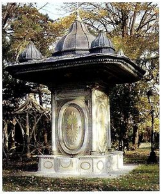
On April 7, 1877, Abdülhamid II moved, lock, stock and barrel, up from the vulnerable waterside Dolmabahçe to Yıldız, on the heights above Beşiktaş, where his uncle Abdülaziz had built one of his many palaces. It had an exuberant Neoclassical reception hall with marble fountains and crystal banisters, and was surrounded by woods dotted with pavilions. Abdülhamid restored all these, but he was also his own man, transforming Yıldız in modest style.

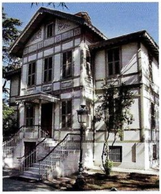
A prolific builder, he added annexes and offices, a theatre, pharmacy, imperial museum and art gallery, a school, a library with an observatory, apartments for retired harem ladies, a carpentry workshop next to his hamam, a porcelain factory, even a zoo. Gone were the pomp and circumstance of the mid-19th century. This was a sultan who drove his own carriage to the mosque on Friday.

Two main areas are now open to the public: the **Yıldız Palace**









Opposite A 'wooden' arbour in the harem garden was made for Abdülhamid – in concrete
Far left This fountain, built in the late 18th century by Selim III, predates the palace
Top The offices of the aides-de-camp, the Yaveran Köşkü, designed by D'Aronco, have an Alpine air
Above and left Cihannüma Köşkü (the Kiosk of Mirror of the World), where Abdülhamid observed the city through his telescope

Museum (part of the palace itself, closed Tues) and **Yıldız Park** (open daily, dawn to dusk), which includes the **Şale Köşkü** (Chalet Kiosk) used by the Kaiser (following pages). Although next to each other, they must be explored separately as there is no access between them. (It is worth taking a taxi between the two as walking can take up to an hour.)

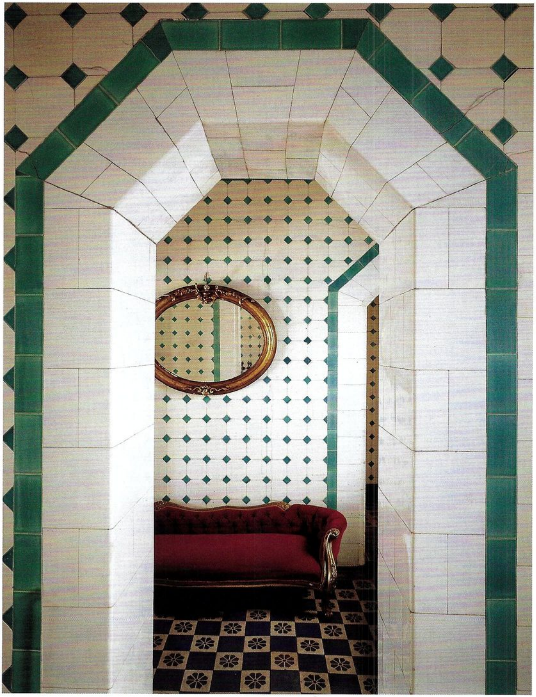
However limited, a tour of the Palace Museum still gives a hint of a very private world – the Belle Époque theatre where Sarah Bernhardt played, its stage raised high above the stalls to be closer to the sultan's loggia; a gallery of his personal treasures, such as the gilded replica of the Ahmed III fountain at the Topkapı; his carpenter's bench (the tools set out); and his hamam, brightly clad in turquoise and white tiles.

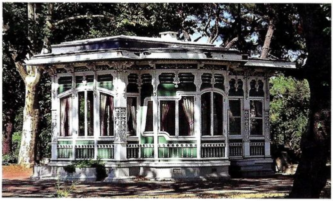
Abdülhamid's training as a carpenter must have played a role in his love of wooden structures. The new buildings at Yıldız are slight, practical, transportable even. In later years they included pavilions from Russia and Switzerland that opened onto gardens with magnificent views.

His fondness for Swiss chalet style was given an Oriental Art Nouveau twist by his architect Raimondo D'Aronco. The curious **Yaveran Köşkü**, facing the gateway from Barbaros Boulevard, is a long, unpalatial building for aides-de-camp, with wooden shutters and latticework that brush aside any stiffness.

The sultan commissioned several small houses for himself on the **Belvedere**, a wide, secluded terrace overlooking the park and the Bosphorus beyond – and it is said he would dine and sleep in a different one every night. For his guests, by contrast, he created the huge Chalet Kiosk.

By the time he was deposed in 1909, the palace and grounds were surrounded by high walls that stretched down to the shore and all the way from Beşiktaş to Ortaköy. When the Young Turks exiled him to Salonica, they immediately opened it to the public. Black's *Guide to Constantinople* had to add a new section to its 1910 edition: "It takes about two hours to see everything… and is open from sunrise to sunset. On Tuesdays it is open to ladies, and





ABOVE AND TOP RIGHT THE HAMAM SUITE IN THE KÜÇÜK MABEYN KÖŞKÜ (SMALL RECEPTION PALACE), WITH ITS LUXURIOUS HEATED ANTEROOM
LEFT AN ART NOUVEAU KIOSK
RIGHT, CENTRE ROW THE SULTAN'S PRIVATE THEATRE AND ONE OF THE KÜÇÜK MABEYN DRAWING ROOMS
BOTTOM MORE ART NOUVEAU IN D'ARONCO'S CONSERVATORY

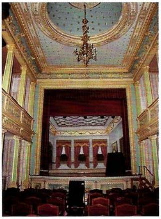
on Wednesdays the charge for entrance is double."

In the Belvedere garden is the large pond – "an artificial rivulet," says Black's *Guide*, "on which the Sultan and his wives used to go on canoes and cycle-boats", noting that visitors could make use of these boats.

The pond was already neglected when Gertrude Bell found a little restaurant there in July 1909: "If anyone had told me two years ago that I should be lunching in the Yıldız Harem, I should have set him down for a lunatic." There she watched bullock carts file through the gates "loaded with pink and green satin-covered armchairs, dilapidated wire jardinières and gimcrack cupboards, journeying mournfully to the second-hand furniture dealers".

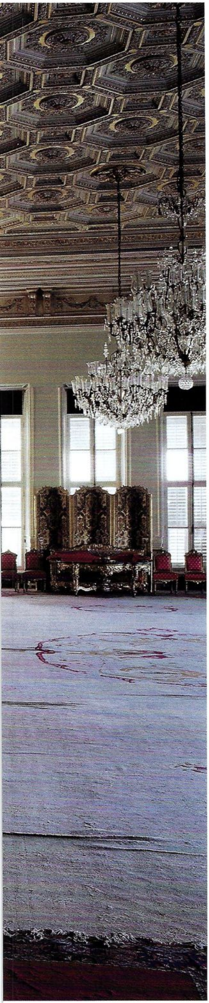
You can still visit the **Cihannüma** (Mirror of the World) **Kiosk** at the far end of the terrace. Here Abülhamid would train his telescope on the city from which he exiled himself. "Visitors can use it," notes Black's *Guide*. Not today: Yıldız is again becoming secretive. The shutters are permanently sealed.

Abdülhamid was passionately interested in science, importing inventions as soon as they were patented. Istanbul's first telephone line and first electricity plant were installed here. A visit to the IRCICA Library in the stables (library.ircica.org) reveals the sultan's fascination with photography and film. Images record every corner of the empire, every public building, floor by floor, as it was erected. At Yıldız Abdülhamid created a self-contained world, and led a quiet, solitary life unlike that of any other monarch of his day.



CLIVE CROOK

Yıldız Palace, 9–7 (latest entry 6) April 15–Nov 1; winter 9–4.30. Closed Tues; yildizsarayi.com.tr. Also worth a visit is the separate City Museum, in the old palace art gallery (closed Sun, Mon)



Yıldız The Park and the Chalet Kiosk

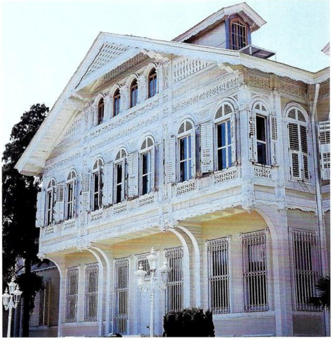
A WILLKOMMEN ON THE HILLSIDE

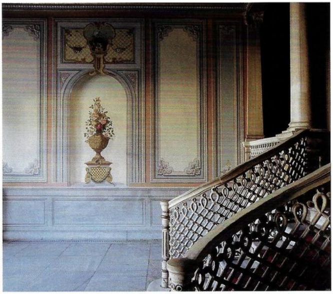
Abdülhamid spared no expense in impressing his guests. In the park at Yildiz, he created for Kaiser Wilhelm II a chalet-style house with lavish interiors to show off the empire's latest carpets and porcelain. By Berrin Torolsan. Photographs by Fritz von der Schulenburg

The woods of Yıldız Park are a blessed relief after Istanbul's concrete jungle, and a popular picnic spot, with lakes, grottoes and kiosks. Yıldız was an imperial garden city akin to the palace of a Japanese emperor. Abdülhamid's interest in gardening went back to his youth, when he lived in the **Maslak Kasırları** on the edge of the Belgrade Forest. His camellias survive there in the winter garden. Plants and flowers adorned tables at receptions – he preferred potted plants to stuffy palace furniture. German, English and Swiss gardeners created delightful naturalistic corners, with occasional scented herbaceous borders and meandering shady paths. Landscape gardeners set lodges, pavilions, fountains and kiosks amid beautiful parterres, ponds and water features.

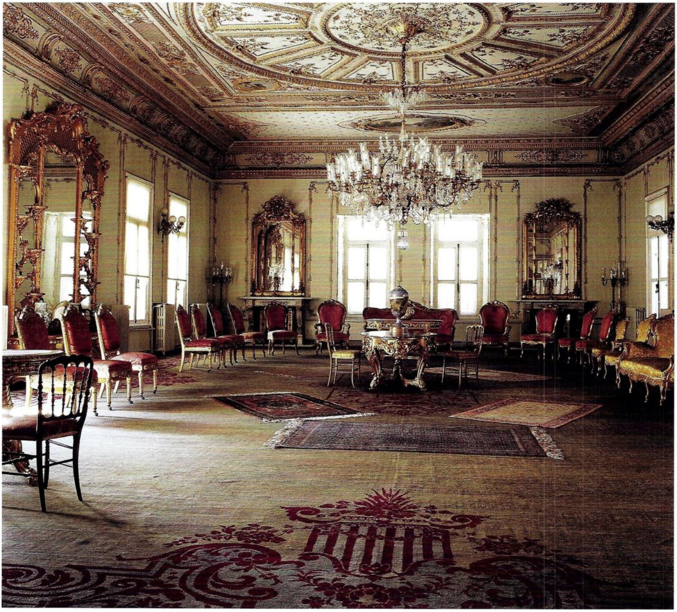
The woods also conceal some remarkable buildings. Stroll up to the top of the park and bear right for Abdülaziz's **Malta Köşkü** (Malta Kiosk), with its spectacular indoor fountain, now a restaurant run by the municipality. The big draw is the terrace, where on a sunny winter day you can enjoy *sahlep* (a hot orchid-root drink) with views over treetops to a city that seems very far off. To the right one sees the Topkapı, to the left Üsküdar.

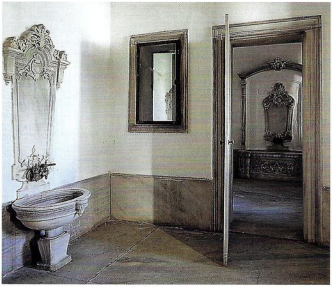
Near the park's upper gate is





Top right The 60-room Chalet Kiosk, built entirely of wood
Left The ceremonial hall, designed by D'Aronco. It took 19 pairs of oxen to deliver the giant Hereke carpet
Right D'Aronco's staircase: the balustrade is pierced marble





ABOVE THE CHALET KIOSK'S YELLOW DRAWING ROOM, HUNG WITH ROCOCO MIRRORS, ABOVE RIGHT AN ELECTRIC TORCHÈRE IN D'ARONCO'S CEREMONIAL HALL – YILDIZ HAD THE FIRST ELECTRICITY IN ISTANBUL LEFT ONE OF THE TWO HAMAMS RIGHT THE ELABORATE FOUNTAIN HALL IN THE MALTA KIOSK

the **Çini Fabrika-i Hümayunu** (Imperial Porcelain Factory), again built by D'Aronco.

Bear left from the coast road gates for an easy walk to another of the 25 pavilions mentioned in Black's 1910 guide, the **Çadır Köşkü** (Tent Kiosk). Built by Abdülaziz, this one has a pool with a giant concrete rock cliff.

Between the two pavilions, however, at the very top of the park, is Abdülhamid's most astonishing legacy – a time warp hidden by high retaining walls that you will often have entirely to yourself. The grand wooden **Şale Köşkü** (Chalet Kiosk) is where Kaiser Wilhelm stayed three times. Today, very few visitors find their way there.

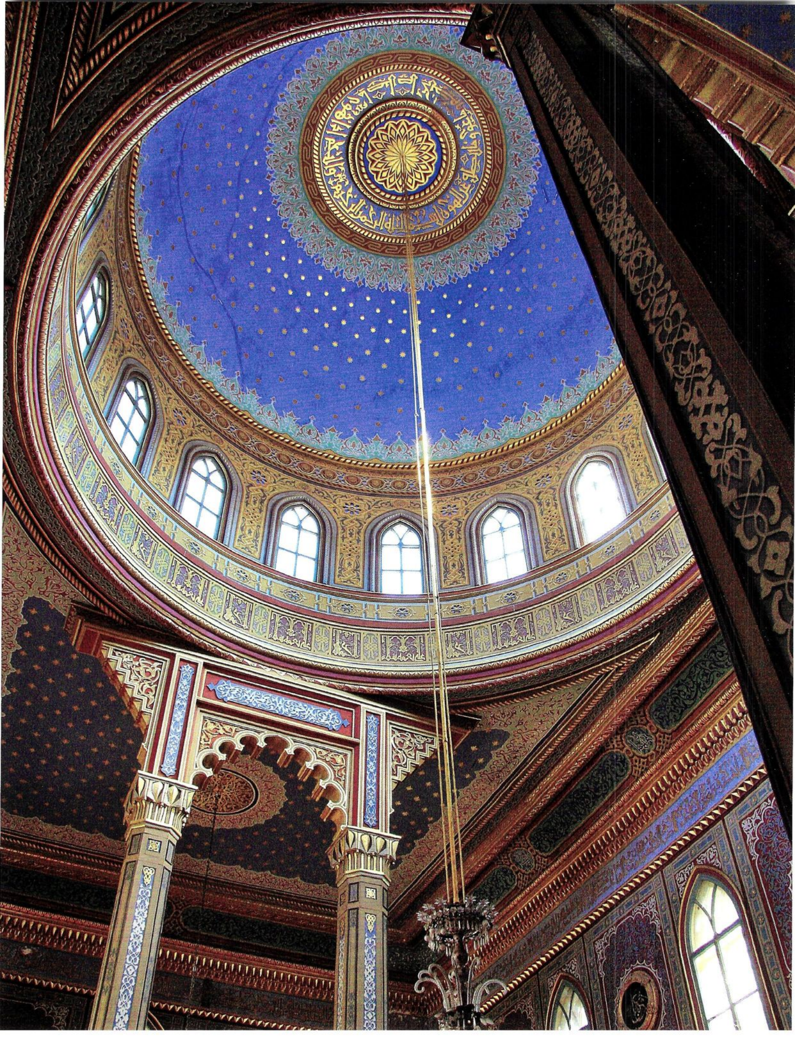
While modest in taste and keen on privacy, Abdülhamid created for his guests a showcase to display the Hereke carpets and

the porcelain produced in the empire's new factories. From an existing imperial kiosk, he twice extended the house between 1880 and 1898, making it the largest chalet in the world, with more than 60 rooms, including four large reception rooms, nine European-style bathrooms and two hamams. Early work under the architect Sarkis Balyan was in the Beaux Arts tradition. The last phase coincided with the arrival of D'Aronco and was far more innovative.

Today the Chalet is under the aegis of the Grand National Assembly, like Dolmabahçe and Beylerbeyi. Furniture has moved from palace to palace, but since they were all built in the same period, pieces never seem out of place. Note the magnificent dining table, and the chairs chiselled and carved by the sultan himself.

BRIAN MCKEE

There are two entrances to Yıldız Park: opposite the waterside Çırağan Palace, and on the upper road to Ortaköy, Palanga Caddesi. Taxis can drive inside. The Chalet Kiosk (millisaraylar.gov.tr) is open 9–5, closed Mon, Thurs; the Yıldız Porcelain Factory, 9–6, closed weekends. The Malta and Çadır Köşkü Cafés are open 9am–10pm

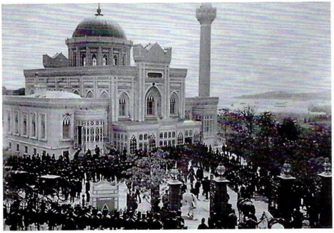


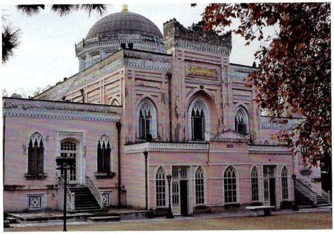
Yıldız Hamidiye Mosque

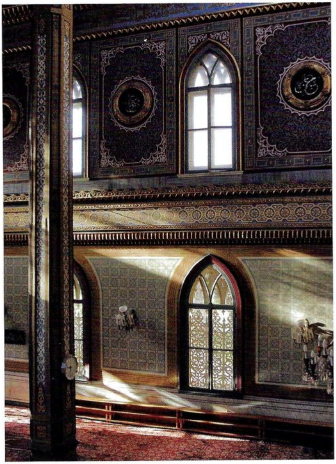
THE STAR TURN

The only time Abdülhamid’s subjects could glimpse their sultan was when he emerged from seclusion on Fridays to pray at his radiant new mosque outside the palace gates. It is now a little-visited gem: a unique study in 19th-century Orientalism, with a Gothic twist.

By Özge Yıldız. Photographs by Fritz von der Schulenburg





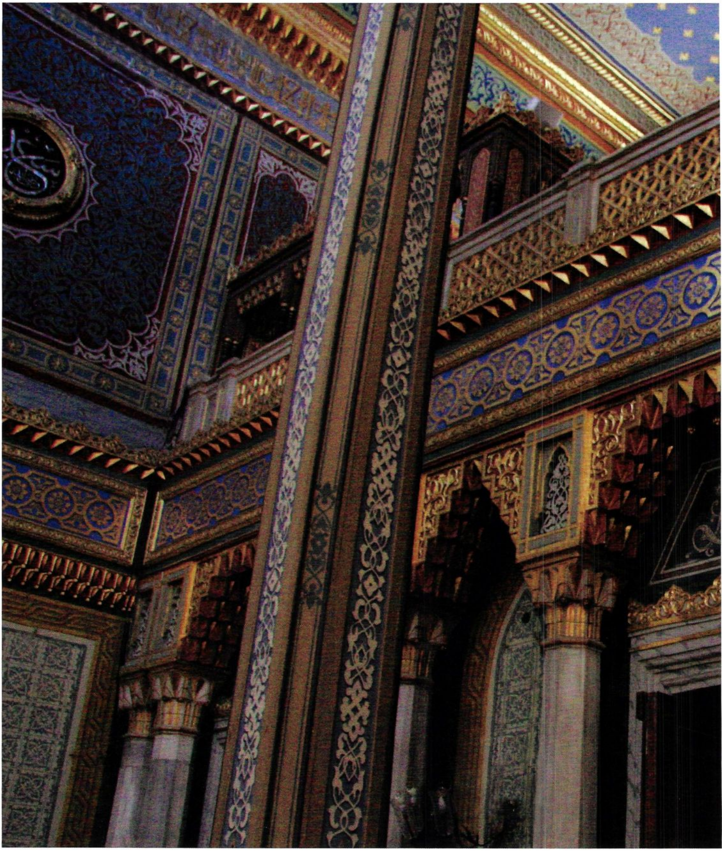


Opposite Deep indigo sprinkled with golden stars, the dome of the Hamidiye Mosque recalls the Moorish Orientalism of Stuttgart’s Wilhelma Palace Above left Crowds attended Abdülhamid’s Friday visits Above The façade was rebuilt after a bomb went off in 1905 as he was leaving the imperial lodge (to the left); 28 people and eight horses died Left The sultan himself carved the roundels between the ‘Gothic’ windows

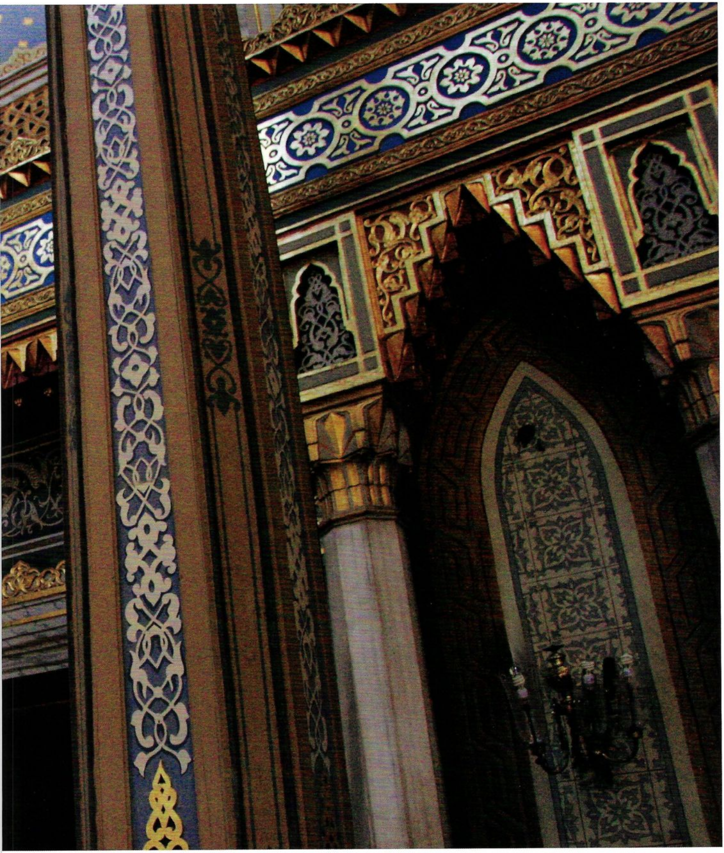
Abdülhamid rarely left his palace during a reign of nearly 33 years, but he regularly demonstrated his presence and power with Friday prayer processions to the Hamidiye Mosque, accompanied by hundreds of soldiers and watched by huge crowds. The Hamidiye, the last sultanic mosque of the Ottoman Empire, was completed in 1886 outside the Yıldız gates.

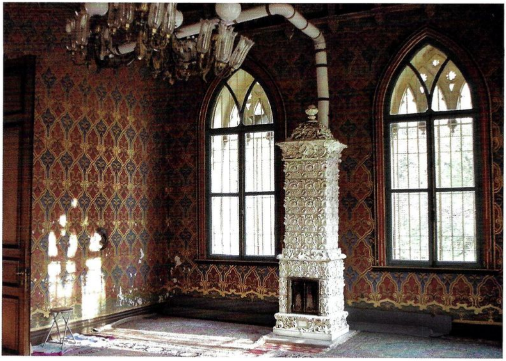
Both mosque and palace were constructed at a time of political and social change. Abdülhamid was the first sultan to use the caliphate as a political tool and as a threat against European powers. To unite the empire, he pursued a pan-Islamic foreign policy while modernising the education system and the transport and communication networks, and in 1893 he established the Yıldız Imperial Porcelain Factory in the palace grounds. It produced a great variety of items, from vases to stoves; one can admire some of them here today, such as the white porcelain stove in the sultan’s pavilion.

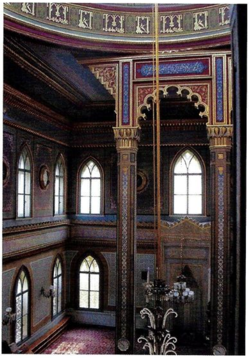
A key part of Abdülhamid’s palace, the mosque was an innovative piece of architecture. Built by the court architect Sarkis Balyan, its stylistic features reflect the sultan’s modernising inclinations. The Balyans closely followed architectural fashions in Europe, and the mosque represents a fine combination of early Ottoman, Moorish and Gothic styles.

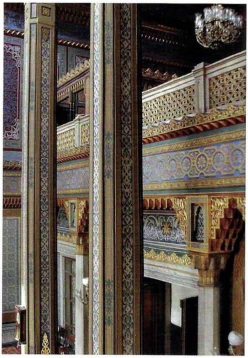


CLIVE CROOK









Previous pages The Hamidiye Mosque is a fascinating reminder of the complexity of global architectural fashions in the 19th century. Ottoman, Moorish and Gothic styles combine surprisingly well in the interior
This page, top Attached to the mosque is Abdülhamid's lodge. The Rococo stove came from the Imperial Porcelain Factory
Above left Tapering Alhambra-style columns and a typically eclectic mix of Gothic windows and Moorish foiled arches.
Above right Looking towards the women's gallery, where no surface is left unadorned.
Opposite Red, yellow and blue are the dominant colours in the decoration. Kufic panels by the great calligrapher Ebüzziya Tevfik Bey encircle the dome – the sultan was keen to revive the Kufic style

One of the great European trends of the period was Orientalism, as seen in the exotic Islamic elements of the Wilhelma Palace in Stuttgart, which recalled the Alhambra in Andalusia. In Balyan's mosque, the arches supporting the wooden dome resemble the Alhambra's lobed arches. After Owen Jones claimed, in *The Grammar of Ornament* (1856), that the Alhambra's original interior colours were red, yellow and blue, these colours appeared widely in Orientalist buildings; the Hamidiye is no exception. The dome's interior was painted blue with golden stars, like the dome of the Wilhelma. The stars also refer to the name Yıldız, meaning Star.

While the interior is Moorish, the mosque has a Neo-Gothic façade. But Sarkis Balyan didn't slavishly copy: he Ottomanised. The Gothic windows are in Ottoman tiers; the T-shaped plan refers to early Ottoman mosques; and the "Islamic" interior decoration is not reflected in the Neo-Gothic exterior, in contrast to European Orientalist buildings.

All sultans trained in a craft. Abdülhamid, a cabinetmaker, made the latticed bay windows on either side of the prayer hall and the frames of the calligraphic roundels. More importantly, by combining different architectural styles, the Ottomans' last supreme ruler ensured that the building symbolised imperial policy – the empire's modernisation – while simultaneously honouring its Islamic heritage as well as the empire's own past.

To celebrate the silver anniversary of his accession, Abdülhamid commissioned the building of clock towers throughout the empire. One such tower stands in the courtyard of the Hamidiye Mosque. They enabled him to display his *tuğra*, or imperial cipher, far and wide. The clocks symbolised modern, secular time as opposed to Islamic time punctuated by the call to prayer. ◆

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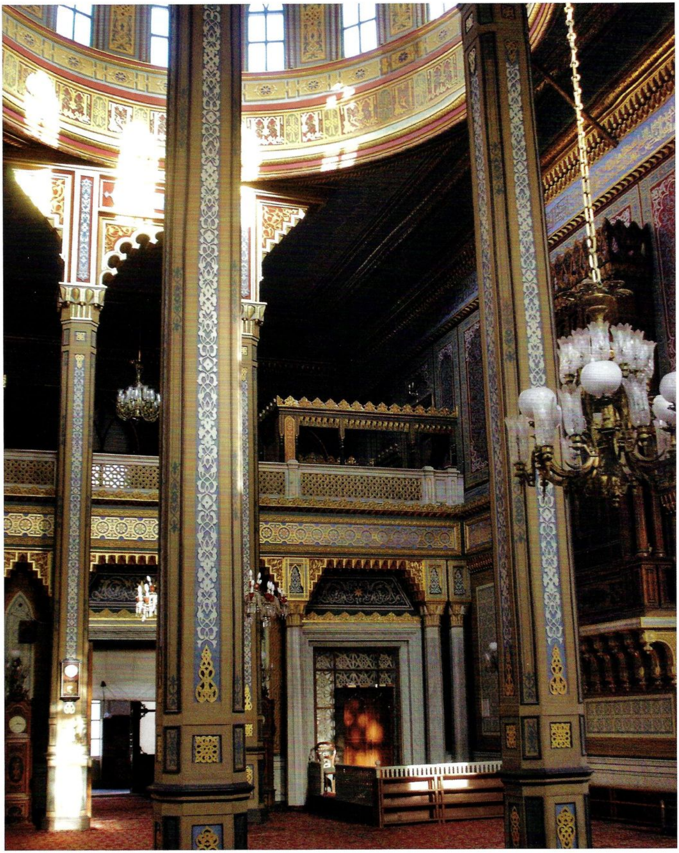


THE WOODS AND THE WATER

On the European shore, David Wheeler discovers hidden greenery in the hills above the Bosphorus

There's probably nowhere better to begin an exploration of woody and gardenesque places along the Bosphorus than at the privately owned **Sakıp Sabancı Museum** in Emirgan, opened in 2002 and poised midway on the European side of the historic strait, just north of the Fatih Sultan Mehmet Bridge (see p140). Its east-facing garden, if not Istanbul's most botanically rich, is nonetheless a place of cherished calm above a busy coastal road and, with its cascade of happy plants, gloriously verdant in all seasons, a good example of the city's horticultural vigour. Moreover, a few of the museum's interior walls are home to a small permanent exhibition of Turkish mainstream and Impressionist paintings (little known outside Turkey) depicting nearby waterside pleasure grounds.

In its own grounds many specimen trees are thoughtfully labelled, giving information about a plant's botanical family, its Latin and Turkish names and provenance. Thus, of the edible persimmon, *Diospyros kaki*, widely seen throughout the municipality, we learn it is one of the *Ebenaceae*, a family of some 800 species, including the much-treasured carpenter's ebony – think an old piano's black notes – found in tropical and warmer temperate regions of the world. The label tells us it is known as *Trabzon hurması* in Turkey and that it emanates from Japan and China (Japonya and Çin). It's a brief botanical briefing, hugely helpful to visitors who want to know exactly what they're looking at.

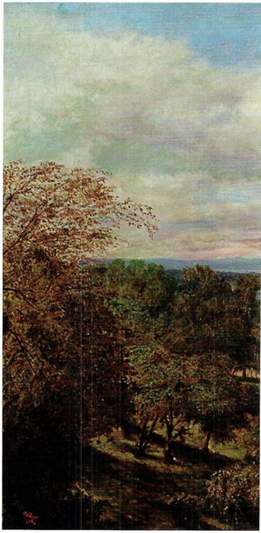
The Bosphorus is famously unique in several ways, with myriad beauties prized since antiquity. Let the octogenarian John Freely whet the gardener's appetite: "...both sides are well-wooded, especially with cypresses, umbrella-pines, plane-trees, horse-chestnuts, terebinths [*Pistacia palaestina*] and Judas trees. The red [actually cyclamen pink] blossoms of the latter in spring, mingled with the mauve flowers of the ubiquitous wisteria, and the red and white candles of the chestnuts, pervaded by the songs of nightingales and blackbirds, give the Bosphorus at that season an even more superlative beauty."

Istanbul-born Hüseyin Zekâi Pasha's large (96 x 136cm) 1897 painting of Yıldız Park in the Sabancı Collection (right) makes good sense of its location and extensive woods. In the distance lies the Sea of Marmara and old Stamboul under a nascent sunset, while in the foreground there stands the distinctive mix of coniferous and broadleaf woods that can be enjoyed in the park to this day. While the painting's scenic sweep defies any accurate identification of individual trees, it's fair to assume they include such native familiars as the beech, chestnut and hornbeam that populate the Belgrade Forest a few miles to the north.

Yıldız Park, with its ornate Çadır and Malta banqueting pavilions, is the former imperial garden of Abdülhamid's Yıldız Palace, on the site of a royal hunting ground dating back to the time of Süleyman the Magnificent (see p52). Today its blossoming treescape comprises a lush muddle of evergreen *Magnolia grandiflora*, Judas trees flowering in March on naked branches, aromatic bay and horse chestnut, set among numerous kinds of oak. From its topmost heights Yıldız Park allows fine views to and across the Bosphorus to Istanbul's Anatolian hills, partially hiding a far-reaching expanse of new suburbs where more than half the city's population now lives.

The Yıldız and Emirgan estates constitute Istanbul's two principal public parks, and I cannot imagine a visit to the city without spending a few hours in each, following their winding paths, marvelling at the city fathers' great care of the grounds, and throwing the odd pistachio to the cheeky bicoloured grey-and-red squirrels.

Among Emirgan's many inhabitants was the khedive Ismail Pasha, 19th-century Ottoman governor of Egypt and Sudan. The 50-hectare (120-acre) **Emirgan Park** (see p139) was used as a "backyard" to his extensive wooden yalı on the Bosphorus, and it was the pasha, too, who built its three wooden structures, each named for its exterior colour: hence the Yellow, Pink and White Pavilions so beautifully restored between 1979 and 1983 by the Touring and Automobile Club of Turkey.



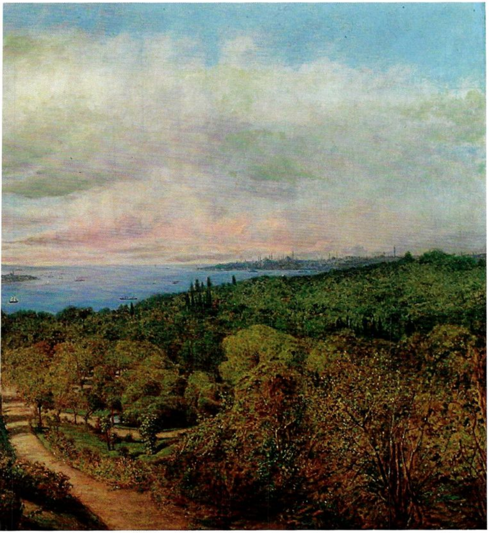
SAKIP SABANCI MUSEUM COLLECTION

Above Hüseyin Zekâi Pasha's 'Yıldız Park', 1897

Istanbul's, indeed Turkey's, beloved tulip now finds itself at home in the Park in a group of newly converted Ottoman stables. Emirgan's bosky acres are the epicentre of the annual city-wide Tulip Festival, involving the importation every year of countless bulbs from Holland and elsewhere – more than ten million in the park alone, around 10,000 of those comprising a lively lava-flow of floral excess representing the Bosphorus itself. Speaking at the World Tulip Summit in 2013, the city's mayor told delegates about new initiatives being set up across Turkey to encourage domestic bulb farming, with the dual aim of reducing these imports and regenerating rural employment.

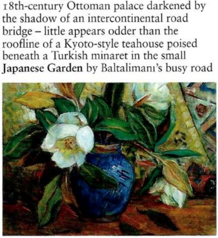
However, it is the towering faux-rock backdrop to the great pool that is Emirgan's prized landscape attraction – a reminder to many British visitors of the cascades and waterfalls made popular in Victorian English parks with the use of concrete and other convincing artificial materials.

There may not be many reasons for the



BELOW 'MAGNOLIAS' BY İBRAHİM ÇALLI (1882–1960) OPPOSITE THE KHEDIVE'S CASCADE AT EMİRGAN

tourist to leave the bus at Baltalimanı. But, for collectors of the visual juxtapositions that Istanbul excels at – Baroque mosque dwarfed by giant modern skyscraper, 18th-century Ottoman palace darkened by the shadow of an intercontinental road bridge – little appears odder than the roofline of a Kyoto-style teahouse poised beneath a Turkish minaret in the small **Japanese Garden** by Baltalimanı's busy road junction (see p137). It's a gift to Istanbul from the town of Shimonoseki (both have similarly vital shipping straits), built in 2003 to celebrate the 30th anniversary of "everlasting friendship" between the two cities. Its miniature waterfall, running water, stone lanterns, raked gravel and delicate autumn-colouring maples combine to replicate a modestly convincing Oriental garden: half-close your eyes and ears and you're in the precincts of a temple on the other side of the world. And should locals leave the Japon Bahçesi with ideas of creating something similar for themselves, the Bitki Market plant nursery, 200 metres from the garden entrance, sells a good range of ready-clipped and bonsai'd trees.



SAKIP SABANCI MUSEUM COLLECTION

On much higher ground – which would give a view to the northeast of the Bosphorus opening into the Black Sea if its curtain of trees could be lifted – stands the restored palace of **Maslak Kasırları**, another former hunting lodge, thought to have been built between 1808 and 1839, during the reign of Mahmud II (see p155). The white-painted house, the Kasr-ı Hümayun or Imperial Kiosk, is an elegant survival of wooden Ottoman domestic architecture, and its adjoining *limonluk* (an equally pleasing iron-framed greenhouse) shelters a fine collection of century-old camellias. Joyfully, birdsong throughout Maslak Kasırları's bosky terrain helps drown traffic noise from the nearby busy Levent–Ayazağa road.

For reasons of security it's understandably more difficult to enter the grounds of the old summer residences belonging to a suite of foreign embassies that can be seen at Tarabya. I was fortunate enough to be taken through the grounds of the former **British Summer Embassy** last October (see p153) and was intrigued to see the forlorn water gate and boathouses and to speculate on where, exactly, stood the building and its little church that were destroyed by fire in 1911. It is a puzzle, since archives at Pera House (the British Consulate in Beyoğlu), which might reveal all, have not been fully researched, and the coast road now running past the grounds on reclaimed land postdates the fall of the original building.

This firmly British territory rises steeply to a towering cliff that forms one of its impenetrable boundaries. Halfway up an overgrown zigzag path there's a convenient resting place, a belvedere in a clearing within sight of the new (third) Bosphorus bridge, under construction beyond the last great northern bend.

Yet further north, inland from Büyükdere, almost within calling distance of the Black Sea shore, is Istanbul's grand **Atatürk Arboretum**, founded in 1949. Part of the Belgrade Forest, its 300-hectare (750-acre) collection of exotic and native trees – including a richly representative collection of oaks – is a place of learning and pleasure. And because of its superb species-by-species colour photographs, the 500-page Turkish-language guidebook (the best TL10 any tree-fancier will ever spend) is useful to visitors of all nationalities. I recently spent a day there with Professor Rahim Anşin, whose English is just about on a par with my Turkish but with whom I was able to share an enthusiasm for the arboretum's wealth of magnificent trees by the use of appreciative nods and smiles and a sprinkling of botanical Latin.

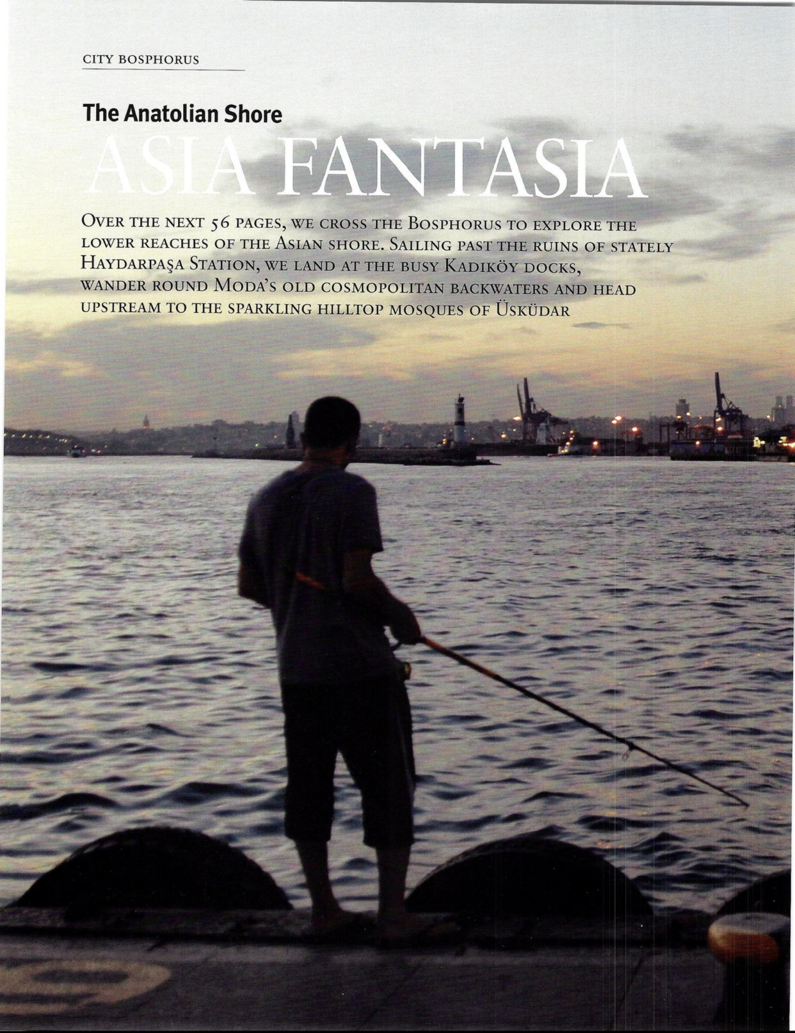
My own book on the gardens of Istanbul remains in gestation. On the first of my 2015 visits I look forward to a deeper foray into the Asian districts across the Bosphorus, where I know that many woodsy delights await my inspection. ◆

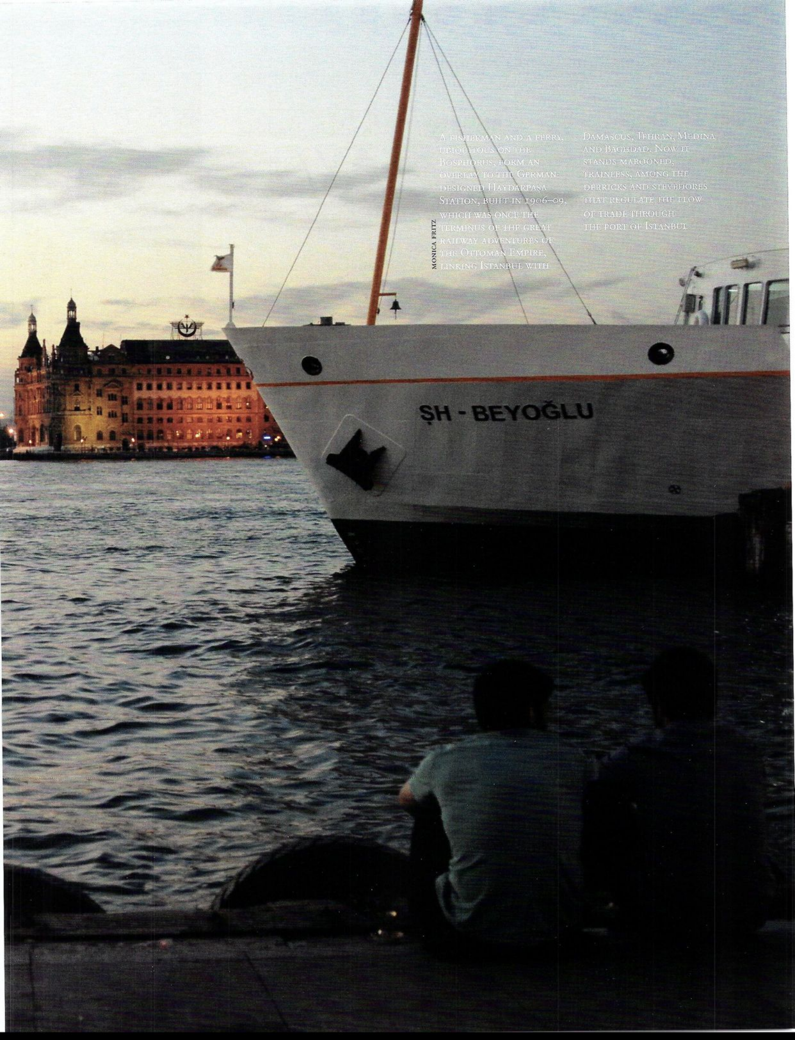
David Wheeler is the founding editor of the gardening quarterly 'Hortus' (hortus.co.uk). In 2009 he was presented by the RHS with the Gold Veitch Memorial Medal

The Anatolian Shore

ASIA FANTASIA

Over the next 56 pages, we cross the Bosphorus to explore the lower reaches of the Asian shore. Sailing past the ruins of stately Haydarpaşa Station, we land at the busy Kadıköy docks, wander round Moda's old cosmopolitan backwaters and head upstream to the sparkling hilltop mosques of Üsküdar





A fisherman and a ferry, ubiquitous on the Bosphorus, form an overlay to the German-designed Haydarpaşa Station, built in 1906–09, which was once the terminus of the great railway adventures of the Ottoman Empire, linking Istanbul with Damascus, Tehran, Medina and Baghdad. Now it stands marooned, trainless, among the derricks and stevedores that regulate the flow of trade through the port of Istanbul

MONICA FRITZ

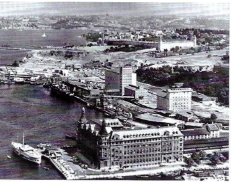
Kadıköy and Moda

SEEING AND BELIEVING

LOVELY CHURCHES, A LIVELY MARKET, ENTICING ICE CREAM, SHADY CAFÉS… AND THEY CALLED THIS THE LAND OF THE BLIND. ANDREW FINKEL INTRODUCES KADIKÖY, AND HARRIET RIX MOOCHES AROUND THE DISTRICT OF MODA. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONICA FRITZ

KADIKÖY is the gateway to the Asian shoreline of the Sea of Marmara and a stronghold of secular-minded Istanbullus. The main opposition party gets more votes here than anywhere else in the country.

Don't be put off by the Bosphorus frontage – an example of the municipal authorities' ability to squander a natural asset. The lattice of back streets leading down to the ferry station, mostly closed to traffic, contains myriad wonderful bookshops, food emporia, confectioners, fish stalls, restaurants, bars, cafés, antique shops, cinemas and theatres – including the newly restored Süreyya Opera House – making it an attractive alternative to Beyoğlu across the water. While Beyoğlu, the city-centre haunt of tourists and transients, has its charms, Kadıköy caters more to people who live nearby. The Nostaljik tramway leads from Kadıköy's market area to Moda – a fashionable but simultaneously old-fashioned neighbourhood of pretty houses and parks, perched over the Sea of Marmara and the opening to the Bosphorus. Moda is famous for its gentle attractions: ice-cream parlours, tea gardens and comfortable meyhanes.



SELAHATTIN GIZ / YKB ARCHIVE

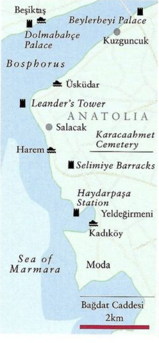
Kadıköy landings

When Greek settlers from Megara in Attica first colonised the shores of the Bosphorus in 685BC (*writes Harriet Rix*), they chose the site of an ancient Phoenician port near Cape Moda, on the Asian side, to found the city of Chalcedon.

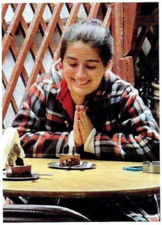
How had they failed to recognise the defensive possibilities of the Golden Horn, the supreme advantages and beauty of Seraglio Point on the opposite shore? Were they blind? Yes, according to the Oracle of Apollo, who foretold the founding of a great city across the water. So it was with Delphic wisdom that, in 667BC, the Megarian King Byzas founded Byzantion on the facing shore, "opposite the blind". This would become Constantinople, capital of the Byzantine empire from AD326.

Vulnerable Chalcedon was indeed flattened by successive invasions of Persians, Romans, Barbarians and Arabs, but suffered worst of all during occupation by the Crusaders. In 1203 it fell in the Fourth Crusade, and from the "city of the blind" the invaders orchestrated their attacks upon a bigger prize, plainly visible across the strait. In an orgy of violence, vandalism and desecration, Constantinople was sacked in 1204, not to be recaptured until 1261.

So it was not, after all, unassailable, and would be seized by Mehmed the Conqueror in 1453, though Chalcedon was captured a full century earlier, and finally became a mere satellite under the jurisdiction of the Sublime Porte, quarried for its stone and renamed Kadıköy, "the village of the judge". Happily, today's invaders come in peace to explore the city's Asian side.



SUSANNA HICKLING



Above Al fresco above the waterfront, the Moda tea gardens are shaded by gum mastic trees
Right The venerable Baylan, founded in 1923 – carb heaven
Left Happy anticipation of a Baylan treat
Opposite top High spirits outside the Süreyya Opera House (a poster shows the plush interior)
Opposite below Haydarpaşa Station and the Selimiye Barracks; Moda's Levantine families are buried in a cemetery in the woods behind the grain silos (see p86)

SİGARA İÇİLMEZ

The new arrivals

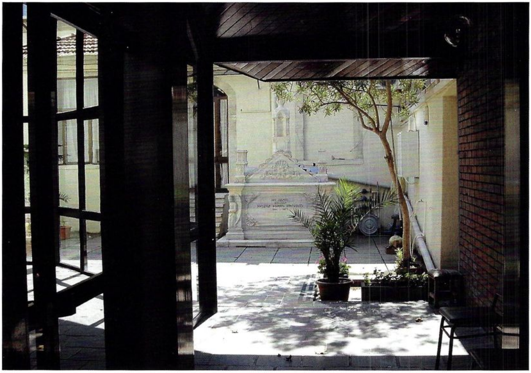
It would be a myopic visitor indeed who failed to recognise the charms of cosmopolitan Kadıköy and the upmarket seaside neighbourhood of Moda. Wide streets are overarched by Oriental plane trees. You can take tea in Moda Park, fringing the Sea of Marmara, in the shade of mastic gum trees, then repent your bodily sins in church or mosque, before plunging back into the fleshpots, where tattoo artists mingle with ballet students.

A ferry across the Bosphorus takes you along a breakwater lined with cormorants and egrets, past **Haydarpaşa Station** – the magnificent Asian end of the famous Berlin-to-Baghdad railway (today a burnt-out ruin) – to dock in front of the old *halle*, now the Conservatoire, among the *simit* and roast-chestnut sellers of the port.

Kadıköy deserves to be visited for the mesmerising array of old-fashioned food shops in the market district. To get there, negotiate the busy roundabout behind the Conservatoire and find the entrance to narrow **Muvakkithane Caddesi**.

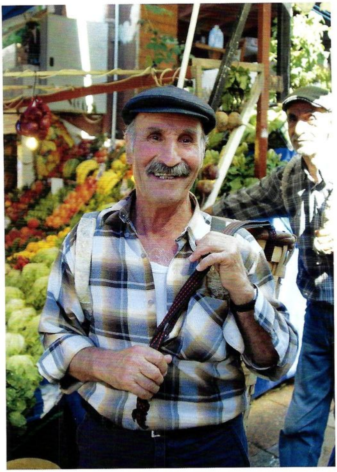
First you must pass between the Scylla and Charybdis of glycophobes: the window of the **Baylan** patisserie (No 9), on the left, vies for attention with the awning of **Hacı Bekir** (No 6) on the right. Both are justly proud of their long history, their specialities, and the people who have succumbed over the years.

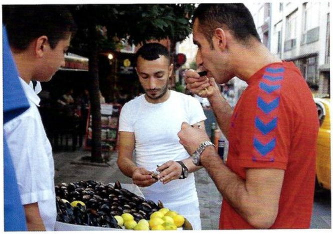
Baylan was originally called L'Orient when its first branch was opened in Beyoğlu in 1923 by Filip Lenas, a Greek from Epirus with a taste for the delicious. A second branch followed on Karaköy Square, and was renamed Baylan ("perfection" in Chagatai Turkish) in 1934. But not until the 1950s did Lenas's son Harry hit gold with the *coupe grillée*, a heart-stopping golden glass of ice cream, whipped cream, caramel, almonds, honey, pistachio and a boudoir biscuit. Enjoy it in the shady courtyard of the third branch, opened in 1961 (a fourth is in Bebek; the first two, sadly are no more)



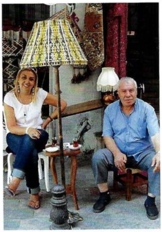
Equally avant-garde in his time was Hacı Bekir, who left his village near Kastamonu to become a sweet-maker's apprentice and set up his own shop in 1777 near the Spice Bazaar, making *lokum* (Turkish delight) and *akide* (boiled sweets) that were better than anyone else's. The sultan made him chief confectioner, and a painting of him survives in the Louvre: Amedeo Preziosi shows him bearded and solemn, weighing out sweets. At its peak just before the First World War, there were ten branches of Hacı Bekir in Istanbul, with distributors in Europe and America, and Hacı Bekir's grandson Ali was appointed confectioner to the Khedive of Egypt on the strength of his Alexandria branch. The cinnamon, rose, orange, lemon and mastic-flavoured *akide* that were sent to the palace are still bestsellers today, and bergamot, pineapple, hazelnut and cocoa have been added to reflect modern tastes, while *lokum* is a perennial favourite.

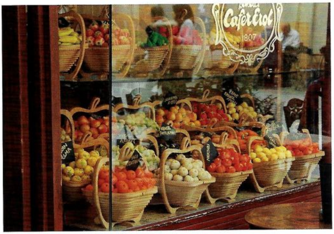
Further up the street, you come first to a Greek church (pretty, but often closed), then to the Gregorian Armenian **Surp Takavor Church** on a picturesque square, which contains two beautifully carved 19th-century tombs. The church gates are manned by a friendly caretaker who was at school with the grandchildren of the owner of the large 1866 tomb to the left of the entrance. The family have now emigrated to America and many others have followed. Nevertheless, the church seems to be expanding (there is a hideous modern section) and the special service at the time of the full moon is extremely popular. Even in the daylight there is much of interest – the blue sky with fluffy clouds in the antechapel, ▷p72





Above left A 19th-century tomb outside the Armenian church
Far left A reminder of Atatürk
Left and far right Antique shops on Tellâlzade Sokağı
Above A porter in the convivial old Kadıköy market
Top right A display of prawns and Bosphorus 'lüfer' (bluefish)
Above right Stuffed mussels to enjoy on the hoof
Right The 1920s 'halle' on the quay, now the Conservatoire
Below Taking a break on Kadife Sokağı, known for its bars
Below right Vegetables and fruit made of marzipan in the window of Cafer Erol





MONICA FRITZ

Fresh from the Bosphorus

Taut, torpedo-shaped, tiger-striped *palamut* (bonito), seen here in Kadıköy's market with their red gills open to confirm their freshness, start their journey from the Black Sea to the warm waters of the south between September and the end of November, or occasionally December, returning between April and June.

They take their time to pass through the Bosphorus and swim close to the surface, to the delight of anglers, who are able to catch them with a fishing line.

Palamut are consumed fresh, pickled in brine (*lakerda*) or smoked, when they are known as *tütünbalığı* (tobacco fish) because of the golden, tobacco-leaf colour they take on.

Other fish that migrate through the Bosphorus are *lüfer* (the bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*), *hamsi* (anchovies), *uskumru* (mackerel) and *kalkan*, the Black Sea turbot, which is at its magnificent best in April and May, though it reappears in November.

Year-round catches include *istavrit* (horse mackerel), *gümüş* (sand smelt/silverside), *levrek* (sea bass), *kefal* (the rather muddy grey mullet) and *barbunya* (red mullet).

and the gold-and-ivory head of John the Baptist on a platter…

Further up the hill, you reach the market district of Caferağa. The old weekly market has long since moved from the centre of Kadıköy, but the fragrant remains are enticing enough. One man sells delectable mussels stuffed with rice, dill and cinnamon (*midye dolması*); the apothecary next door sells camomile in huge bunches alongside the rarer wayside parsnip, *Pastinaca erratica*, noted as an aphrodisiac by Dioscorides.

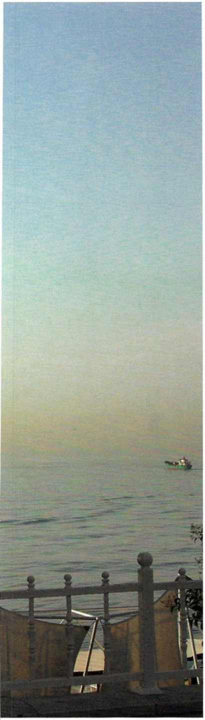
On the subject of "herbs", if anyone offers Bonzai, a lethal synthetic marijuana billed as a "herbal remedy", don't accept it on any account. It was outlawed in 2011 but continues to cause many deaths. Stick to tarragon, from the southern provinces of Lycia and Caria, which can transform a humble hollandaise.

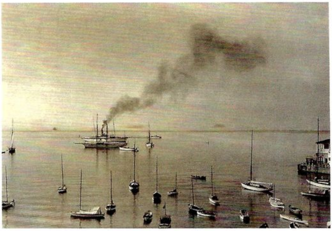
Palamut (bonito), *lüfer* (bluefish) and the famous Black Sea *hamsi* (anchovies) are sold here in season alongside mounds of vegetables and fruit, and the atmosphere is hugely convivial.

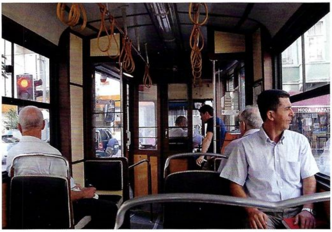
Other foodie magnets are **Şekerci Cafer Erol**, its window full of inventive marzipan (Yasa Cad 19); the popular **Beyaz Fırın** (No 23), where almond-filled shortbread crescents (*bademli ay çöreği*) are delicious with coffee at a tiny table in the square; **Gözde Şarküteri** (Güneşlibahçe Sok 8), which does the best sausages, and **Ecevitler** (No 12) with its cheeses from across the country. At the honey shop **Etabal** (No 28), you can part with a hundred pounds for a pottery jar of blossom honey, or small change for a glass of delicious yoghurt over which you pour their honey.

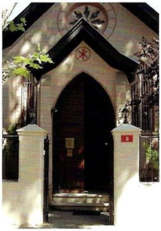
From antiques to altars

Flaking off to the right, you come to **Tellâlzade Sokağı**, the street of antique and bric-a-brac shops. The most lively is undoubtedly **Mehmet Yenen**'s cavern (on the left at No 9), which sells *Sanat – Antika – Harita* (art, antiques and maps). Reclaimed tables painted with Pathé News slogans are mixed in with small four-poster beds and gilt birdcages, and the owner is a mine of information about the





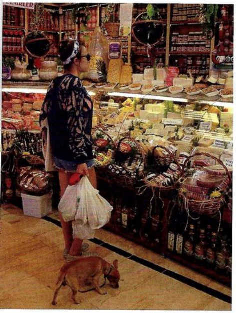




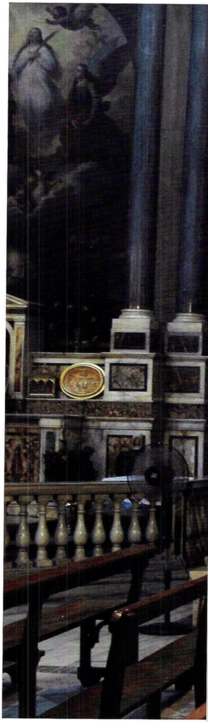
Left The Princes Islands seen from the Moda Yacht Club
Top Moda Bay in the 1930s
Top right A posing cat
Above and below right The Nostaljİk tram does a 20-minute loop around Kadıköy and Moda
Above right The Anglican Church of All Saints
Right The Kadıköy Kaymakamlığı (Prefecture) is housed in a historic mansion in Moda
Below Moda's former boat station, a listed building designed by Vedat Tek in 1917. It used to serve the islands but is now a café

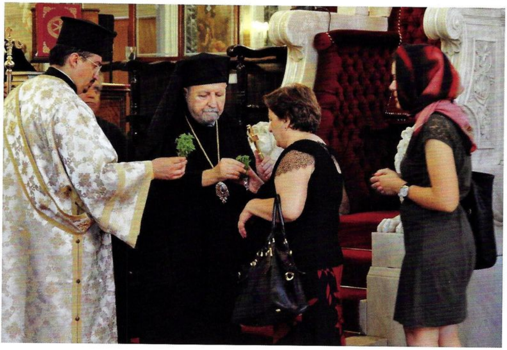
history of Kadıköy and Moda. He is particularly good on the changes just after the Second World War, when the big Levantine trading families such as the Whittalls sold their houses. Mehmet Bey is pessimistic about the fate of the antique shops of Kadıköy. The second-hand and antiquarian bookshops lower down the hill are being replaced by textbook sellers surfing the wave of cheap printing, and he fears objets d'art will be next.

Further along the street and a little higher up is the Greek Orthodox **Aya Triada** (Church of the Holy Trinity), an imposing building dating from 1902, in a charming garden graced by two Byzantine pillars. On a weekday all is still and quiet and the only buzz comes from a couple of shaded cafés on the south side. On Sunday, however, the church flings open its doors to a bewildering array of Greek-speakers. Some have lived here all their lives but many are visitors from Greece and beyond. I talked to one man taking a break from his usual Sunday church on Mount Athos, which is where most of the officiating priests have received



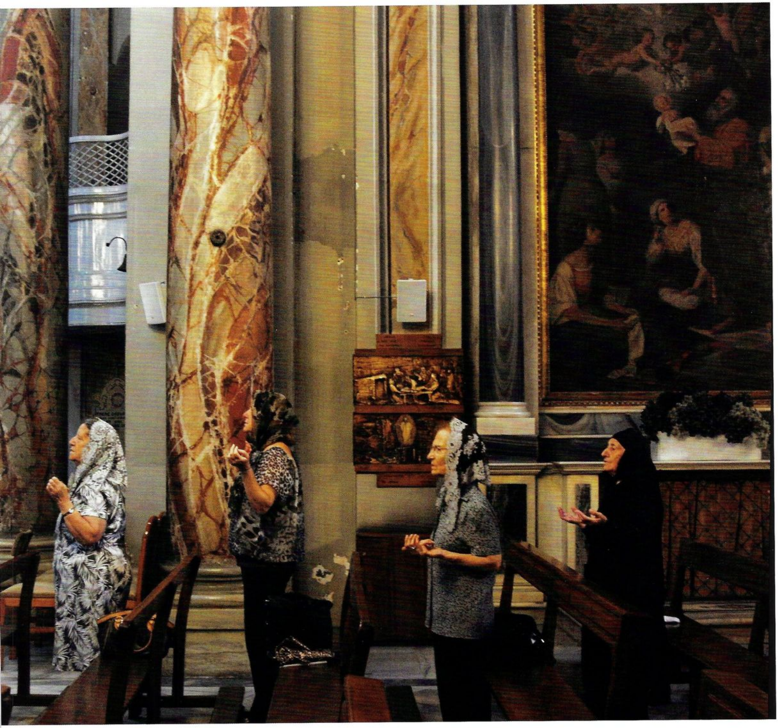
ABOVE GÖZDE ŞARKÜTERİ IN KADIKÖY MARKET, RENOWNED FOR ITS VARIETY OF SAUSAGES
RIGHT THE KADIKÖY PICKLE SHOP MEŞHUR ÖZCAN TURŞU IS A FEAST FOR THE EYES

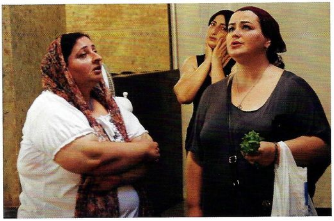




instruction. The church has a beautiful iconostasis with fine paintings; in contrast the painted Christ Pantocrator and Virgin on the dome and apse, not to mention the double-headed eagle of Byzantium, seem crude. Among the icons of saints is the original of the replica that covers the sacred spring dedicated to St Catherine in the basement of the meyhane Koço, on Moda Caddesi. Carved in 1962, it has the patina of a much older piece of art, having been touched, endlessly, over the years by both Muslims and Christians, who go to drink the water in the hope of healing, and attend on Mondays, when the priest blesses the icon.

After the service, all form an orderly queue to receive bunches of sweet basil dripping with holy water from the priest – given as a reminder of the faith of Helena, Constantine's mother, and the persistence that led to her discovery of the site of the True Cross beneath a patch of basil, though its usual fate is to be put in a drawer to repel moths and mice. The ground is dampened, too, by the congregation's tears as they slowly circle the icons to the





Above Marbled columns add to the grandeur of the Church of Aya Triada (Holy Trinity, 1902)
Opposite top The dome's rather bright Christ Pantocrator
Opposite below Congregants line up to receive sweet basil dipped in holy water
Bottom row from left The entrance to the church is often so quiet, it is hard to imagine the Sunday buzz; tearful singers chant the 'apolytikion' for the dead; time for one last picture

mournful close harmony of the *apolytikion*. But these are swiftly banished outside with an outpouring of *leventeia* under the influence of small glasses of crème de menthe and mounds of small biscuits covered with nigella seeds.

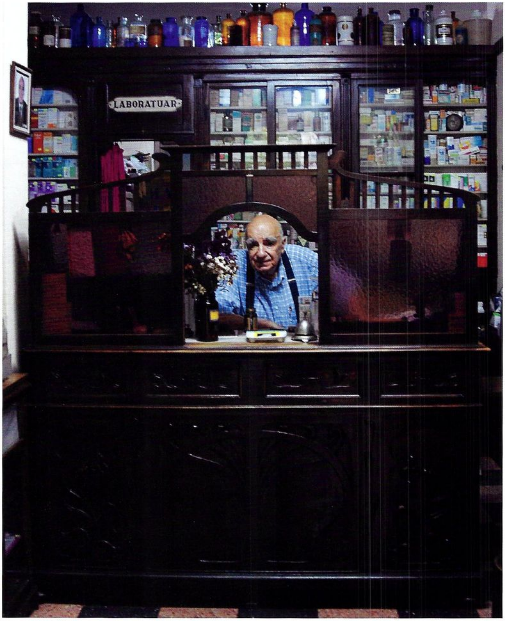
Those in need of something a little more substantial could head up the hill and fortify themselves in the district of Bahariye. There are numerous patisseries along Bahariye Caddesi. **Eyfel** (No 43) is known for its *tahinli çörek* (buns with sesame paste) and cherry liqueur chocolates; and **İnci** (No 45) for its eclairs, strawberry millefeuilles and *tuzlu kek (*savoury cheese and dill cakes).

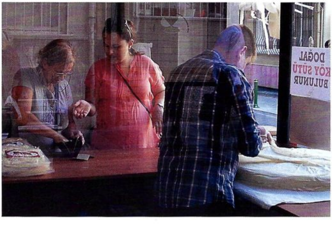
Just down the street next to the tramlines is the large yellow building of the **Kadıköy Kaymakamlığı** (Prefecture), a reminder of elegant bureaucracy past and present.

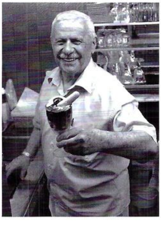
Musical marvels

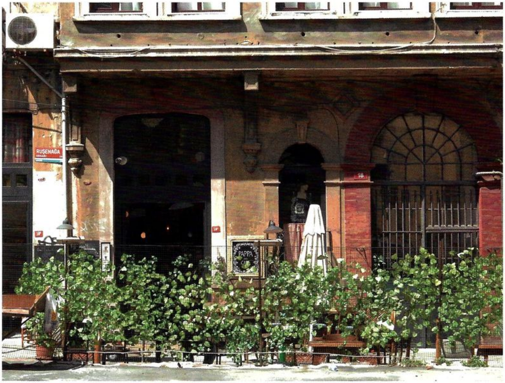
If you wander to your left along the tramlines of Bahariye Caddesi, the imposing **Süreyya Opera House** appears to your right, often surrounded by clowns and impersonators. It was commissioned as a musical theatre by Sürreya İlmen in 1927 in a manner that epitomised the contradictions of the *pashazade* (children of pashas). İlmen's father had been a prominent pasha under Abdülhamid II, and his autobiography reveals an agonised form of *noblesse oblige*.

He expected more of himself than he could ever hope to achieve in a crumbling empire; he was anxious for the building to emulate the music halls of Europe, but his aspirations were often out of sync with the depth of his pocket as a politician in the early Republic. The Art Nouveau result (modelled on the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in Paris) is impressively broad-shouldered. Softened with sculptures on the façade and many frescoes on the walls and ceiling, it has made a fitting home for Istanbul State Opera and Ballet since 2007. Ever the philanthropist, İlmen gave away tickets to factory workers. Today they sell out within hours.









Opposite, clockwise from top Melİh Zİya Bey, owner of Yenİ Moda Eczanesİ (New Moda Pharmacy) opened in 1902; the signature 'Kup Grİye' (coupe grillée) at Baylan; yufka pastry, light as air
This page, top row The Alİ Usta ice-cream shop; a tea garden in Moda
Above Pappa, a café named after its Greek architect, Constantine Pappa
Right Cyclists à la Moda

Retracing your steps up the street, past the plethora of clothes shops, you arrive at a charming square, just down from which, on Ağabey Sokağı, great sheets of light-as-air *yufka* pastry, used for *börek*, are delicately provided for exacting shoppers. The *yufka* shop also sells bags of *kemalpaşa tatlısı* (bite-size sponge and fresh-cheese cakes) and *tel kadayıf* (the original shredded wheat) to cook with syrup at home and consume with *kaymak* (water-buffalo cream). Next door, on the ground floor of a fine Neoclassical building designed by Constantine Pappa (1868–1931), is the small **Pappa Café** (Ruşen Ağa Sok 18). This elusive Greek architect was responsible for many delightful parts of Kadıköy.

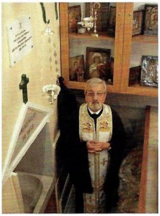
Beyond this building, tucked under the uninspiring concrete arcade of Moda Caddesi, lies a small pharmacy containing an esoteric mountain of lotions and potions, ancient centrifuges and antiquated microscopes, and the pharmacists' certificates of the father and grandfather of the current owner, which date from 1937 and 1901 respectively. Any expedition heading for the wildernesses of Anatolia or the Caucasus should come here to stock up on medical essentials such as iodine and bismuth tablets, sal volatile and designer toothpaste.

Also on Moda Caddesi, at No 249, is another branch of the **Eyfel Pastanesi** – but for the best meringues try **Pasifik** (No 76). Further up towards Moda is the winding queue that acts as a moving advertisement for the famous *dondurmacı* (ice-cream shop) **Ali Usta** (No 176). Over the road is the mysterious sylvan mansion of the concert pianist Ayşegül Sarıca. Now 79, she still gives lessons to young virtuosi.

Tea and tipples

A right turn down the hill, ice cream in hand, will take you past **Yer** (Ferit Sok 25), a favoured evening spot for Kadıköy's youth and beauty, to the wonderful tea gardens that look out from under mastic trees across the Sea of Marmara. Heavily tattooed young couples sit alongside four generations of Kadıköy womanhood – bejewelled grandmothers chatting to daughters and granddaughters, with prams wedged between tables and tree trunks testing the ingenuity of deft waiters and prowling cats.

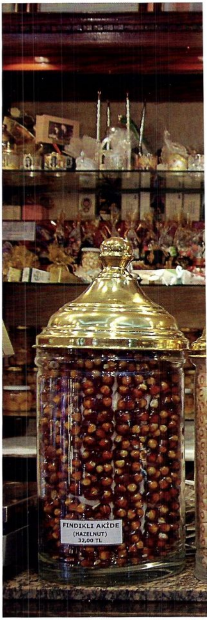
The tea gardens were hugely popular in the days of Atatürk, and just along the coast is the **Moda Yacht Club**, founded next to the little ferry station by the Europeans in Moda as a sailing and swimming club, and still a vastly expensive way of getting out on the water. On hoardings just beyond the club are old newspaper cuttings from 1936, showing Edward VIII and Atatürk on a joint visit. Atatürk always promoted sailing and swimming. His Art Deco beach house in Florya, on the European shore, is a must-see; his rowing boat is in the Naval Museum.



Finally one gets to the old meyhane **Koço** (No 265, the last building on the left as you walk down to the boat station), with a terrace overlooking the sea, and steps down to an *ayazma* (holy spring) in its basement. The small sanctuary is thick with smoke from numerous candles stuck into the sand, and the carved icon of St Catherine is a replica of the 1962 version now in the church of Aya Triada. Koço's waiters will cheerfully wave you in its direction and then equally cheerfully entice you into the restaurant garden, where in autumn a vine is heavy with sour grapes, once used in place of lemons, and rakı, *beyaz peynir* (sheep's cheese) and melon are followed by piping-hot fish.

If fish and a view are not enough, you can retrace your steps to Kadife Sokağı (Velvet Lane, also known as Barlar Sokağı, the Street of Bars), where **İsis** (No 26) competes with **Karga** (The Crow, No 16) for the best music, strongest drinks and most-tattooed clientele. Locals tend to wander up from the old market district after eating delicious and cheap *lahmacun*, a crispy pizza with spicy mince, or boat-shaped *Karadeniz pidesi* at **Borsam Taşfırın** (Güneşlibahçe Sok 9). Also recommended are the ever-changing menu at **Çiya Sofrası** (No 43); **Ekspres İnegöl** (Muvakkithane Cad 13), which does chewy but succulent *İnegöl köfte*, nicknamed *zip zip köfte*, and very good lamb *şiş*; and **Yanyalı Fehmi Lokantası** (Yağlıkçı İsmail Sok 1), with its 30 classic Balkan dishes to choose from.

Wandering away from the main streets, you'll find quieter neighbourhoods where shops in old Italian buildings with crumbling plasterwork sell yards of lace and support stockings late into the night. ◆



Left Koço, Moda's favourite old-fashioned haunt, built by a dance-hall owner on the site of a fishermen's café in 1931
Top left A sacred spring under the restaurant, discovered by fishermen in 1924, is blessed by a visiting Orthodox priest every Monday morning
Above A rainbow array of boiled sweets ('akide'), from hazelnut to cinnamon, mint and strawberry, at Şekerci Cafer Erol, founded in 1807

MLA SAKIZLI AKİDE
(WITH MASTIC)
24,00 ₺
TARÇIN KARANFİL AKİDE
(WITH CINNAMON)
20,00 ₺
NANE LİMONLU AKİDE
(WITH MINT AND LEMON)
20,00 ₺
SUSAMLI AKİDE
(WITH SESAME)
20,00 ₺
ÇİLEKLİ AKİDE
(WITH STRAWBERRY)
20,00 ₺

AND FOR THE BIBLIOPHILE…

The first book dealer to open in Kadıköy was a retired naval commander, the late Ferda Anaoğul, whose shop was opposite the St Joseph Lycée in Moda in the 1970s (*writes Burak Çetintaş*). A retired major, Murat Çulcu, soon followed, but he gave up to write spy novels. Kadıköy soon became the place to hunt down 18th- and 19th-century volumes, Ottoman manuscripts and books on anything from witchcraft to Mayan history. Over 50 shops are now scattered around Kadıköy market and the upper districts of Moda and Bahariye. **Kafkas Pasajı**, near the Süreyya Opera House on Bahariye Caddesi, is a two-storey arcade chock-full of book dealers as well as housing the famous luthier **Arslan Çekiç** and the **Moda Sahnesi Theatre.** These are some of Kadıköy's best bookshops: Sahaf Müteferrika (Mühürdar Cad 70), in the market district close to the quay, is presided over by Lütfi Seymen, known as Sakallı (Bearded) Lütfi or Büyük (Big) Lütfi. To find it, look for the restaurant Çiya Sofrası next door.
Şems Sahaf, specialists in Sufi literature, on the ground floor of Kafkas Pasajı (Bahariye Cad 37). Barış Sahaf (Hacı Şükrü Sok 1), owned by Barış Bingöl, holds monthly auctions. Find him by taking the narrow lane opposite the main entrance to Kafkas Pasajı, Sakız Gülü Sokağı, or bid online at barissahaf.com.
Nigâr Sahaf (Dr Esat Işık Cad 18) is the latest shop opened by Asuman Bektaş, one of the few women in the business.
Bâbil Sahaf (Ressam Şeref Akdik Sok 38) is run by Lütfi Bayer, known as Küçük (Little) Lütfi.
Osmanlı Koleksiyon (Leylak Sok 3) has a branch near the Armenian School. The owner, Ruhi Okuş, also teaches people to read Ottoman script and nurses injured birds.

For a well-earned glass of tea with a view, you might take yourself and your tomes to the **Moda Çay Bahçesi,** overlooking the Bosphorus (Ferit Tek Sok), or to the **Bomonti Çay Bahçesi,** with its views over Moda Bay (at the end of the cul-de-sac Şair Nefi Sok).

Bon ton on Bağdat Caddesi

For all that it means "fashion", Moda is a backwater. Far more in the swim, for big-name international stores and trendy restaurants, is the 14km-long Bağdat Caddesi, dominated at the Kadıköy end by Fenerbahçe football stadium.

Traffic follows a one-way system along the coast as far as Bostancı (6km or so), before looping back onto this teeming thoroughfare, reminiscent not so much of Fifth Avenue as of the main drag of a prosperous American town before retail was swallowed up by indoor malls.

This is the place on the Asian shore where people come to let their hair down – to celebrate national holidays or victory for Fenerbahçe, or to show their spirit, as when they gathered in solidarity with the Gezi protests.

First stop is **Kalamış Marina** (near Fenerbahçe lighthouse), with its 1,500 yachts, cafés galore and day trips to the Princes Islands on charter yachts. **Misina** (Dr Faruk Ayanoğlu Cad 36) is the place of choice for fish – it's not on the sea, but a short walk to Fenerbahçe Park, with breezy cafés along the shore for coffee afterwards.

In Caddebostan, **Zanzibar** (Aşıklar Yolu Sok 2) is an old US ambassador's summer house with a seaside feel: island views, sandy beach, shady garden with ice-cold beer, pizza, warm profiterole ice cream… In winter, sit upstairs in muralled rooms.

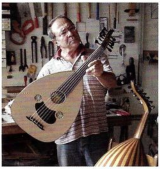
In Suadiye, next to **Vakko's** Disneyesque *köşk* (Bağdat Cad 422, complete with fake snow at New Year), the leafy café of the bookshop **Remzi** (No 452) has homemade cookies, börek and tea. **Ahmet Biçener's** antiques shop is at No 355, while Bağdat bohos head for Noter Sokağı's three new, very Parisian cafés. At **Drip** (No 17), the coffee beans are roasted and ground in small batches and brewed to perfection.

The waiters seldom change at the classic **Divan Pub** on Bağdat Caddesi (No 333), opposite the tiny **Erenköy Mosque**, the avenue's only historic landmark. **Bistro 33** offers more modish Mediterranean fare round the corner at Zincirli Köşk Sokağı 10, while **Beyaz Fırın** along the street (Yener Sok 9) does an excellent breakfast.

At Göztepe, take a taxi inland into what looks like a cultural desert to find the astonishing **Toy Museum** (Dr Zeki Zeren Sok 15, istanbuloyuncakmuzesi.com), brainchild of the poet Sunay Akın, who filled one of the last wooden villas to the rafters with toys old and new, Turkish and foreign. In İçerenköy, close to the E5 ring road, is the renowned luthier **Faruk Türünz** (oudmaster.com). Across the E5, and spread over a series of motorway islands, are the amazing **Nezahat Gökyiğit Botanic Gardens**, with microclimates, exhibitions and a library (ngbb.org.tr).

To finish off, beat a retreat to Moda's easy-going **Yoğurtçu Park**, escape to the islands by ferry from Bostancı, or hail a cab to the **Tuzla Yacht Club** at Mercen (beyond the Tuzla docks) and sail out into the Marmara in one of its classic 12-foot dinghies. At **Harun's Paradise**, the club's delightfully eccentric boatyard garden, you can eat and drink in splendid isolation or delightful company. Treasure-island bliss.

MONICA FRITZ



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

METE ERSÖZ

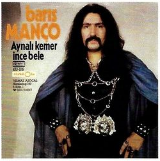
Top Moda's Yoğurtçu Park, at the start of Bağdat Caddesi
Above left The luthier Faruk Türünz examines one of his ouds in his workshop
Above right The Toy Museum in Göztepe is filled with a century's worth of playthings

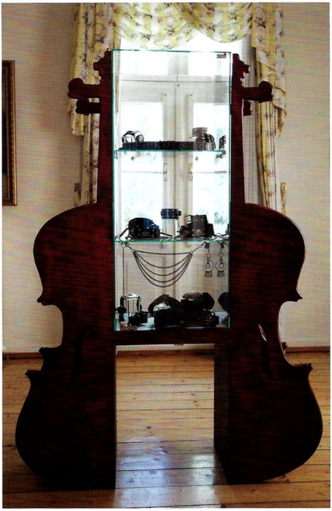
Barış Manço Museum

A BLAST FROM THE PAST

By Tim Cornwell

No detail is skimped in the Barış Manço House Museum, dedicated to the pioneer of Turkish rock who is sometimes described as the country's answer to Elvis Presley. Alongside his Steinway grand piano, and an exuberant collection of 19th-century furnishings, the exhibits range from his kimonos and fanciful concert outfits to his mobile telephone, car keys, soup mug, banana ties, giant rings, and leather cowboy dungarees.



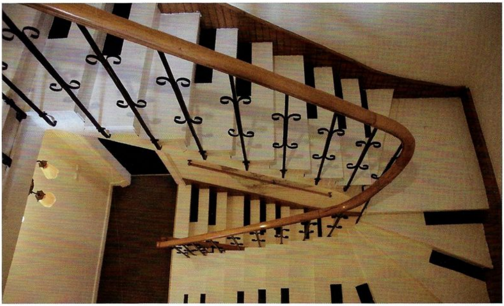


Born in Üsküdar in 1943, Manço began performing in the early 1960s. Famous as the man who made long hair fashionable in Turkey, he has remained one of the country's icons of popular music since his early death from a heart attack in 1999. With hit singles like '*Dağlar Dağlar*' ('Mountains Mountains') he went on to a successful career as a TV producer and presenter, a pioneer of programming for children. His resemblance to a Samurai and amazing ear for Japanese dialects drew vast audiences in Japan in his last years.

His Victorian mansion, across the road from the Anglican church, was the last of the Whittall family homes in Moda, and dates back to the 1890s. You may have to set your artistic tastes aside at the door, but the place draws some 80,000 visitors a year. With stairs designed as piano keys, items on show include life-sized effigies, as well as his formidable list of international accolades; he was made a knight of the order of Leopold II in Belgium and a Chevalier of the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres in France.

Barış Manço House Museum (and café), Yusuf Kamil Paşa Sok 5, Moda; +90 216 337 9413

Far left Barış Manco, the only singer with a Bosphorus ferry named after him, testimony to his flamboyant style as well as his voice
Left and below He turned James Whittall's fin-de-siècle villa in Moda into a cabinet of rock curiosities, including a piano-key staircase



Photographs: Fritz von der Schulenburg

Kadıköy Yeldeğirmeni

WINDS OF CHANGE

KADIKÖY'S FORGOTTEN CORNER. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONICA FRITZ

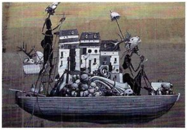
Time has swept away the giant flour mills built to serve the palace of Abdülhamid I in the 18th century, but they survive in the name of the district, Yeldeğirmeni (Windmills) – a slice of old Kadıköy that is still an undiscovered corner of Istanbul. While lowlifes loiter around the lower streets opposite Haydarpaşa Station, there are high times to be had on the upper reaches. A busy main street with cafés galore runs across the hilltop, joining Moda's Bahariye Caddesi at the Altıyol crossroads.

The area was transformed in 1872, when Kuzguncuk's Jewish quarter burnt down and the inhabitants moved here to build Istanbul's very first district of apartments.

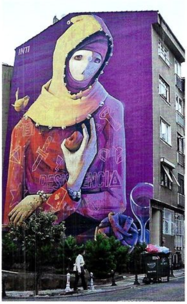
Blocks grew ever grander, culminating in the 1909 **Italyan Apartments** (Akif Bey Sok 2), built for Italians working on Haydarpaşa Station. Opposite, on İskele Sokağı – a long road leading up from the shore – was the school for children of the Germans working on the station. Now the **Osman Gazi Primary School**, it still has vestiges of the sultan's windmills in its garden.

İskele Sokağı leads through a square with a handsome cypress to the **Église de Notre Dame du Rosaire** (No 34), built in 1895, now **Yeldeğirmen Sanat**, a concert hall staging classical recitals.

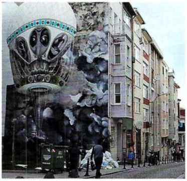
Old Istanbul meets young and edgy here, with never a cross word. And thanks to huge, fearless murals, the product of **Mural-İst**, a series of street-art festivals that started in 2013, there is never a dull corner.



MURAL BY CLAUDIO ETHOS



MURAL BY DOME



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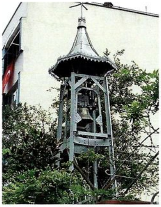
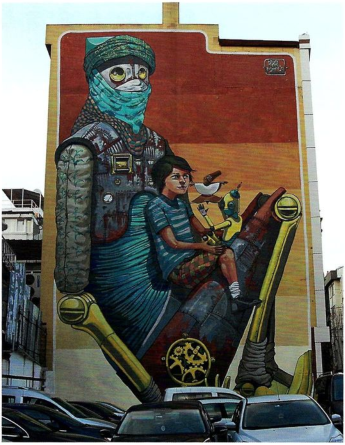


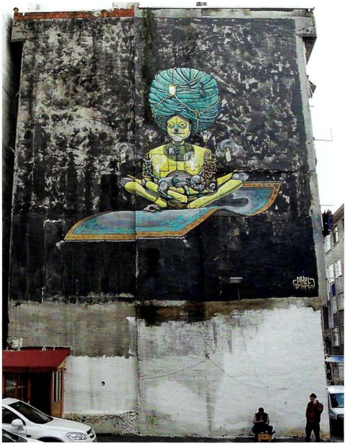
ALL CHANGE: THE AREA ABOVE HAYDARPAŞA STATION – FROM BARREN LANDSCAPE TO ELEGANT CITYSCAPE AND NOW A CANVAS FOR MAMMOTH MURALS

LEFT, FROM TOP NOTRE DAME DU ROSAIRE, TODAY A CONCERT HALL; A QUIET COBBLED STREET; THE İTALYAN APARTMENTS; AYA YORGI'S IRONWORK BELFRY

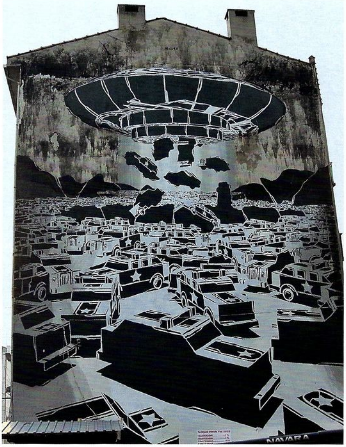
ABOVE AND OPPOSITE MURALS FROM THE MURAL-İST STREET-ART FESTIVAL BY BRAZIL'S CLAUDIO ETHOS; GERMANY'S DOME; TURIN'S PIXEL PANCHO; AND POLAND'S M-CITY AND SEPE



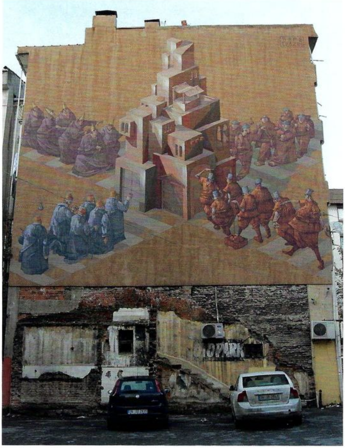
MURAL BY PIXEL PANCHO



MURAL BY PIXEL PANCHO



MURAL BY M-CITY



MURAL BY SEPE

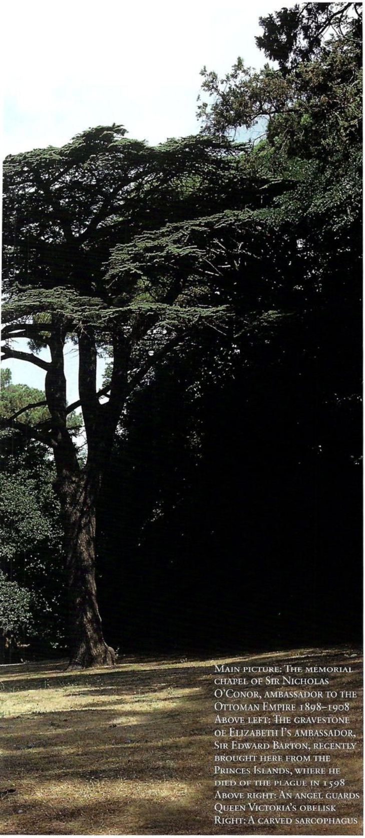
Kadıköy Haydarpaşa Cemetery

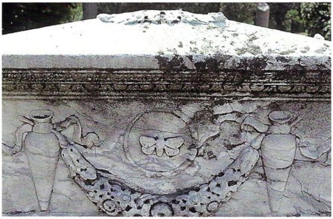
IN LOVING MEMORY

Twenty years ago, the late Yolande Whittall, one of the last generation of the great Levantine trading family, wrote these moving impressions of the 'English Garden', where her ancestors lie buried

North of Skiros, where Rupert Brooke is buried, past the cemeteries of Gallipoli, where the Commonwealth ones look like English country gardens, across the Sea of Marmara, on an Asian shore of the Bosphorus, is a plot of land given by the sultan to Britain and known as the English Garden.

Take the boat to Kadıköy from the Galata Bridge in bustling European Istanbul, then turn left as you leave the landing stage and walk along the seafront. It is less crowded than the road, but there are cats. Cats waiting for the fishing-boats to come with their catch, only a few fish now because of overfishing and the sea's pollution. There are gypsies in colourful costumes, squatting by baskets of flowers as their children weave around you waving bunches of roses. They are cheap. You buy some, for you may take flowers to the English Garden.





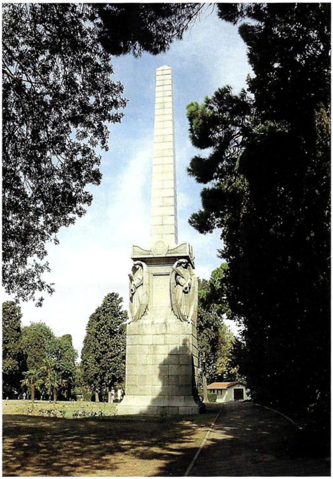
Main picture: The memorial chapel of Sir Nicholas O'Conor, ambassador to the Ottoman Empire 1898–1908
Above left: The gravestone of Elizabeth I's ambassador, Sir Edward Barton, recently brought here from the Princes Islands, where he died of the plague in 1598
Above right: An angel guards Queen Victoria's obelisk
Right: A carved sarcophagus

Photographs: Simon Upton

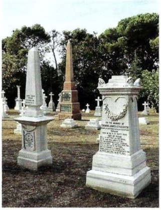
Join the road to cross the railway bridge. The trains at their terminus by the sea move slowly to and from the inland capital. Traffic hurtling towards you thrusts you onto the pavement, where people jostle you back into the road. You pass fine old buildings, one a medical school, another, as you turn left down a quiet street, an army hospital. Turn left again and you reach the Garden.

Recep, the keeper, and a cluster of children, bid you enter. They are Turkish and understand the Turkish notice on the gates. You read the translation: "Among Those Commemorated Here Are The Men and Women Who Died in War 1854–1856". The big square building overlooking the Bosphorus was Florence Nightingale's hospital, her room now a museum.

Recep's wife serves coffee in their flower-bordered cottage. Chickens stray onto a greensward leading to the cliff edge. Wander among the stones that stud it, brush away leaves and read: "She had done what she could". Thus: "Sophia Walford, Matron, Barrack Hospital, Scutari, Entered into Rest 30th August 1855". Leave a flower for her, and more for the nurses near her: "Mary Marks, Died at the Palace Hospital, Scutari, October 8th, 1855, aged 47", and "Sophia Barnes". A heedless turkey hen struts over the graves with her young: "Dr James A Wishart, Staff Surgeon... aged 33... 'Thy Brother Shall Rise Again'".



Above The obelisk erected in 1857 by Queen Victoria to commemorate British soldiers who died in the Crimean War Below and opposite Officers, merchants, children and servants are all buried here. Each grave tells the story of a long-forgotten Istanbul life



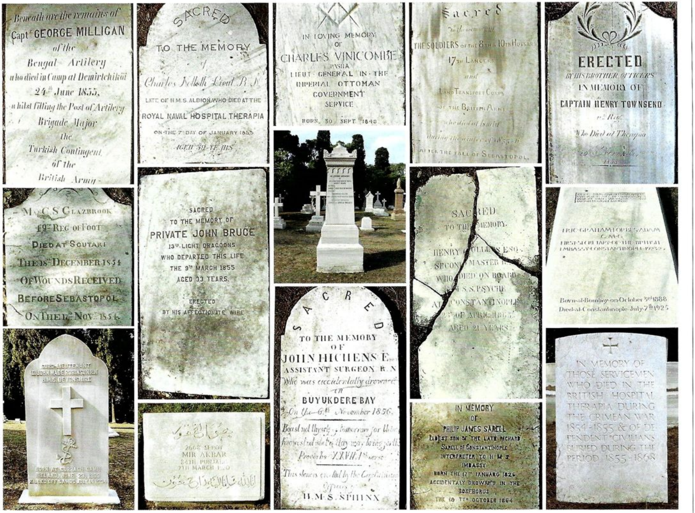
Bushes and shrubs withstand wind and weather but "Major Robert William Colville, yielding to the severity of a winter campaign with the allied army before Sevastopol, died on the passage from Balaklava on the hospital ship to Scutari... cheerfully terminating his life in his country's service". His "bereaved and sorrowing Sister... erected this Tomb as a faint Memorial to his Private Worth and Excellence". "Henry Croft Singer, Lieut... Killed in Collision at Sea... on His Return from the Crimea, Invalided... Monument erected by his Father, Joseph Henderson Singer, Bishop of Meath". A tomb, beautifully inscribed, is "Sacred to the Memory of the Honble Grey Neville... aged 24... surviving by six days his Brother... Honble Henry Neville... killed at Inkerman... To the Dear Memory of those so loved and early lost, their sorrowing Family inscribe this Stone". You scatter flowers.

Paintings of the cemetery by Count Amedeo Preziosi and William Simpson show few trees. Now rising above venerable ones, Queen Victoria's Crimean Memorial is visible from the sea. A century later a student of the Florence Nightingale School of Nursing in Istanbul unveiled a plaque: "To Florence Nightingale whose work near this cemetery relieved much human suffering... this Tablet cast in Queen Elizabeth II's Coronation Year... has been raised by the British Community in Istanbul".

Recep's dogs follow you down an avenue strewn with pine needles parallel to the shore. The cliff comes closer, then the land broadens to a clump of forest trees. Ahead, "...Where Their Name Liveth for Evermore" (words from the Bible chosen by Rudyard Kipling), is the glory of the garden. On the gates, after "1856", you read "1914–1918". Smooth mown grass sets off border after border of English garden flowers. Rose and rosemary, pansy, poppy, daisy and dahlia. Flowers of summer meet those of early autumn: chrysanthemum, crocus. They stand sentinel to headstones giving details, bearing messages: "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die". A bee buzzes over petunias – "Gone but not forgotten by all at home" – and in and out of foxgloves. "So peacefully he lies, Sleeping in a lonely grave." A forget-me-not. "Until the Day Break." Love-in-a-mist. "Sleep on, dear lad, in a far-off land, In a grave we shall never see." Marigold, zinnia. "A Musalman Soldier of the Great War, Known unto God."

Birds, butterflies, men of HMS *Julius*, HMS *Iron Duke*, HMS *Benbow*, Irish Guards, Australian Infantry, Royal Navy Air Service, Gordon Highlanders, Norfolk Regiment, Royal Field Artillery, Indian Army, a magnolia, shrubs. The altar-like Stone of Remembrance names those buried in distant cemeteries, or without graves. On the gates, after "1918" comes "1939–1945".

Sir Fabian Ware's War Graves Commission tends civilian graves. Across the ivy-clad boundary wall, a tall cross: "Sacred to the Memory of Mary Sexton (Janie), the faithful Nurse and Friend of the Whittall Family for Sixty-Two Years". You find the merchant family, from Worcestershire. A knight and his lady: "James William... born Smyrna 1838, died Constantinople 1910... Edith Ann... 'Her Children Arise and Call her Blessed'". Sons and their wives surround her:


Beneath are the remains of Capt George Milligan of the Bengal Artilery who died in Camp at Demirtchikoi 24th June 1855, whilst filling the Post of Artilery Brigade Major the Turkish Contingent of the British Army
SACRED TO THE MEMORY of Charles Kelleth Lieut R.N. LATE OF H.M.S. ALBION WHO DIED AT THE ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL THERAPIA ON THE 7th DAY OF JANUARY 1855 AGED 39 YEARS
IN LOVING MEMORY OF CHARLES VINICOMBE PASHA LIEUT - GENERAL IN THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN GOVERNMENT SERVICE BORN 30 SEPT 1848
Sacred to the memory of the Soldiers of the 8th & 10th Hussars 17th Lancers and Land Transport Corps of the British Army who died at Scutari during the winter of 1855-6 after the fall of Sebastopol
ERECTED BY HIS BROTHER OFFICERS IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HENRY TOWNSEND who Died at Therapia
Mr C S Glazbrook 19th Reg of Foot Died at Scutari The 18th December 1854 Of Wounds Received Before Sebastopol On The 1st Nov 1854
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF PRIVATE JOHN BRUCE 13th LIGHT DRAGOONS WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 9th MARCH 1855 AGED 33 YEARS. ERECTED BY HIS AFFECTIONATE WIFE
SACRED TO THE MEMORY HENRY COLLINS ESQ. SECOND MASTER WHO DIED ON BOARD H.S.S. PSYCHE AT CONSTANTINOPLE 23rd OF APRIL 1863 AGED 21 YEARS
ERIC GRAHAM FORBES ADAM C.M.G. FIRST SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY CONSTANTINOPLE 1922-
Born at Bombay on October 3rd 1888 Died at Constantinople July 7th 1925
SURG-LIEUTENANT JOHN WADE ROBINSON RN H.M.S. DEVONSHIRE BORN AT CURRAGH CAMP IRELAND JUNE 29 1909 KILLED OFF CANOS JULY 14 1934
2608 SEPOY MIR AKBAR 34TH PUNJABI 7TH MARCH 1920
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN HICHENS E. ASSISTANT SURGEON R.N. Who was accidentally drowned in BUYUKDERE BAY On the 6th November 1856. Boast not thyself of tomorrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Proverbs XXVII 1st verse This stone is erected by the Captain Officers H.M.S. SPHINX
IN MEMORY OF PHILIP JAMES SARELL ELDEST SON OF THE LATE RICHARD SARELL OF CONSTANTINOPLE INTERPRETER TO H M S EMBASSY BORN THE 17th JANUARY 1825 ACCIDENTALY DROWNED IN THE BOSPHORUS THE 10 TH OCTOBER 1864
IN MEMORY OF THOSE SERVICEMEN WHO DIED IN THE BRITISH HOSPITAL THERAPIA DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR 1854-1855 & OF DEPENDENT CIVILIANS BURIED DURING THE PERIOD 1855-1868

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE

"William… Lilian… 'A thought of you and flower, In the clean air and sunshine of God'"; "Frederick Edwin, CBE, 'It's not farewell, beloved, Only goodnight'"; Kenrick Edward… 1878–1963; and a daughter "Florence… widow of Canon FC Whitehouse, Chaplain to the British Embassy and All Saints, Moda"; "a relative of Marie Whittall 1847–1948".

Their spacious graves and great ages denote gracious living. But not all enjoyed longevity. Blanketed by soft evergreenness, "From Love to Greater Love", is "John Regld Whittall Kenrick, aged 7. 'And the People murmured and said, Who had plucked this Flower? And the Gardener answered, The Master. So they held their Peace'".

You find La Fontaines, Benjamin Barker, Harold Madge, and an obelisk: "Charles Simpson Hanson, son of John Hanson, Esq, of The Rookery, Woodford, Essex… departed this life… 1874… Deep in the Love of his Wife, Children and Grandchildren and Numerous Relatives. During a residence of 50 years in this country he won universal esteem and reverence". "George Baker, born at Totteridge, Herts, 1822. Came to Constantinople… 1847 where he died in 1905". He was head gardener at the British Embassy.

There are three Misses Lyne, who spent their lives in Istanbul working as governesses. Said a Turk to an Englishman: "Your Miss Lyneses are truer representatives of your country than the ambassadors you send us." Two tortoises are knocking against their father's grave near the Crimean officers as though trying to read: "Sergeant William Lyne, Royal Engineers, for fifty-four years Custodian of this Cemetery." Florence Nightingale saved his life in her Scutari hospital by delegating a nurse to sit by him to see he did not choke on his swollen tongue. Toss flowers to the expatriates and startle a black cat sunning itself on a minister's tomb.

Rooks caw in the trees hiding the railway station as you near the south gate. Kazım, devout Muslim, devoted gardener, now retired, tidied this part. Beneath its turf, unmarked, lie unknown soldiers of the Crimea: "Dust whom England bore, shaped and made aware, Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam". Spread flowers over them.

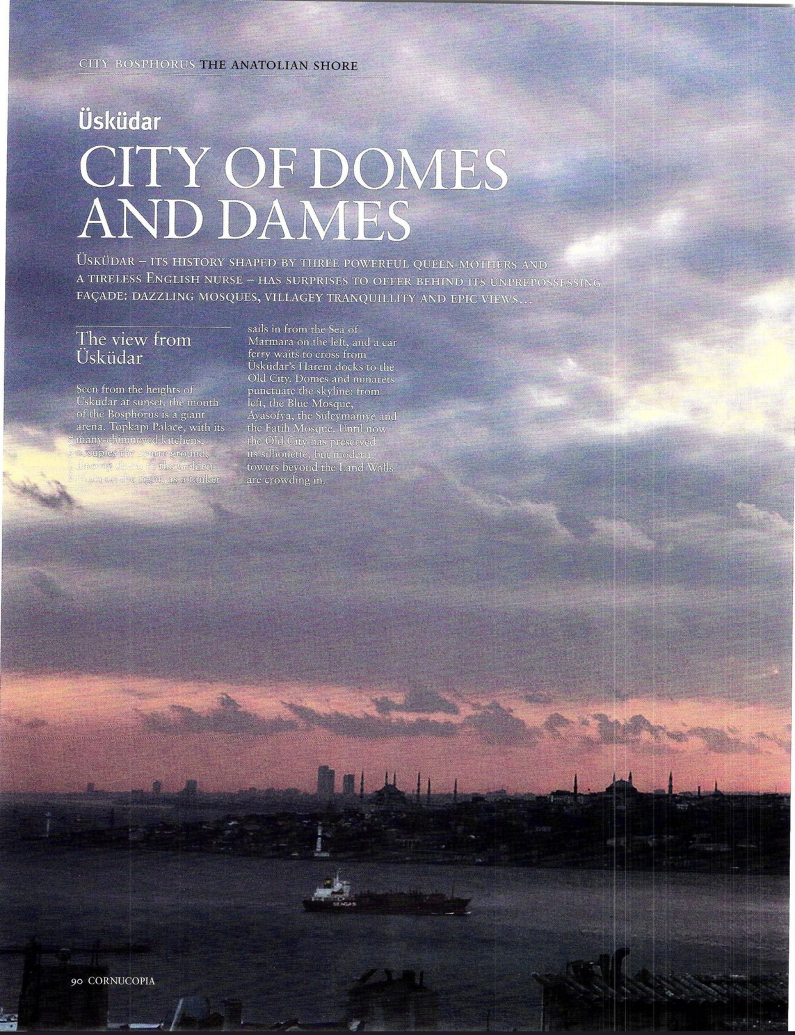
A solitary stone, engraved with a cross, stands "Sacred to the memory of Trumpet Major Francis Johnson, 12th Royal Lancers, erected by the non-commissioned Officers of the 13th Light Dragoons as a mark of respect". Leave one last flower. ◆

Yolande Whittall, a member of the fifth and last generation of Whittalls to live and work in Turkey, died in 2013, aged 84. A writer, photographer, family historian and mountaineer, she had a passion for Turkey.

Her albums and memoirs can be seen at levantineheritage.com, an open forum for information about the Levantines, Europeans and Americans who settled in the Ottoman Empire between the early 17th century and 1923.

This piece was first published in 1999 in the parish magazine of Yolande Whittall's local church, St Mary the Boltons, London.

The Haydarpaşa Cemetery is open 8am–9pm (cwgc.org – search for 'Haidar Pasha'). Few people are familiar with it, so when taking a taxi it is easier to ask for GATA Hastanesi, the adjacent military hospital.



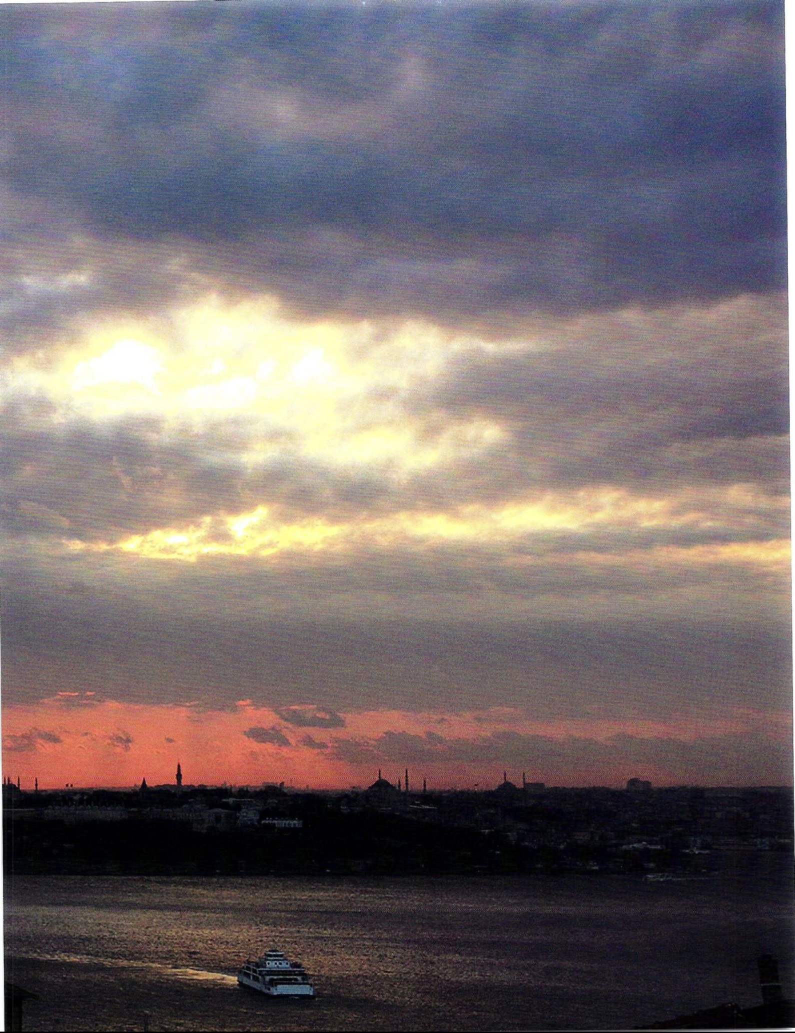
Üsküdar

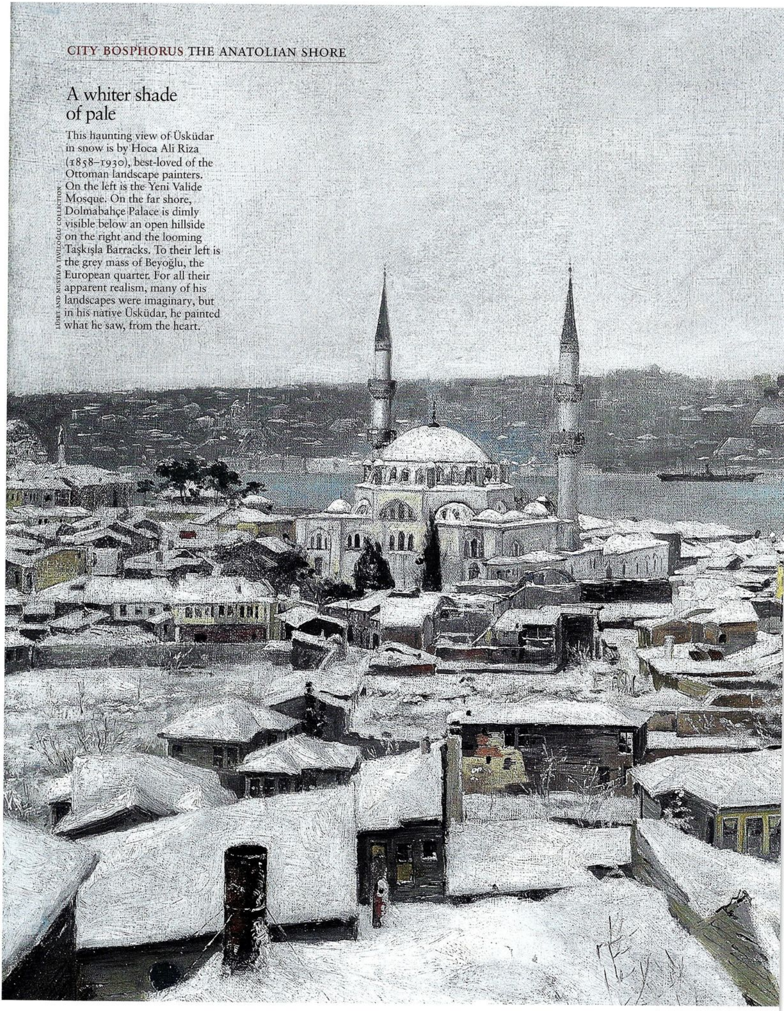
CITY OF DOMES AND DAMES

ÜSKÜDAR – ITS HISTORY SHAPED BY THREE POWERFUL QUEEN MOTHERS AND A TIRELESS ENGLISH NURSE – HAS SURPRISES TO OFFER BEHIND ITS UNPREPOSSESSING FAÇADE: DAZZLING MOSQUES, VILLAGEY TRANQUILLITY AND EPIC VIEWS…

The view from Üsküdar

Seen from the heights of Üsküdar at sunset, the mouth of the Bosphorus is a giant arena. Topkapı Palace, with its many-chimneyed kitchens, occupies the centre ground, dipping down to the Golden Horn on the right, as a tanker sails in from the Sea of Marmara on the left, and a car ferry waits to cross from Üsküdar's Harem docks to the Old City. Domes and minarets punctuate the skyline: from left, the Blue Mosque, Ayasofya, the Süleymaniye and the Fatih Mosque. Until now the Old City has preserved its silhouette, but modern towers beyond the Land Walls are crowding in.

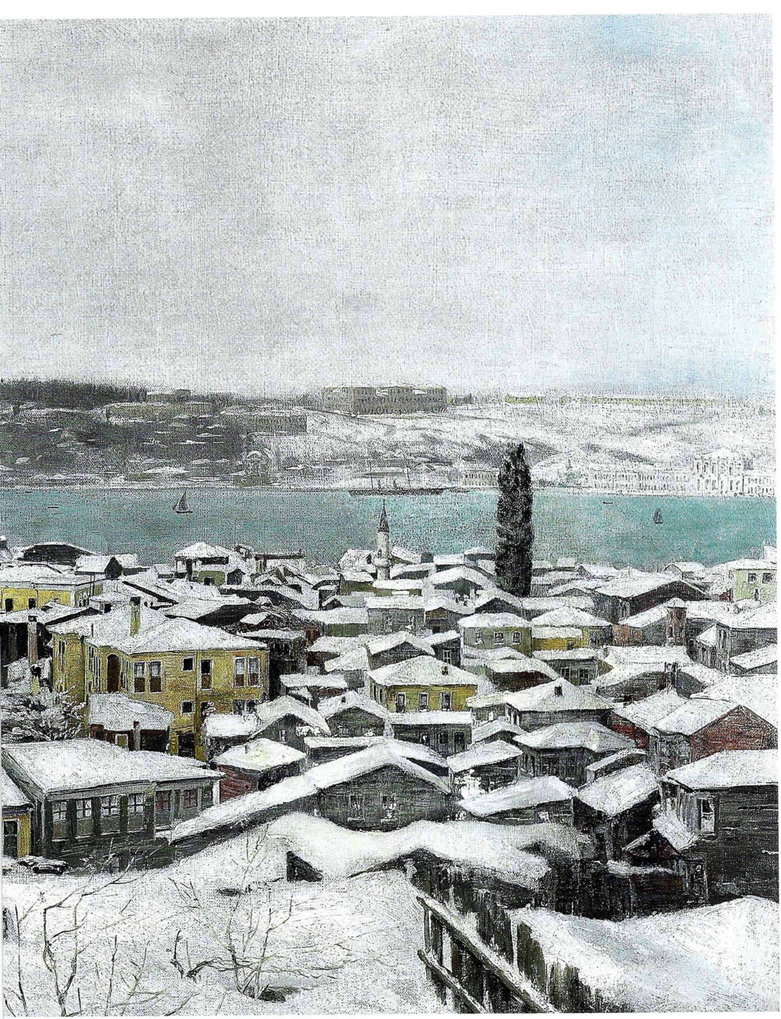




A whiter shade of pale

This haunting view of Üsküdar in snow is by Hoca Ali Riza (1858–1930), best-loved of the Ottoman landscape painters. On the left is the Yeni Valide Mosque. On the far shore, Dolmabahçe Palace is dimly visible below an open hillside on the right and the looming Taşkışla Barracks. To their left is the grey mass of Beyoğlu, the European quarter. For all their apparent realism, many of his landscapes were imaginary, but in his native Üsküdar, he painted what he saw, from the heart.

LÜSET AND MUSTAFA TAVILOĞLU COLLECTION



Üsküdar Waterfront

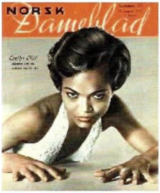
SOLEMN PROMISE

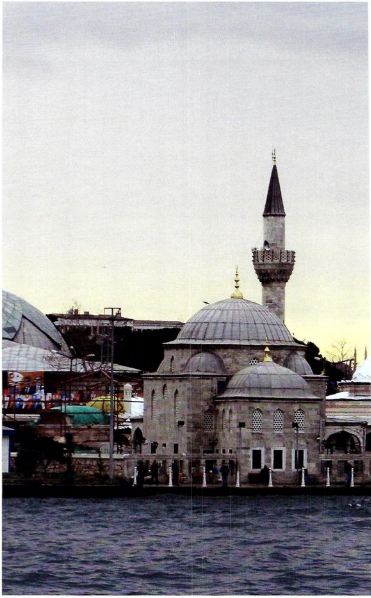
The approach to Üsküdar across the Bosphorus is defined by Sinan's two waterfront mosques, which have framed this gateway to Asia for four centuries. Photographs by Brian McKee

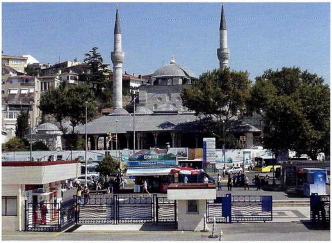
Two very different female icons have immortalised the town of Üsküdar in the Western imagination. Florence Nightingale set up her hospital in Scutari, as Üsküdar was then known, during the Crimean War, using pioneering methods to treat rank-and-file soldiers. And in the 1950s Eartha Kitt gave an unforgettable smoky rendering in quite good Turkish of a popular Turkish song, *'Kâtibim'*, the first line of which is "*Üsküdar'a gider iken*" or "As I was going to Üsküdar". Definitely catch it on YouTube before you go yourself.

A landing spot for commuters going to and from Europe, and a working-class neighbourhood, Üsküdar is a busy, traffic-clogged market town where you can buy everything from an Empire chandelier to a plastic button, all overlooked by some of the finest examples of Ottoman religious architecture – mosques that happen to have been commissioned by women. The one thing you might be hard pressed to find is a drink – this is a conservative neighbourhood.

Üsküdar is also now an underground stop for the Marmaray metro, which brings a tube nearly a mile long under the Bosphorus from stations at Yenikapı and Sirkeci on the European side. Indeed anyone







KATE CROOK

Two Sinan masterpieces flank the approach to Üsküdar: one austere, the other a miniature gem

Left Encased in stone and lead, the İskele Camii (1548) was built for Mihrimah Sultan, beloved daughter of Süleyman the Magnificent and wife of the grand vizier Rüstem Pasha

Above Şemsi Ahmed Pasha's exquisite waterside mosque (1580) once stood in a famous garden but now competes with a domed wedding hall (just visible on the left) and a radar tower (on the right). The pasha – poet, falconer, chess player and boon companion to Murad III – was born into a noble Muslim family, unlike many viziers, who were Balkan converts. He chose to live in Üsküdar, so far from the city, because it was 'the way-station of mankind, where countless people arrive from Anatolia, Damascus, Aleppo, and especially Egypt'

Above left 'Oh, those Turks,' Eartha Kitt would whisper as she introduced her 1953 hit 'As I was going to Üsküdar'

trying to get from the Anatolian side to Atatürk Airport in rush hour could do worse than take the metro to Kazlıçeşme, a 15-minute ride away.

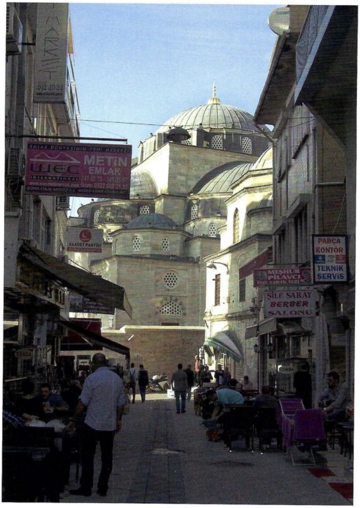
The metro saves time, but it will always be more pleasurable to take the scenic route and to arrive on the Asian side by ferry (from Beşiktaş Kabataş, Karaköy or Eminönü). A short hop, it's a trip one never wearies of. At the *iskele*, gypsy women sell flowers from colourful stands, while men shine shoes. Buses and *dolmuşes* run in all directions, south to Kadıköy and north all the way up to Beykoz at the top of the Bosphorus. Rising up behind the buses is Sinan's **İskele Camii** (Jetty Mosque, properly known as the **Mihrimah Sultan Mosque**), and to the right gleam the pale stones of his tiny **Şemsi Ahmed Pasha Mosque**, where the water laps at the foundations.

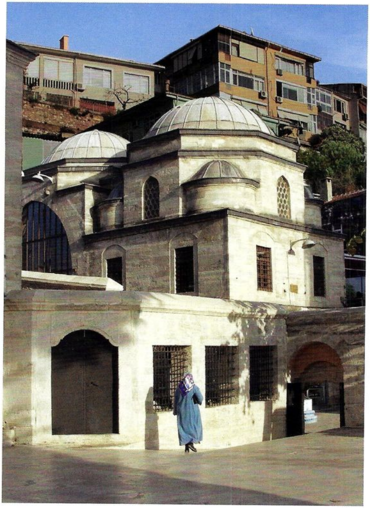
When you disembark, pause to get your bearings with the mostly English-speaking staff at the excellent information booth on the quay. Be sure to pick up their free cultural map, ideal for navigating Üsküdar and nearby Kuzguncuk. A guide to Istanbul's *türbes* (tombs) is also available.

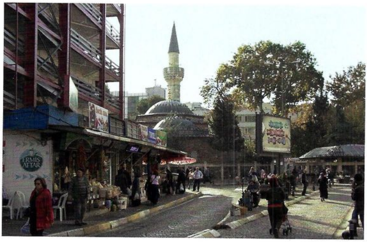
As a start take a wander through the market area behind the İskele Camii. Among the shops selling cheap clothing and second-hand phones, plumbing and kitchen hardware and bridal gowns, you stumble across antique jewellery and chandelier shops, a modest but bustling fish market, and suddenly the quiet courtyard of a historic saint's tomb.

Don't expect the easy charm or sidewalk eateries of Kadıköy, or the shoppers' frenzy of Beşiktaş; this is a place that the author Selçuk Altun, who has lived here for 20 years and writes of its "dignified Ottoman soul", calls "the real Istanbul".

Real, perhaps, in that old Scutari was conquered by the Turks a century before the fall of Constantinople and that Sinan crowned its upper slopes with one of his greatest mosques, the **Atik Valide**, honouring the Venetian-born mother of a sultan (see p106). Real in the serried ranks of five- and six-storey blocks on the back streets of a bustling Istanbul municipality, too often charmless and treeless, but nestling against some of the city's oldest cemeteries, with tombs dating back to the 14th century. Real in its conservative, workaday feel, and real in the construction that chewed up Üsküdar's main square to bring the metro under the water.


METİN EMLAK
SAADET PARTİSİ
MEŞHUR PİLAVCI
ŞİLE SARAY BERBER SALONU
PARÇA KONTÖR
TEKNİK SERVİS




ERMİŞ AKTAR

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE

Rich pickings

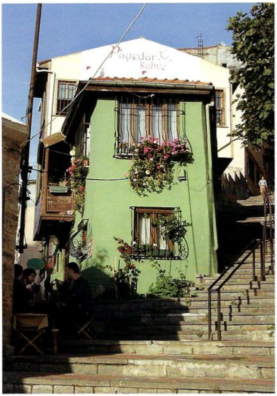
It was with a rich, vinegary tripe soup, followed by a large and strongly flavoured dish of stuffed lamb's caul *(writes Tim Cornwell)*, that as an outsider to Istanbul I began to understand Üsküdar a little. The packed **Kanaat Lokantası** (Selman-ı Pak Cad 25), which opened in the heart of the market area in 1933, has the shiny black and metal decor of a period diner; it reminded me a little of Musso and Frank's famous restaurant in old Hollywood, opened six years earlier, where Raymond Chandler used to prop up the bar. The food at Kanaat is considerably better, though alcohol is not served. Offerings at the crowded tables are oily and delicious and distinctly old-fashioned, and the heavy-duty dessert bar includes a glutinous caramel ice cream.

Down the road, on the ground floor of the **İskele Mosque's** elementary school (now a library), is **Bingöl Bal Pazarı** (Selman Ağa Çeşme Sok 1, +90 532 502 2104), Metin Baydur's honey shop, where natural-wax honey from the high pastures of Bingöl in eastern Anatolia is expensive but worth every *kuruş*. Ask for *karakovan* (natural comb) honey. At **Payedar Kahve** in Kurşunlu Medrese Sokağı, the side street next to it, an upstairs table affords a close-up view of Sinan's mosque. Its domes and semi-domes are at their most dramatic here at the back. The steep steps behind the café lead to Üsküdar's more characterful streets, worth a short meander.

Kanaat Lokantası
1933

Back around the market, for quick eats there's a branch of the ice-cream shop **Mado** (Selman-ı Pak Cad 1), just along from Kanaat. Round the corner I found the tasty and cheap **Mavi Konak Kebab Salonu** (Hakimiyet-i Milliye Cad 51), with tables upstairs overlooking the harbour; *kuzu kokoreç* (lamb's intestines) is one good choice. Mado's neighbour, **Genç Kebap**, is another popular spot. But Kuzguncuk, the picturesque community on the Bosphorus just north of Üsküdar, is easily your best stop for light, casual food (see p116).

KATE CROOK



KATE CROOK

BALIK EKMEK
KÖFTE
IZGARADAN
BALIK
&
KÖFTE

Above, clockwise from top left Gypsy flower-sellers; Üsküdar glam; the compote counter at Kanaat Lokantası; the fish and köfte grill at the Yeni Valide Mosque; the Payedar Kahve, a café with a dome-side view of the İskele Mosque
Above left Kanaat, a proper Turkish diner
Opposite, clockwise from top left The dramatic domes of the Mihrimah Sultan Mosque (İskele Camii); its elementary school; the market district; backstreet brocante; Rum Mehmed Pasha's 1471 mosque

Üsküdar grows on you, but be warned that getting stuck in its upper back streets, particularly on a summer's day, can quickly turn into a slog. The wooden houses still cherished in Kuzguncuk are mostly a memory here; you may happen upon one or two – usually in a ramshackle state.

An ideal day's outing might involve picking out two or three mosques to visit in Üsküdar – with perhaps a bath in the **Çinili Hamam** (see p115) – then making your way over to Kuzguncuk for rest and relaxation. With more time, you could also take in Üsküdar's tombs, a walk south along the shore past Leander's Tower to the docks of Harem, or a foray in the sprawling Karacaahmet Cemetery on the hills above.

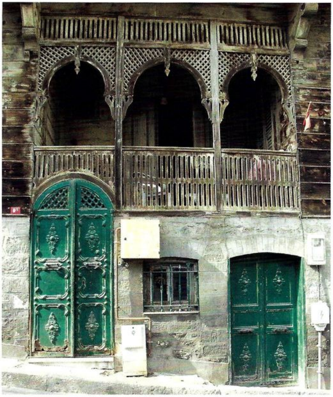
Üsküdar's little beauties

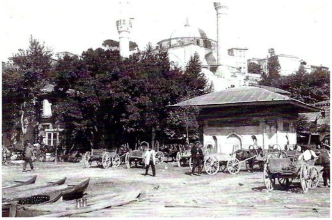
Step across the bus-clogged square past **Ahmed III's fountain** and you find a more specialised market district, with one street devoted to building materials, another to fishing tackle. In front of it stands the **Yeni Valide Camii** (New Queen Mother's Mosque), a handsome 1710 building with a wooden façade. Its darkened stones gave it a feeling of dignified neglect, now being banished by over-vigorous restoration. It was built by Ahmed III's mother, who lies in a beautiful birdcage tomb open to the elements under an ironwork dome.

In front of the mosque is the start of Doğancılar Caddesi, a long, narrow street parallel to the shore that leads to the Baroque hilltop **Ayazma Mosque** and on towards Florence Nightingale's Selimiye Barracks. Close to the Yeni Valide, on Doğancılar, is the inconspicuous but delightful **Sahibü'l Çay Âsaf Osman Efendi** tearoom (İmam Nâsır Sok 2).

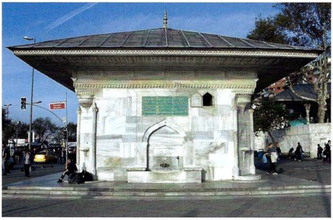
At this rarefied literary rendezvous with four tables, you wait (patiently) for your tray of tea with men who can unlock the mysteries of *makams*, the modes that make Ottoman music the most inspired in the Islamic world. Tea was Âsaf's passion, even as a psychology student; he attends the tea harvest on the Black Sea and buys teas from all over the world, which he blends with a variety of spices. An egg timer comes with your pot of tea so that you know when to start pouring.

A few doors along Doğancılar are all the fishing-tackle shops, where they make "flies" with colourful feathers to catch *palamut* or *lüfer* (bonito or bluefish) – and lament today's misguided fishery policies.





BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE



Opposite and top Anonymous beauty: a little-known Ottoman mansion on Tephirhane Sokaği. This is the 'selamlik' (reception wing). In its walled garden is the much larger harem, or private quarters, also of wood, with long Bosphorus views
Above right Ahmed III's 1728 fountain seen in the 1890s, with the Iskele Mosque behind and caiques drawn up on the beach
Right The fountain today in its coat of patchwork marble

Within minutes of the teashop are several landmarks. Down on the shore, the **Şemsi Ahmed Pasha Mosque**, Sinan's "little jewel", has waterfront tombs and the feel of a fishermen's mosque. The library is under renovation, but the mosque is a delight, with the tomb of its founder, the vizier Şemsi Ahmed Pasha, off to one side through a grille. Perhaps the most perfect piece of classical architecture in the Ottoman world is marred, however, by the dome of the ugly new wedding hall next to it.

For the **Rum Mehmed Pasha Mosque,** walk a short way up the hill. The mosque itself remains dilapidated but charming. Built soon after the conquest by a former Byzantine general, it has inescapably Byzantine brickwork, but the grandiose portico and absent courtyard of a Bursa mosque. At the back, in an atmospheric graveyard with an ancient olive tree, is the *türbe*. Inside, the pasha's somewhat ghostly turban sits on top of the grave.

There are few remaining wooden mansions in Üsküdar, but in **Tephirhane Sokağı,** off Doğancılar Caddesi – in the warren of interesting streets surrounding the Rum Mehmed Pasha – is one of the most beautiful in Istanbul. It has no name and the identity of the original owner is lost. The intricate inset balconies confirm the accuracy of JF Lewis's 1838 Orientalist painting of an Üsküdar café. No one has laid a finger on it. Pray no one will.

Further up Doğancılar, turn towards the sea into Öğdül Sokağı for **Angel** (pronounced Angle), a restaurant that pioneered exotic fish hors d'oeuvres, many of them visual puns on other dishes – such as tiny *simits* (sesame-covered bread rings) made not with dough but with sea bass. Angel was named not after a guardian angel but after its founder, though it has been through more than one change of ownership.

If you have caught your own fish or shopped in the tempting fish market, modest **Rastgele Mutfak** (Doğancılar Cad 106) will cook it for you.

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE

Around Üsküdar

Harem

HIDDEN HISTORY

WHETHER YOU ARRIVE AT THE BUSY DOCKS IN HAREM ON FOOT OR BY BOAT, IT'S A SHORT STEP TO GET OFF THE BEATEN TRACK. HERE YOU WILL FIND FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S SCUTARI, COVETED CITY VIEWS AND 'THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE IN ASIA'

JÜRGEN FRANK

Most visitors go to Harem to see Florence Nightingale's theatre of operations during the Crimean War. Her famous Scutari Hospital occupied the **Selimiye Barracks (Selimiye Kışlası)**, which still dominate the hillside, and the modest **Florence Nightingale Museum** is housed in one of the towers. This gives visitors a chance to see inside a fine 1828 military building round a huge parade ground. But this is First Army HQ and you need permission to visit: the protocol office must be faxed a copy of your passport at least three days ahead on +90 216 310 7929 with the time of your visit (9–5, info +90 216 556 8000, ext 3023).

Harem today is not a pretty place. It is the commercial side of Üsküdar and a transport hub, with docks, car ferries, inter-city buses, and a highway to Ankara and beyond. It wasn't always so. The confusing name Harem survives from the imperial palace of Kavak Sarayı, built on the cliffs here in 1551, which was a ruin when Selim III used the stone for the original barracks in 1805.

If Harem itself is no great shakes, getting there can be fun. You can walk from Üsküdar along the shore – one of the longest promenades on the Bosphorus – or arrive by car ferry from the European side, much more pleasurable than it sounds.

The panoramic seaside walk from Üsküdar takes less than half an hour (minibuses or buses 12H and 16U are an option). All the way you will have views of the Old City, with Leander's Tower, featured in the Bond film *The World Is Not Enough*, in the foreground. Once a lighthouse, the tower (Kız Kulesi, or Maiden's Tower, in Turkish) is now a restaurant and café. Small boats ferry visitors over.

When you reach a small fishing harbour, be sure to look up: on top of the cliff, glowing oxblood-red, is the last of the wooden houses built to enjoy the Ottoman Empire's most desirable sunset. With its shutters closed, in the clasp of an old wisteria, the **Nuri Birgi Yalı** is

YAPI KREDİ SELAHATTİN GİZ COLLECTION

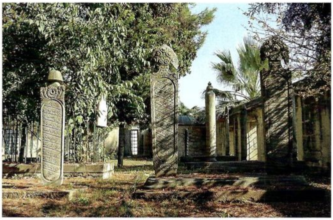
BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

YAPI KREDI SELAHATTIN GIZ COLLECTION

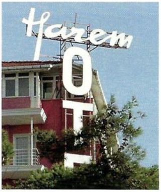
Opposite Leander's Tower (Kız Kulesi) today and in the 1930s
Left An old Üsküdar boatyard and the Şemsi Pasha Mosque
Top and above Boats of the Bosphorus, c1950
Below Judas trees flank the clifftop Nuri Birgi Yalı, designed to view the sunset over the Golden Horn

SIMON UPTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BRIAN MCKEE



Cimetière turc à Scutari



Opposite, top and above The Selimiye Mosque (1805) is especially delicate, with its fine columns, elegant steps and fanciful gravestones
Above right A postcard of the Karacaahmet Cemetery, once the largest in the world
Right The Harem Hotel makes its presence felt
Far right The Selimiye Barracks became Scutari Hospital in the Crimean War. This tower now houses the Florence Nightingale Museum

like a jewel box. The painter Derek Hill called it "the most beautiful house in Asia". You can still climb the stone path that led up to it from the sea. The old Salacak *iskele* that stood on the shore now survives only in Sidney Lumet's 1974 film *Murder on the Orient Express*.

The Nuri Birgi Yalı is not open to the public, but you can savour the view by looking for a clifftop lane that is not in any guidebook. Keeping the water on your right, weave your way along the cliff towards Harem through well-to-do Salacak to **İhsaniye İskele Sokağı**. The reward is a place to watch the setting sun reflected in the distant waters of the Golden Horn.

The first house in the street is a perfectly formed but dilapidated wooden house, everything at an angle. The window frames are pencil-thin; a stovepipe fills the air with the scent of burning bay from the tree in its tiny garden. At the other end, precarious steps lead down to an American-style diner on the shore. Otherwise keep the high ground and carry on to Harem along Bestekâr Selahattin Pınar Sokağı.

The car ferry is a surprisingly grand way to get to Harem. It sails across the Bosphorus every half-hour from Sirkeci in the Old City. Climb to the upper deck for a dramatic view of the Topkapı and Galata Tower and, as you arrive, of the Selimiye Barracks.

The Sirkeci–Harem *feribot* is the last of the Bosphorus car ferries. Conceived in the era of horse-drawn carriages, the pioneering design was the brainchild of two Ottoman nautical men. In 1870 they sent off plans to Maudslay, Sons & Field in Greenwich for a paddle steamer that was identical front and back, with ramps at either end and an upper passenger deck. The *Suhulet* (Ease) and *Sahilbend* (Shore-link) arrived in 1872 and were still in service in 1958 and 1967 respectively.

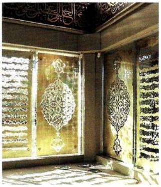
Once in Harem there is little to detain you. Make a beeline for the easily spotted **Harem Hotel** overlooking the docks, not as a destination in itself (though it has been spiffed up of late and some travellers rave about it), but as a handy place to strike out from.

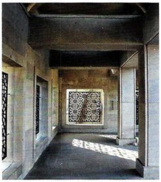
Climb up behind the hotel to another of Selim III's landmarks. The lovely late-Ottoman **Selimiye Mosque** was built in 1801–05. Its graceful steps, curved cornices and poetic graveyard make it delicate without being fussy. The library in the imperial lodge, with works in Ottoman, Farsi and Arabic, adds a learned air. On Wednesdays a huge market takes over the quarter behind it.

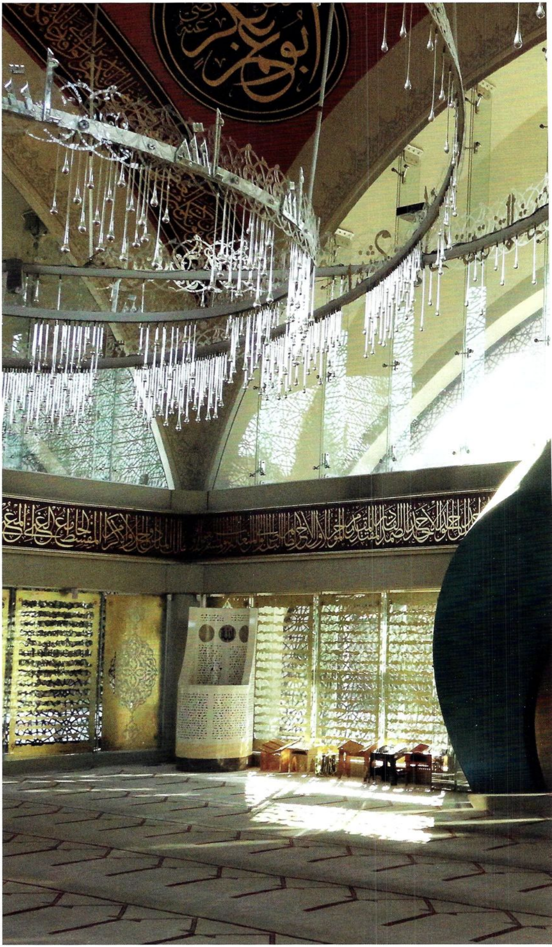
From here you have a choice of two totally contrasting burial grounds. The British **Haydarpaşa**

Cemetery – a piece of Crimean War history that does not require permission to visit – is the resting place of soldiers and Levantine families (see p86). Take a taxi there, as walking involves busy highways. On the way note the vast **Haydarpaşa Military School of Medicine**, whose Art Nouveau towers are actually minarets.

Alternatively, walk from the Selimiye Mosque up to the vast **Karacaahmet Cemetery**, to saunter among its ancient cypresses and turbaned gravestones. At the northern entrance, Hüsrev Tayla's bold **Şakirin Mosque**, built in 2009, comes as a shock after the delicacy of the Selimiye. The interior is by the award-winning Zeynep Fadıllıoğlu, the first woman to design the inside of a mosque. Marrying space-age elements and Seljuk design, it has a strange otherworldly beauty.

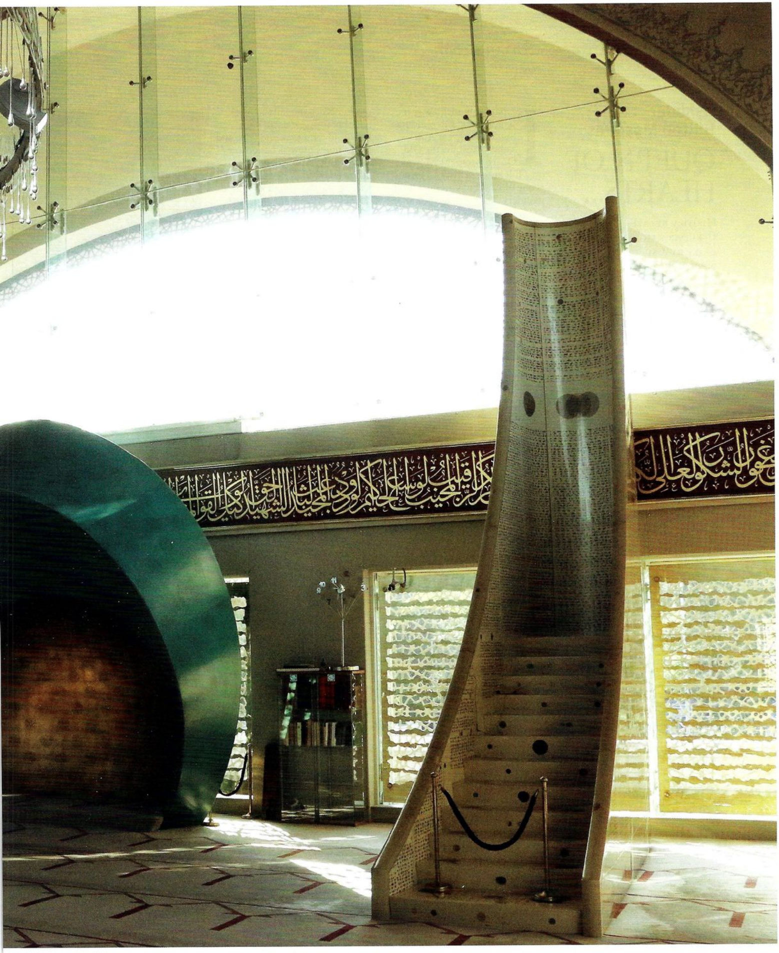






SLEEK AND SERENE THE THEATRICAL INTERIOR OF THE ŞAKİRİN MOSQUE, BY ZEYNEP FADILLIOĞLU. A CAVERNOUS TURQUOISE METAL PRAYER NICHE AND CURVING STALK-LIKE PULPIT STAND IN FRONT OF SELJUK-INSPIRED IRON GRILLES AND WINDOWS THAT RECALL OTTOMAN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS

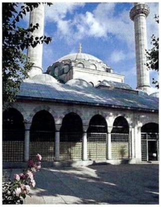
PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE



Üsküdar
Hilltop Mosques

QUEEN OF HEARTS...

HISTORY RELATES THAT ÜSKÜDAR'S MOSQUES WERE BUILT BY A SUCCESSION OF POWERFUL, RUTHLESS WOMEN, YET THERE IS A TEMPERED SOFTNESS TO THESE CREATIONS IN THEIR OLD AGE.
TIM CORNWELL STEPS UP TO THE ASTONISHING ATİK VALİDE AND JEWEL-LIKE ÇİNİLİ MOSQUES. PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG



It may be hidden away in unappealing surroundings, but Sinan's great **Atik Valide Mosque**, the Old Queen Mother's Mosque, on a hill in the district of Toptaş, is one of Istanbul's architectural wonders. The so-called Sultanate of Women – the period in the late-16th and 17th centuries when powerful females excercised control from the harem – has bequeathed us this mosque and several others in Üsküdar, including the nearby Çinili Mosque.

To reach it from the shore, walk uphill along Hakimiyet-i Milliye Caddesi (it takes 15–20 minutes) or take a taxi or the 12A bus. (Do not confuse it with the later **Yeni Valide Camii**, the New Queen Mother's Mosque, down by the main square.)

On foot, you pass one of Üsküdar's most revered shrines, the **Tomb of Aziz Mahmud Hüdayi**, who died in 1628. He wrote letters of advice to three sultans, gave the first address in the Blue Mosque, under Ahmed I, and bestowed the royal sword of office on another, Murad IV.

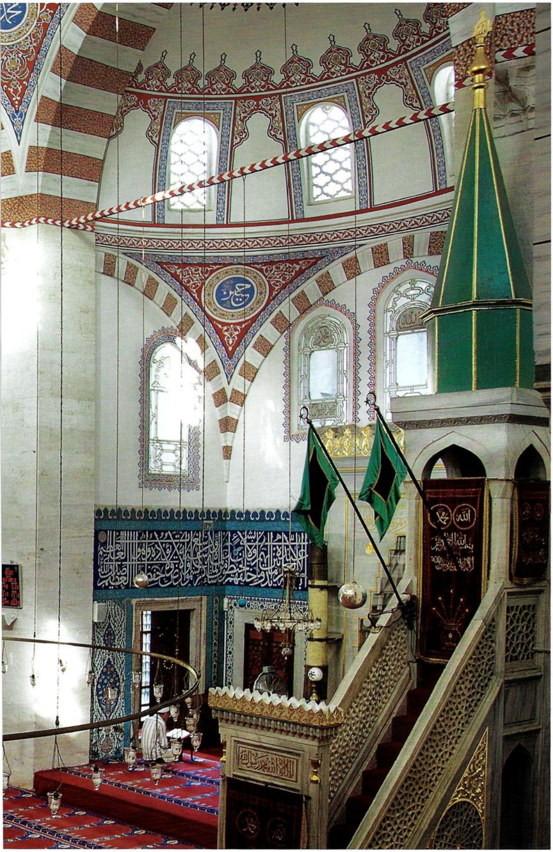
The woman who built the Atik Valide was the luxury-loving Cecilia Venier-Baffo, believed to be the illegitimate daughter of the Venetian Nicolò Venier, Lord of Paros. She rose from being a concubine of Selim II (1566–74) to become the powerful queen mother Nurbanu Sultan. She built her mosque on an open hillside in the 1570s and '80s, and the complex grew as her power and wealth grew, acting as a magnet. Üsküdar grew in size by a third, and the complex became the meeting point for caravans gathering for the journey to Aleppo or crossing to Europe.

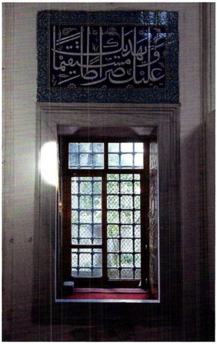
The buildings added to support the mosque – a caravanserai, medreses, shops, slaughterhouses and a tannery – still exist, and even though it is hard to get inside them, just wandering through this Ottoman city in miniature makes the mosque a joy to visit.

Marked by a wonderful fluidity in the arrangement of the buildings, the complex has the hallmark of the masterly Sinan's final years, when he was at work on his masterpiece, the Selimiye in Edirne, for Nurbanu's husband. It was completed after her death by her son Murad III.

The mosque has a quality of peace and light that draws you in and draws you back. The Sinan authority Gülru Necipoğlu notes the "lace-like" pulpit and the inlaid woodwork, along with the flowers and trees that spread like fountains over the tilework on the sides of the *mihrab*. The 17th-century traveller Evliya Çelebi called the Atik Valide a "dome of light", and so it is, with its soft, pale stonework.

A peaceful place to pause: looking into the courtyard of the Atİk Valİde Mosque (opposite, top), with its fountain and venerable plane trees. The cloistered portal was added after Nurbanu Sultan became queen mother in 1574





Left The Atik Valide Mosque is imposing enough to have been built by a sultan, but was in fact commissioned by the wife of Selim II, Nurbanu Sultan, believed by the Venetians to be a niece of the Doge of Venice
This page, from top
The central dome; a window with a panel of exceptional 1570s Iznik tiles; the newly gilded marble pulpit

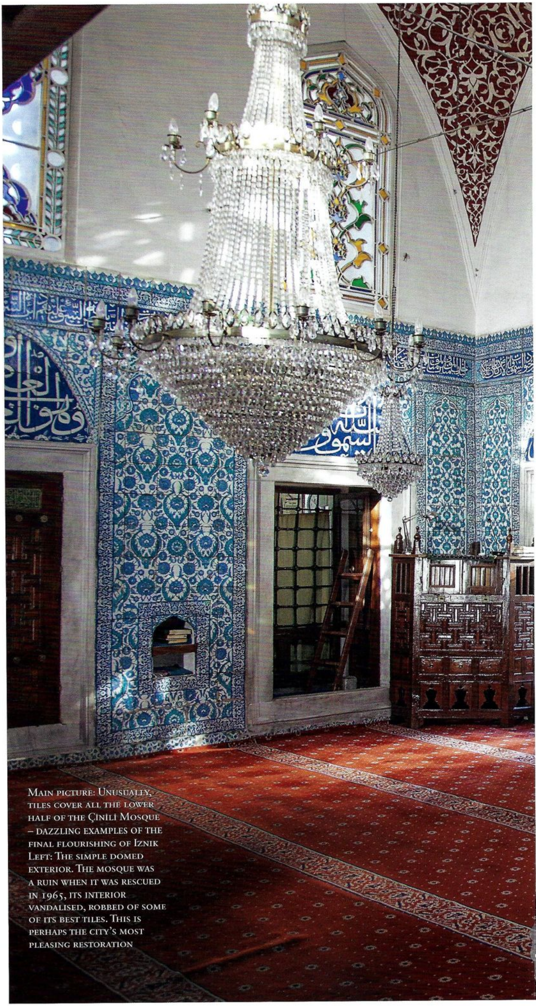
...QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

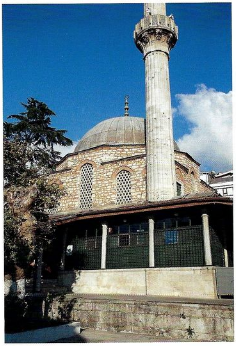
THE FORTUNES OF ÜSKÜDAR'S MOSQUES HAVE WAXED AND WANED, BUT LITTLE CAN DULL THE DELIGHTS OF THE DAZZLING, FEMININE CONFECTION THAT IS THE ÇINILI CAMI. PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

Cultural map in hand, you will want to walk from the Atik Valide Mosque two or three blocks along and slightly uphill to the **Çinili Cami** (Tiled Mosque), on Çinili Mescit Sokağı. If in doubt, ask. Wikipedia claims there are over 180 mosques in Üsküdar, but the Atik Valide and the Çinili are well known in this corner.

Built in 1640, it is easy to see how the Çinili acquired its name. This tiny jewel box of a mosque is covered in a profusion of dazzling tiles, whereas in Ottoman mosques they are more often used to provide occasional bursts of colour. The luminous Iznik tiles of cobalt blue and light turquoise are a striking contrast to the simple exterior of stone and honeyed mortar.

▷p115





MAIN PICTURE: UNUSUALLY, TILES COVER ALL THE LOWER HALF OF THE ÇINILI MOSQUE – DAZZLING EXAMPLES OF THE FINAL FLOURISHING OF IZNIK
LEFT: THE SIMPLE DOMED EXTERIOR. THE MOSQUE WAS A RUIN WHEN IT WAS RESCUED IN 1965, ITS INTERIOR VANDALISED, ROBBED OF SOME OF ITS BEST TILES. THIS IS PERHAPS THE CITY'S MOST PLEASING RESTORATION

لا اله الا الله محمد رسول الله
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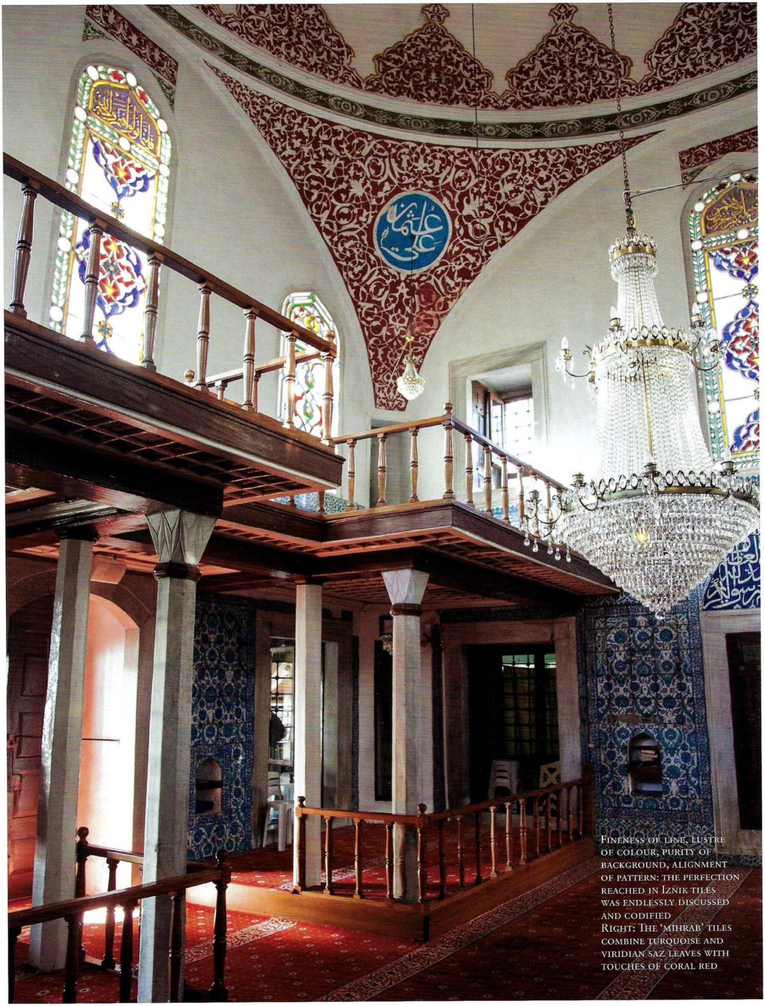
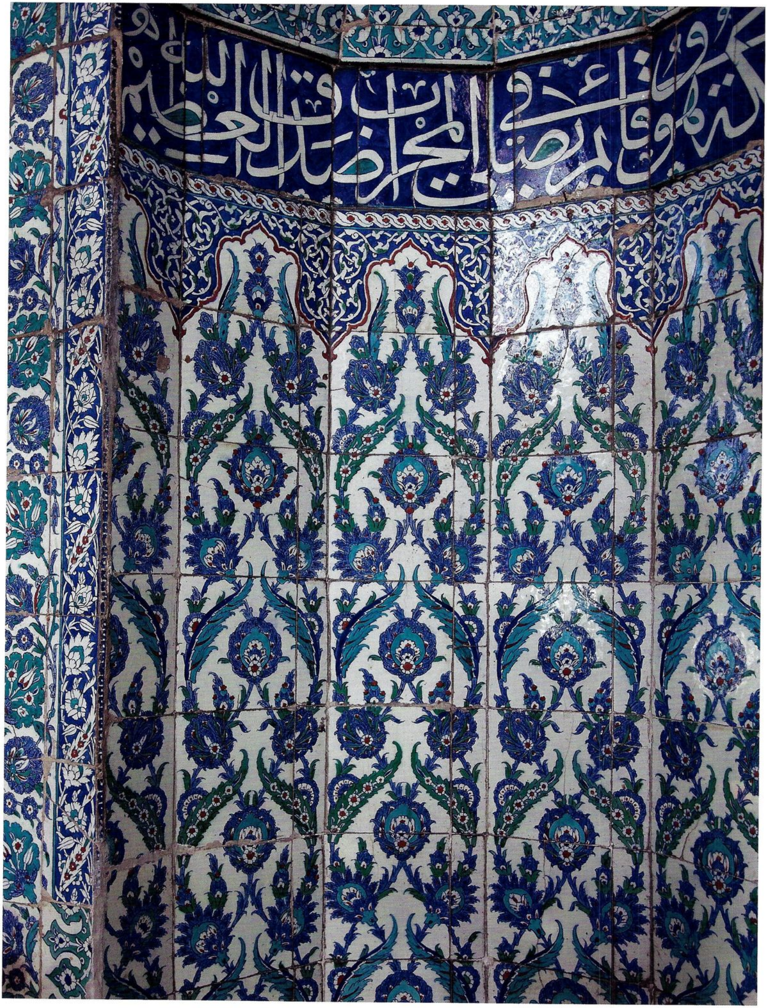
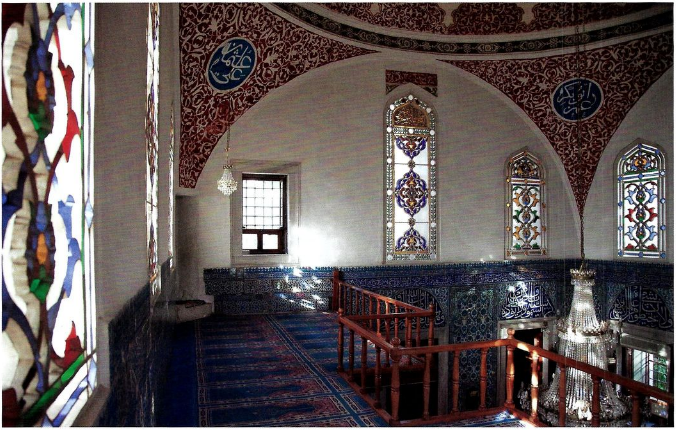
لا اله الا الله محمد رسول الله

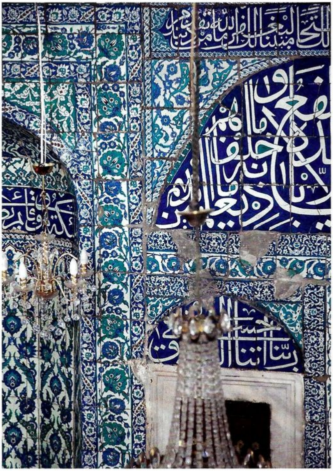


Fineness of line, lustre of colour, purity of background, alignment of pattern: the perfection reached in Iznik tiles was endlessly discussed and codified

Right: The 'mihrab' tiles combine turquoise and viridian saz leaves with touches of coral red







What the mosque lacks in size it makes up for in brilliance Opposite A niche for books in a wall of luminous tiles. The bold but feathery saz-leaf pattern is set off by the dark blue cloud-collar border Above The tiles continue in the women's upper balcony, with its handsome spandrels of sealing-wax red and white Right Also of note are the bold calligraphic tiles

The welcoming imam will typically invite you to climb the spiral staircase to the floor above – definitely worth doing.

The Çinili Mosque is much smaller in scale than the imperial mosques of the 16th century and has to make clever use of a tricky hilltop site – land was hard to come by in 17th-century Istanbul – and succeeds in including a medrese, poorhouse, hamam and fountain. The complex was built by one of the most powerful women in Ottoman history, the Valide Mahpeyker Sultan, wife of Ahmed I (who had built the Blue Mosque, with its 20,000 tiles), mother of two sultans, grandmother of a third and twice regent. Better known as Kösem Sultan (*kösem* means alpha ram), she was charitable as well as powerful, visiting prisons in disguise to pay off the debts of debtors.

While you are there, think seriously about a visit to the **Çinili Hamam** just below the mosque (cinilihamam.com). They seem well used to visitors wandering in, but the clientele is entirely local. The price is a snip compared with prices in Sultanahmet. The perfect place for a novice: unintimidating, no English spoken, but commands unmistakable. There are separate baths for men (daily 7am–10pm) and women (8am–7.30pm). The space is intimate, and the soaping and full no-nonsense massage are excellent.

As your temperature rises in the hot room, watch the star-shaped light holes in the domed roof, and try not to think of Kösem Sultan's final hours: her tenacious grip on power finally broken, the weakened but clearly dangerous 60-year-old was dispatched to a grisly execution.

Genteel Üsküdar
Kuzguncuk

AN OASIS OF CALM

The pace of life in Kuzguncuk, an easy stroll from Üsküdar's quay, is gentler, the atmosphere more old-fashioned and friendly. You have the leisure to stand and stare – and a good time is assured. By Tim Cornwell

On the Anatolian shore, Istanbul's residential settlements start closer to the sea and really do have a stronger sense of community. Kuzguncuk, south of the First Bosphorus Bridge, preserves the sense of an old-fashioned neighbourhood, remarkably since it is so near to the business side of the city. Gentrification has been slow to take root, but there is now a whole series of pavement cafés in addition to a famous low-key fish restaurant.

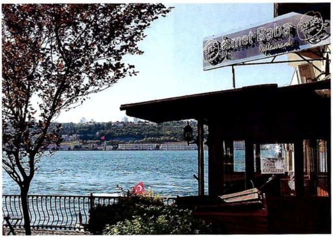
Enjoying Kuzguncuk is a matter of slowing down and allowing its ambience to wash over you, from the cobbled streets and wooden houses to the artists' studios, quirky shops and eateries that have helped to shape its villagey, bohemian character.

From Üsküdar, take the 15 or 15B bus, or one of the many *dolmuşes* plying the coast road with Kuzguncuk firmly on their list of destinations. It will take only about eight minutes; if the traffic is heavy or the mood takes you, walk it (20 minutes). By bus you crest a gentle hill and alight at the only traffic lights, at the corner of İcadiye Caddesi, the village high street, which strikes inland.

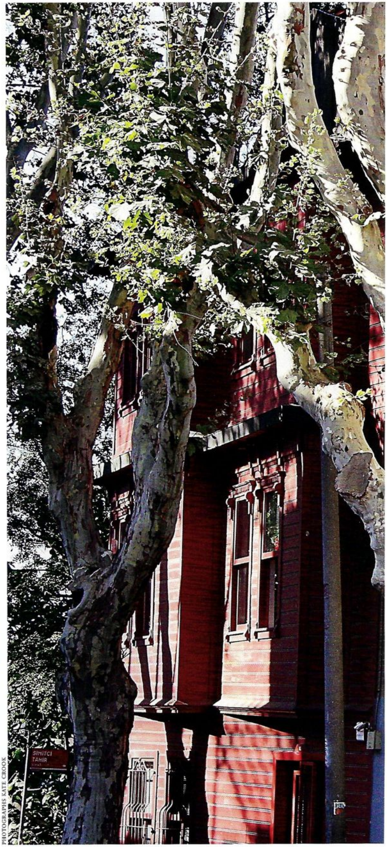
People have time to greet and talk here; even the street dogs seem to take a neighbourly, protective interest. You are a world away from Üsküdar, which miraculously hasn't swallowed up this oasis. That is thanks entirely to residents who have fought several times over the years to preserve their gardens and woods from redevelopment.

There are four churches, two synagogues and two mosques. The large Greek, Armenian and Jewish congregations are mostly a memory now, but their legacy informs a tolerant character and style. Take a photograph of the Kuzguncuk mosque on the coast road, Paşalimanı Caddesi, and it is almost certain to include the neighbouring **Armenian Church of Surp Krikor Lusavoriç** (Saint Gregory the Illuminator).

The chief pleasures here are to wander among the houses of this



Above At the İsmet Baba fish restaurant, on the village's waterside square, the water laps below the floorboards



Right Kuzguncuk's high street, İcadiye Caddesi, with its grand plane trees and well-groomed stone and timber houses

PHOTOGRAPHS KATE CROOK

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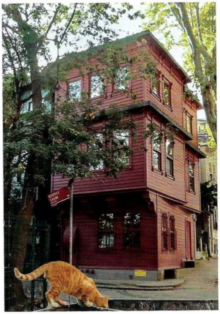
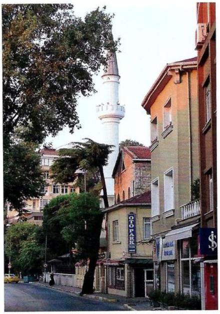
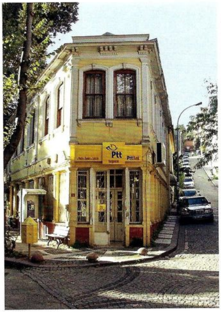
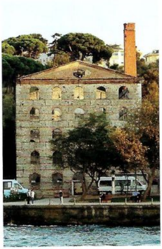






KATE CROOK

This page, top row A restored house in 'aşı boya' (oxblood red); an 1835 Armenian church stands shoulder to shoulder with the mosque on Paşalimanı Caddesi; the village post office
Left The Çınaraltı Café, serving tea in the seaside square
Right An industrial heirloom – the pioneering 1858 flour mill in Paşalimanı, on the road to Üsküdar
Opposite, clockwise from top left The Özbek dervish lodge at Sultantepe, above Paşalimanı; İcadiye Caddesi's shady pavements; the street's Orthodox Church of Aya Panteleymon; the Kastamonu farm shop; a boot flowerpot



BRIAN MCKEE

conservation area, some falling apart, others painstakingly renovated; to window-shop, or to pick out a piece from one intriguing artisan or another, then to stop for a bite, relax and chat. It's hard to have a bad time here.

The main part of Kuzguncuk is centred on a few very walkable blocks up the high street, İcadiye Caddesi, which ends in a little square opening onto the water, with benches under the trees. Here is the celebrated **İsmet Baba** restaurant, with some of the liveliest fish in the city.

Next door is the **Çınaraltı Café**: eat inside, or on one of the benches under the trees at an intriguing fold-out table. There's a good typical breakfast plate (*kahvaltı tabağı*). The eggs with spicy *sucuk* sausage are also first-class, while a simple cheese *tost* can be washed down with fresh carrot or pomegranate juice.

Dilim, the cake shop established in 1977 on the bus-stop corner, is an excellent first stop for ice creams or fancy cakes to take away. **Betty Blue** (İcadiye Cad 21) serves a light and delicious breakfast of *otlu peynirli yumurta*, eggs cooked with fresh herbs and cheese. (The bill arrives in a tattered DVD case of the eponymous 1980s French film, underlining the feel of faded cosmopolitanism.)

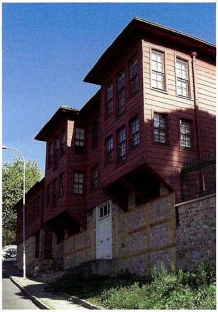
Asude, just around the corner on Perihan Abla Sokağı, is more traditional. It has beans, *nohut* (chickpeas), *bamya* (baby okra) and a very good *karnıyarık* (stuffed aubergine with mince) that melts in the mouth.

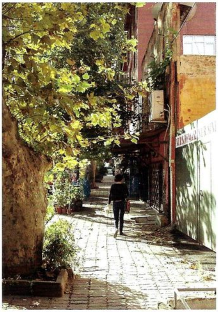
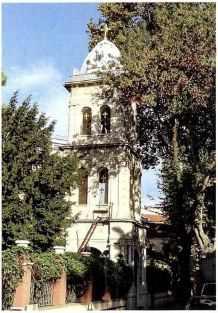
Since the 1950s, Kuzguncuk has been heavily settled by people from the Black Sea. The **Kastamonu Köy Pazarı** at İcadiye Caddesi 34 is full of Black Sea produce, with wild-strawberry jam, zesty honeys and white mulberries among seasonal fruit and vegetables.

There are delicate, fresh-flavoured ices at **Divan Keyfi** (No 38) of lavender or tamarind. Or stop at **Lebosi** (No 86) for chocolates hand-made on the premises.

The **Harmony Art Gallery** (No 42) carries work by local artists, but better still head to the **Pita Café** (No 41), hub of Kuzguncuk's art scene. Pita's owners, all women, show favourite work. One regular is Kağan Önal – "I am not an artist, I am an autodidact" – who works in his studio round the corner, creating "unfunctional objects", mostly in wood. Scorpions made of bottle tops scale one wall. Two doors down, the sculptor **Bihrat Mavitan** welcomes you to his *sanat mutfağı*, his art kitchen, with his "art mafia" family of three generations, all trained at the Istanbul Fine Arts Academy.

Bihrat's work is not contemporary – "not yet", he jokes. He has held more than 100 exhibitions, and produced


PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE

Kastamonu Köy Pazarı

PHOTOGRAPHS: KATE CROOK

three public-art commissions that he can see on Google Earth. His "art kitchen" is an Aladdin's cave of work and wit. A horse on the wall looks as if it's sculpted in iron, but is made of leather: "I make new animals from animal skin," he says. One singular sculpture portrays a local favourite, a man with Down's syndrome cared for by the village.

One meaning of Kuzguncuk – along with blackbird, or little raven – is the small window of a prison door, which Bihrat likens to the view back down İcadiye Caddesi, framing the Bosphorus.

Nearby, the painter Yusuf Katipoğlu is working on a series of daily sketches of Leander's Tower off Üsküdar – he has done about 500 to date. His corner studio is well worth a visit.

At the 19th-century Greek Orthodox church of **Aya Panteleymon**, resembling a music box in white and gilt, silvered images of saints around the walls include St Nicholas, patron saint of seamen. Visit the historic sacred spring during Sunday morning services. The **Greek Cemetery** is a short, steep walk up the hill from the centre, on Tufan Sokağı. With the gate often open, take a wander in the two-level burial ground: most of the graves date from the late 19th century through to the 1980s.

Kuzguncuk's Jewish community was once so large that it had the name "Little Jerusalem", with 400 families, but now numbers just a handful. The **Beth Yaakov Synagogue** is a few yards up İcadiye Caddesi on the left. Built in 1878, it has marbled floors and paintings of Hebron, Masada and Jerusalem on the ceiling. It hosts Ramazan breakfasts for the community.

The **Jewish Cemetery** is 15 to 20 minutes' walk out of the village. On a scalding day, wear a hat and carry drinking water. The 20th-century gravestones are in avenues of gleaming white stone with bold inscriptions in the Spanish of the Sephardi community – a defiant echo of what once was. The oldest stones, scattered across the hillside like archaeological remains, date back to the Inquisition (when Jews took refuge in the Ottoman Empire), with generations of names and families now long forgotten. The only gate to the cemetery is on the north side, on Azizbey Sokağı. (For permission to visit Jewish sites in Istanbul, see turkyahudileri.com.)

For a pleasant ramble back, turn left out of the cemetery, and continue until the dirt road ends; turn right, and on the left you will see steps down the hill, weaving between houses. At a house with bright blue railings, the steps come out onto Asker Sokağı. Turn left, and you will shortly meet İcadiye Caddesi. Time for another ice cream. ◆

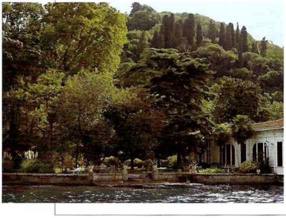
BOATING WITH BILLY

PATRICIA DAUNT TAKES HER YOUNG GRANDSON ON A GUIDED TOUR OF HER FAVOURITE YALIS

"The Bosphorus story isn't all castles and royal palaces," I say to my eager grandson Billy. "Half of it is about yalıs, the summer houses built on the water's edge by the great and the good of the Ottoman Empire, who were all in search of retreats away from the heat and overcrowding in the Old City. So today we're going to have a rest from mosques and palaces. We're taking a boat up the Bosphorus."

Aged ten, Billy has an insatiable thirst for knowledge, jotting down answers to his constant enquiries in a grubby pocket notebook. The building of these wooden yalıs on the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, I tell him, had actually begun 50 years before they became fashionable in the early 18th century, under Ahmed III. Viziers and pashas tended to choose the Asian shore, to be within sight of the Old City and to enjoy its sunsets and opportunities for good hunting. The Greeks, Armenians, Levantines and diplomats preferred to build on the more protected European bank.

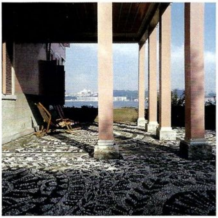
The first object of our voyage is the remains of the yalı on the Asian shore at Kuzguncuk, once gaily painted pink. Upstream from the Leander Tower, it is well within sight of the Old City, and was built in the mid-18th century. A hundred years later it became known as the **Fethi Ahmed Pasha Yalı**. The pasha was once envoy to Vienna, and his marriage to Sultan Abdülmecid's youngest sister may have been the reason why he represented the Ottoman Empire at Queen Victoria's coronation.



JÜRGEN FRANK

The tall, elegant timber pillars supporting the wings of the first storey – and the way it is cantilevered over the water – had a direct influence on Le Corbusier. He described the whole as "an architectural masterpiece". During the 1990s it was sold off by the pasha's descendants: two sisters who in the 1960s had agreed to disagree over its division. The two halves of this lovely building are now painted white, reunited, and owned by new money. Let's hope that new money will mean new care for the Bosphorus's treasured yalıs.

Moving north against a six-knot surface current, with Billy fidgeting excitedly at my side, we pass the flamboyant **Dolmabahçe Palace** (see p26) on the European shore and **Beylerbeyi Palace** (p164) on the Asian side.



DAVID GOERGE

Averting our eyes from the mass of suburban development on both sides, we aim for the second-oldest yalı surviving on the Bosphorus. Today the **Sadullah Pasha Yalı** bears the name of a late-19th-century owner, a diplomat whose fall from grace and death in exile left a grief-stricken widow who is said to haunt it still (see p172). Built at the end of the 17th century and remodelled internally in the 1730s by a grand vizier at the court of Mustafa III, it stands within its garden on the Asian shore north of the First Bosphorus Bridge at Çengelköy. Its projecting bays and shuttered windows, uniformly painted an oxblood red, give no hint of its harem's exuberant, almost theatrical interior. The yalı was in genteel limbo in the early 1980s when fortune came its way. History doesn't relate whether Le Corbusier noted the two corner rooms projecting over the water on modest corbels in order to catch the view.

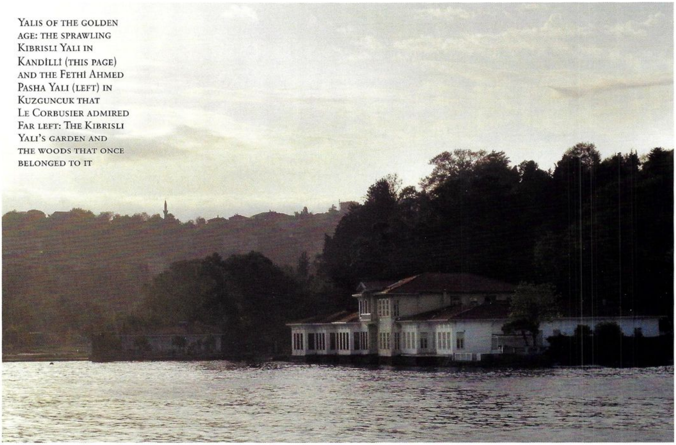
Carrying on up the Asian shore, past all the yalıs hanging over the water in Kandilli, we reach another house painted in the traditional oxblood red. Thought to have been built around 1790 by an Italian architect, it is now owned by the collector Rahmi Koç. Still known locally as the **Kont Ostrorog Yalı**, after the Polish count who, as one of the sultan's legal advisers, acquired it in the late 19th century, it was sold by his descendants a decade ago – in the nick of time (see p183).

This exceptionally lovely house, sandwiched between the coast road and the sea, stands within its own gardens, scented front and back by magnolia, pine and paulownia. It was badly dilapidated when Rahmi Bey bought it. Once the house had been refloated on its original piers, and the sea wall, boathouse and garden repaired, the fragile structure was carefully brought into the 21st century. The yalı retains the Ottoman arrangement of rooms grouped round a central hall on both the ground and upper floors, the two connected by perhaps the finest double staircase in all the Bosphorus. As in Venice, the halls stretch from the back to the front of the house.

The **Kıbrıslı Yalı**, the longest wooden house on the Bosphorus, is perfectly set on the northwest-facing shore, commanding a sweeping view of both Bosphorus fortresses. Painted white, it could fool anyone into thinking that it had been built in one piece. In fact, as I explain to Billy, its completion took over a hundred years. To the *selamlık* (reception rooms) of 1770 a harem was added in the mid-19th century on one side, and an orangery, in the 1870s, on the other. The Kıbrıslı family acquired the *selamlık* in the 1850s, when the future vizier was in straitened circumstances and looking for a retreat away from the debt collectors. I have never discovered the name of the Ottoman pasha who built this jewel, but it was at a time when the empire was enjoying a 20-year peace before the need arose to confront Catherine the Great's Russia. It was the golden age of yalı-building.

There is one important yalı beneath the Second Bosphorus Bridge. On the Asian shore is the summer house and botanic garden of the last chief physician to the Ottoman Court, Hekimbaşı Salih Efendi. It is but a fragment, having been divided among three sisters. During the 1950s, one sister sold off the garden – now swallowed up by the piers of the bridge – and had the library to its north pulled down. Another sister sold off the *selamlık* for conversion to a bungalow. Only the harem, boathouse and waterside terrace bequeathed to the youngest sister survive. They appear as if built in a series of steps, fitting Miss Pardoe's 1836 observation in *The Beauties of the Bosphorus*, that yalıs have "the appearance of being put together in fragments". What, I wonder, would the sultan's physician have made of the bridge?

Before crossing to the European shore at



YALIS OF THE GOLDEN AGE: THE SPRAWLING KIBRISLI YALI IN KANDİLLİ (THIS PAGE) AND THE FETHİ AHMED PASHA YALI (LEFT) IN KUZGUNCUK THAT LE CORBUSIER ADMIRED FAR LEFT: THE KIBRISLI YALI'S GARDEN AND THE WOODS THAT ONCE BELONGED TO IT

JOHN SCOTT

Kanlıca, we must find the 1860s **Eczacı Ethem Pertev Yalı**, also known as the Palace Lady's Summer House, with its ornately carved balconies, brackets and bargeboards (see p194). Nothing is known for certain about the woman who built it except the year of her death (1908). Most probably it was a gift made by Sultan Abdülmecid, the Tanzimat reformer, and the recipient was probably not even one of the palace ladies who enjoyed exceptional licence.

The story of the house would have ended in tragedy – collapse into the sea – had it not been bought in 2000 by a couple prepared painstakingly to dismantle the tottering harem and *selamlık,* making a minute record of every surviving feature so that craftsmen could produce exact replicas.

We now make for Emirgan, on the European shore, with its unmissable **Sabancı Museum**, near the landing stage. Billy will be enthralled when he sees it, but there is no time for museums today, so on to Yeniköy.

When the Italian architect Raimondo D'Aronco and his Levantine contemporary, Alexandre Vallaury, raised the banner of Art Nouveau on the Bosphorus, they quickly became *the* avant-garde architects to the super-rich, who demanded yalıs of five storeys. Much of Yeniköy was transformed into a confusion of opulent flamboyance in both wood and stone: scrolls, swirling lines, geometric motifs, sculpted balconies... Out went pasted-on "historical styles". In came experiments with new materials.

Two of Yeniköy's most important yalıs contrast wildly. The mid-19th-century **Sait Halim Pasha Yalı**, guarded by stone lions, is a near-perfect, albeit reconstructed, piece of French Empire classicism. The **Afif Pasha Yalı**, with its deep eaves, screened windows and turrets sporting elaborate onion domes, is eclectically cosmopolitan.

We pass close by the summer embassy of the Italians which, *per miracule*, still stands in Tarabya. Created by D'Aronco in 1906 as a Tyrolean-style wooden building, it is now so vulnerable that it is anyone's guess when it might collapse on a passing car.

The French and the English are next door. Both have lost their summer houses: the French by abandoning theirs to Marmara University 25 years ago, the English never rebuilding after a fire in 1911. The coastal road now runs between the sea and their overgrown gardens, which appear to be the last few stretches of undeveloped hillside left on the Bosphorus.

Diplomats moved early to the remote upper shore – difficult to imagine now, since the villages are all part of a mega-metropolis whose tentacles spread from the heart of old Stamboul. The two oldest surviving summer houses of the ambassadors to the Ottoman Empire stand at the head of Büyükdere Bay. The Spanish one, on land once belonging to the Franciscans, was rebuilt after a fire in the 1860s and is impeccably maintained. The 1840s Neoclassical wooden palace of the Tsars, eaten away by salt spray and neglect, is at present under scaffolding and, we must hope, will be saved.

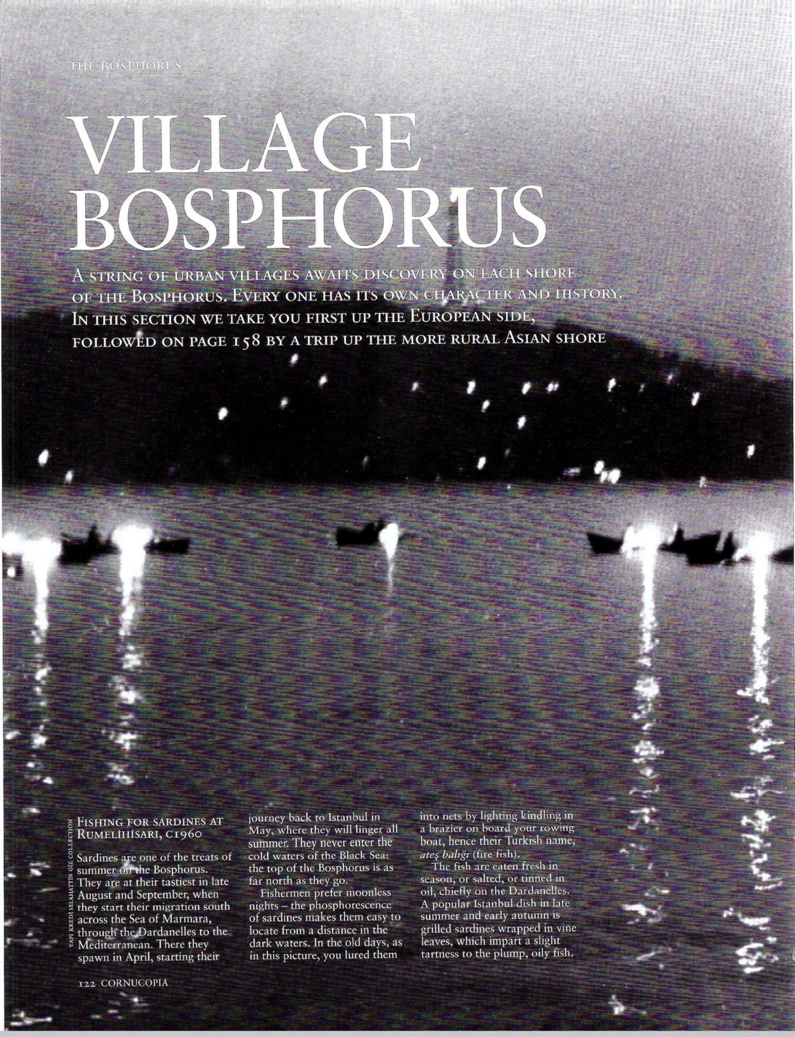
Kaiser Wilhelm I's summer embassy in the bay of Tarabya has all its purpose-built, cottage-style clapboard houses beautifully maintained. Its setting always was the most beautiful of all the embassy sites on the Bosphorus.

As we turn and head south, spotting many yalıs that we'd missed on our way upstream, there's plenty of time for the story of Jason navigating the swirling channel with his band of heroes on their way to Colchis in the 50-oared *Argo*. ◆

Patricia Daunt runs the English Friends of Aphrodisias (aphrodisias.org.uk). For extracts from her articles on Istanbul's historic houses, see cornucopia.net/daunt

VILLAGE BOSPHORUS

A string of urban villages awaits discovery on each shore of the Bosphorus. Every one has its own character and history. In this section we take you first up the European side, followed on page 158 by a trip up the more rural Asian shore



Fishing for sardines at Rumelihisarı, c1960

Sardines are one of the treats of summer on the Bosphorus. They are at their tastiest in late August and September, when they start their migration south across the Sea of Marmara, through the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean. There they spawn in April, starting their journey back to Istanbul in May, where they will linger all summer. They never enter the cold waters of the Black Sea: the top of the Bosphorus is as far north as they go.

Fishermen prefer moonless nights – the phosphorescence of sardines makes them easy to locate from a distance in the dark waters. In the old days, as in this picture, you lured them into nets by lighting kindling in a brazier on board your rowing boat, hence their Turkish name, *ateş balığı* (fire fish).

The fish are eaten fresh in season, or salted, or tinned in oil, chiefly on the Dardanelles. A popular Istanbul dish in late summer and early autumn is grilled sardines wrapped in vine leaves, which impart a slight tartness to the plump, oily fish.

YAPI KREDİ SELAHATTİN GİZ COLLECTION

The European Shore

ISTANBUL'S RIVIERA

ANDREW FINKEL EXTOLS THE CHARMS OF A TRIP UP THE WESTERN, EUROPEAN, SHORE OF THE BOSPHORUS, WHETHER BY WATER OR BY ROAD

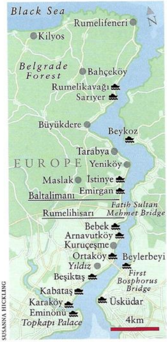
On paper, the road up the European shore would appear to be one of the great waterside drives. But in practice few ever attempt the 17 miles from downtown Karaköy to rural Rumelikavağı – the point where the road loops inland for another five miles to reach the entrance to the Black Sea.

One reason, apart from the traffic, is that Istanbul residents think of the Bosphorus as a series of disconnected communities rather than a joined-up whole. It is only since the Second World War that there has been a coastal road at all – the final stretch having been built in the 1980s as an embankment on pylons, a cheap artery through the city that did not require great sums to appropriate private land. In places such as Arnavutköy, on the European side, the road actually severs the shoreline houses from the water.

Another reason why few attempt the road trip, although there are lots of buses, is that for long stretches you can't actually see the Bosphorus. Many yalıs, the stately summer homes of the Ottoman Empire, are tucked below the road, and others have high walls between the road and what was, after all, the servants' entrance at the back.

Obviously, the best way to appreciate the Bosphorus is to travel by boat. The yalıs are themselves worth a detour, as they show their best face to the water. There are ample ways to do this, with companies running boats you can jump on and off like an inner-city bus.

The Bosphorus shoreline is still a great resource in a city where parks and green spaces are in increasingly short supply. Apartment dwellers will go to a nearby patch of green on a hot summer's night to light their metal box grill for a barbecue, while their wealthy cousins will book a table with a Bosphorus view. There are some stretches – Arnavutköy to Bebek or Yeniköy to Tarabya are two – with a promenade on which joggers and fishermen compete for turf. And there are places with a carnival atmosphere, where a man will get his rabbit to point its nose at a board to tell your fortune, or you can pop a balloon with an air rifle.


Black Sea
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Rumelifeneri
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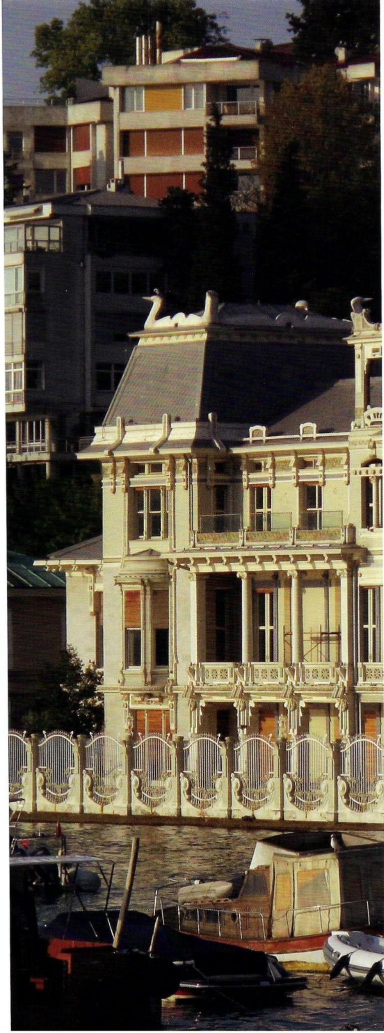
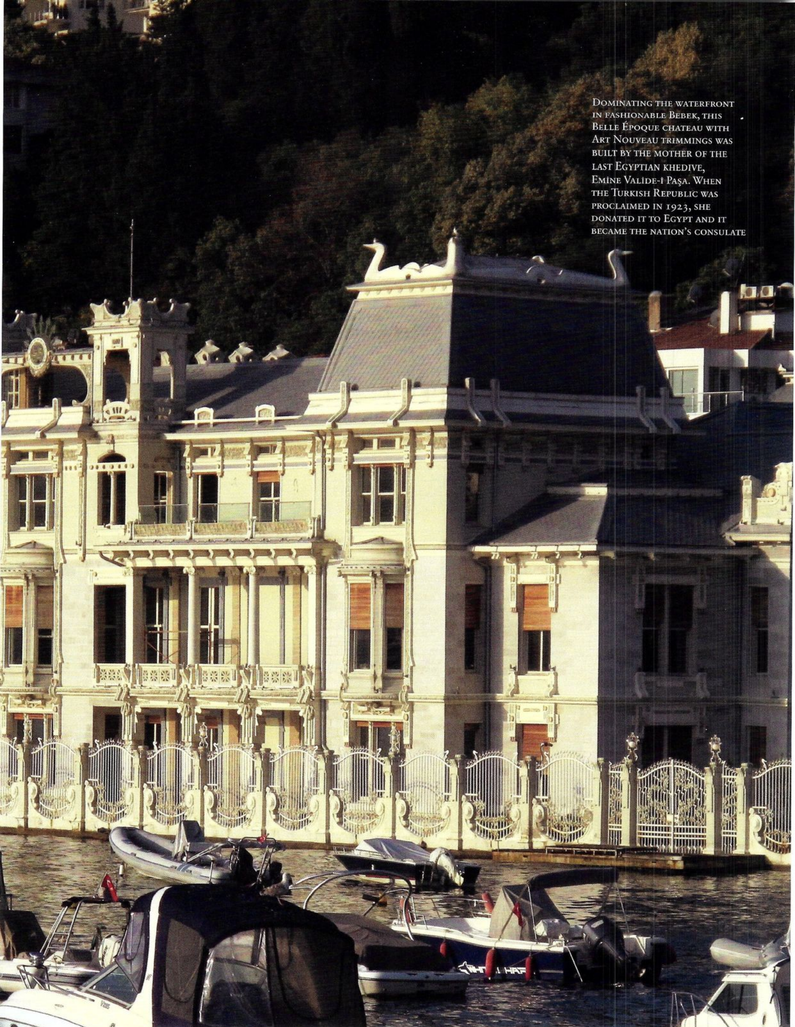
EUROPE
Yeniköy
Maslak
İstinye
Emirgan
Baltalimanı
Fatih Sultan Mehmet Bridge
Rumelihisarı
Bebek
Arnavutköy
Kuruçeşme
Ortaköy
Beylerbeyi
Yıldız
First Bosphorus Bridge
Beşiktaş
Kabataş
Karaköy
Üsküdar
Eminönü
Topkapı Palace
4km

SUSANNA HICKLING





Dominating the waterfront in fashionable Bebek, this Belle Époque chateau with Art Nouveau trimmings was built by the mother of the last Egyptian khedive, Emine Valide-i Paşa. When the Turkish Republic was proclaimed in 1923, she donated it to Egypt and it became the nation's consulate

Kuruçeşme to Rumelihisarı

SETTING SAIL

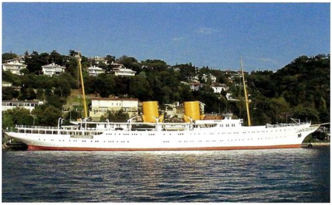
The first half of our journey up the European shore takes in the villages between the two bridges. Setting out from Kuruçeşme, sadly bereft of its beautiful yalıs, we head upstream via arty Arnavutköy and smart Bebek to the pavement buzz of Rumelihisari

Kuruçeşme: fairy palaces spirited away

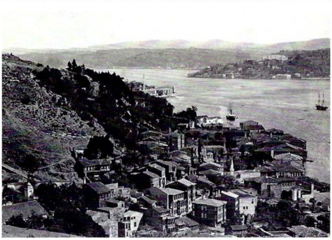
James Dallaway, the cleric and antiquary, wrote in 1797, as he sailed away from Constantinople: "We looked up the canal of the Bosphorus in a long extent, admiring its peopled shores, and the palaces of sultanas, light and fantastically constructed as if by fairy hands."

In the 18th century only the imperial Ottoman family was allowed to build along the lower, downstream stretches of the European shore within sight of Topkapı Palace and the minarets of the Old City. Others had to make do with the villages that dot the shore all the way north to the Black Sea, on the European side at least. The unbroken line of imperial palaces remaining between the Old City and the First Bosphorus Bridge, many of them now schools, gives a sense of the enormous scale of Dallaway's palaces.

It is hard now to imagine Kuruçeşme, the first village north of the bridge, as part of the Ottoman Monopoly board's Park Lane. But there were once 40 or so enormous yalıs close together along the shore here. Today just two remain, recently reconstructed. Most were hurriedly torn down in 1929–31 in response to the swingeing new property tax that saw perhaps two-thirds of Istanbul's yalıs destroyed, or, at best, turned into tobacco warehouses. The Young Turk Enver Pasha, who took Turkey into the First World War, had his yalı replaced with a coal bunker. With the demise of coal the area became a wasteland. Glamour of a sort finally returned when glitzy, throbbing nightclubs moved in in the 1990s. Today the traffic jams still come in the early hours, when **Sortie** and **Reina** disgorge their denizens (and the Asian shore can get some sleep).



BERRIN TOROLSAN



BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

Top Atatürk's yacht, the 'Savarona', the longest in the world when it was launched in Hamburg in 1931. Built by William Francis Gibbs for an American heiress at a cost of $4 million, it was bought by the Turkish government in 1938
Above A paddle steamer sailing into Kuruçeşme, c1900, when there was no coast road and access to the many splendid yalis was almost entirely from the water

A fragment of history survives at Defterdar Point, the first headland and the first place where you can walk down to the water's edge. The **Defterdar İbrahim Pasha Mosque**, now painted terracotta, was built in 1661. In 1831, Mahmud II squared off the building by adding a suite of rooms whose white wooden exterior gives the building the air of a small yalı.

After this, the road is straight and featureless, divided from the sea by high walls and new clubs, with alarmingly showy new bars colonising the land side. A welcome relief is the **Cemil Topuzlu Park**, where Atatürk's yacht, the *Savarona*, is moored. Launched in 1931 in Hamburg, she was the world's most sumptuous yacht, according to *Jane's Fighting Ships*, and also the longest at 136 metres. You can't go aboard, but you can take a stroll in the park and stop for lunch or coffee on the terrace of the fish restaurant **Park Fora**.

Today the only yalı you can actually step inside is the **Hôtel Les Ottomans**, one of the two rebuilt since the 1929 tax fiasco. Don't expect authenticity: this is a pricey jet-set hangout with wild Ottomanesque interiors. What you go for is the terrace.

For a more discreet waterside watering hole, step behind the neighbouring **Macrocenter** supermarket to find **Aşşk** (meaning love, as in "lurve").

At the Kuruçeşme crossroads, sophisticates drive up behind the handsomely restored Armenain church to the modern suburb of Ulus on the hill above, to dine on the terrace of **Ulus 29**, with a grand view over the First Bridge.

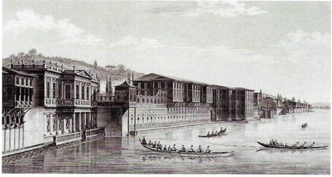
Next to the crossroads is a pair of classy little shops. **Lokum**, purveyor of Turkish delight (Kuruçeşme Cad 19), has branches in Walton Street and at Bergdorf Goodman. Its fragrant Turkish delight is memorable, and the pomegranate-and-nut squares are dense, chewy and delicious. Even the boiled sweets come splendidly packaged. **Dolce** (No 25), next to the Maserati and Roller dealers, is noted for seriously rich brownies, and is also good for a light lunch.

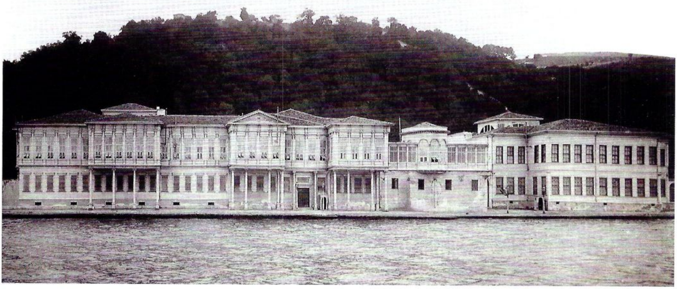
A park separates the road from the quay, where you take a boat to tiny Galatasaray Island, with its smart restaurants, large pool – and more clubbing, should you want it. This is where guests of the Sumahan on the Water, on the Asian shore, meet the hotel's launch. The city ferry stopped long ago – the *iskele* is now the **Marina** fish restaurant.

A remnant of old Kuruçeşme is the 18th-century **Teskereci Osman Efendi Mosque**, above an old-fashioned greengrocer's. It is distinguished by two tiers of tall, narrow windows, and a grand fountain at street level – next to a large Coca-Cola sign. It was this fountain, built in 1683 by a grand vizier's sister, that gave the village of Kuruçeşme (Dry Fountain) its name when the spring water stopped flowing.

THE LOST YALIS

The yacht *Savarona* (see left) was lavishly refurbished after being gutted by fire in 1979. Alas, not the yalıs! Picturing what used to be here takes a feat of imagination. Luckily, we have valuable records of what the palatial yalıs of Kuruçeşme looked like. Old prints and photographs reveal a populous town whose waterside houses had façades as delicate as birdcages, though sometimes even longer than the *Savarona*. And the first volume of *The Yalıs of the Bosphorus* (1993), by the architect Sedad Hakkı Eldem, has plans so exhaustive that many of the houses could be reconstructed from them today.





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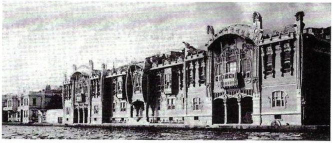


Mert Sandalci Collection

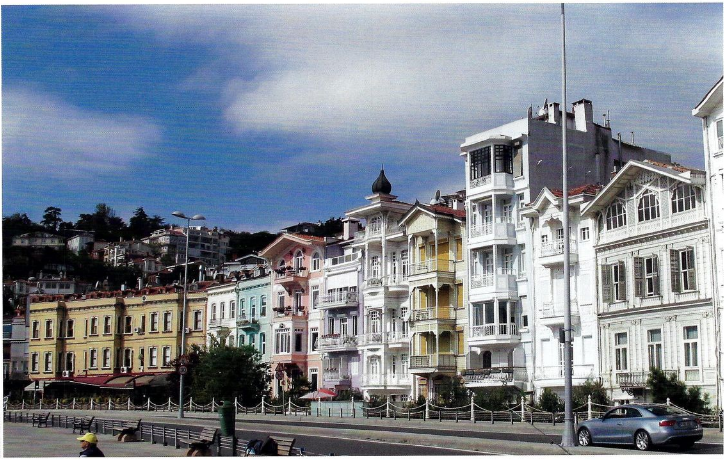
Left Antoine Ignace Melling's view of the Hatİce Sultan Yali, the palace he rebuilt and gently classicised for the sultan's sister around 1800
Below An 1895 photograph of the Tirnakçizade Yali, largest of Kuruçesme's long-gone waterside wooden palaces
Bottom The architect Raimondo D'Aronco's pride and joy was his madly Art Nouveau Nazİme Sultan Yali with its exuberant balconies

First to be built on the shore, in 1600, was the palace of Safiye Sultan, consort to Murad III (and a future queen mother), who started a fashion followed by generations of imperial women. Her yalı was rebuilt for Murad IV's daughter, Rukiye Sultan, who died in 1696 (her husband, Defterdar İbrahim Pasha, gave his name to the nearby headland). Yalıs, being so delicate, frequently needed rebuilding. Ahmed III, sultan during the Tulip Period, soon replaced Rukiye Sultan's with his Abode of Joy (Neşetâbâd), which Selim III then gave to his sister Hatice Sultan. She had it rebuilt in the classicising style by her German architect, Antoine Ignace Melling, in 1800.

Melling had been 19 when he arrived in Istanbul, and the sultana was 16. He had come to her attention after designing a maze for the colourful Pera-born Baron Hübsch von Grossthal (a rendering of Büyükdere), envoy of Denmark and Saxony and banker to the Russian embassy. Melling became architect and garden designer to her brother Selim III (himself only 21), and her adviser on all matters artistic, from interior design to furniture, fashion and jewellery.

He would remain in Istanbul for 18 years, mainly in her service. Her letters to him are written in Turkish mixed with French and Italian, using German grammar and the Latin alphabet, which he had taught her. She addressed him as "Rağbetlu Melling Calfa", or Esteemed Master Melling. But her tone is always impatient as she orders him to design gifts for her brother and husband – a jewelled dagger, a turban cloth embroidered with pearls, a diamond-studded comb case – as well as items for herself and her household, from mosquito nets to gilded chairs; flowers worth 1,500 ducats; material and designs for new dresses; a shawl embroidered with gold sequins…

Melling captured the old yalıs in his drawings, but as royal protégé and conspicuous style-setter he also opened a floodgate to eclecticism. This reached its apogee in 1897 with the Art Nouveau extravaganza built for Nazime Sultan, Abdülaziz's daughter. D'Aronco, the architect, was so proud of it that he sent photos to Italy to whet appetites for his next appearance at the Turin Fair.



BERRİN TOROLSAN

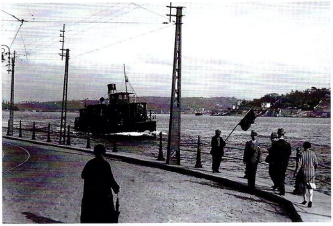
Arnavutköy: the Albanian village

If Kuruçeşme seems a soulless, drive-by place, go round the headland of Sarrafburnu, where the road divides at a beautiful Art Nouveau house, for the more welcoming prospect of Arnavutköy. The long curve of the bay ends with a row of splendid old waterside town houses, which, sadly for the owners, can now be viewed from a highway built on stilts that runs between them and the sea. Behind the houses is the shabby old high street and the hospitable heart of the village.

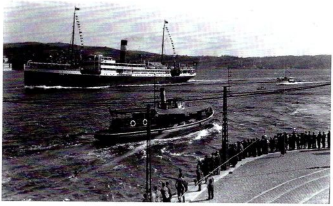
Before you reach the village, the shore is clogged with giant dinner-and-dancing boats, but makes for a pleasant stroll. Identifiable by its oxblood-red paintwork is the **Memduh Pasha Yalı**, one of the last traditional Ottoman yalıs on the European shore, uncluttered with Western columns and pediments. Hugged by wisteria, it still has its secret walled garden on the hill behind but is shamefully neglected. The columns you *can* glimpse in the woods above, though only from a boat, belong to the American Robert College, founded in 1863.

Arnavutköy has enough local tradesmen to keep sensible, unlicensed lunchtime places thriving, as well as meyhanes for those who fancy a drink. On the corner of Beyazgül Caddesi, the narrow street leading up from the boat station, **Ali Baba** grills excellent köfte. **Çelebi** (No 16) is a popular tradesman's restaurant (*esnaf lokantası*) serving *paça çorbası* (trotter broth) once a week, and *işkembe* (tripe soup) and *balık çorbası* (fish soup) on other days. More for the passing trade are **Takanik** (Arnavutköy 1. Cad 87) and **Adem Baba** (Satışmeydanı Sok 2), reliable places for a quick plate of fish, and the popular **Bodrum Mantı**, under the mosque next door to the

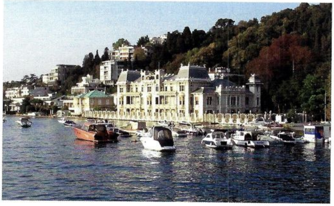
CAFER TÜRKMEN



YAPI KREDİ SELAHATTİN GİZ COLLECTION



YAPI KREDI SELAHATTIN GIZ COLLECTION



Top Arnavutköy's parade of yalis still has its feet in the water behind a road on stilts
Above left An early-morning visit from the greengrocer
Left and above Akintiburnu, with its wicked current. Flagmen were employed after a fatal collision in 1910 at Kandilli on the opposite shore
Above right Woods still form a backdrop to the palace of the khedive's mother in Bebek

1843 Neoclassical police station at the northern end of the village.

Pricey, licensed fish restaurants that face the sea have entrances on the narrow high street guarded by parking valets. **Zıpkın** (1. Cad 60) offers modern takes on classic meyhane dishes such as *lakerda* (bonito pickled in brine) and *çiroz* (sun-dried mackerel with dill). The clever lighting makes the road on stilts a glamorous part of the glittering Bosphorus view, particularly in winter. The rooftop terrace of the less trendy **Eftalya** (No 32) has summer appeal, while **Arnavutköy Balıkçısı** (No 4), the first house in the grand parade of yalıs, is busier, more meyhane in style.

Many of Arnavutköy's charms require you to get out and walk. If you just drove through, or even sailed by, you would be missing a lot: the terraces of old wooden houses on the hillside, all different, some polished, others gently fading; the attractive square at the northern end of the high street, **Kilise Meydanı**, once the historic focus of the village, with its imposing Orthodox church; hidden pieces of quirky architecture, such as handsome Art Deco apartments and a 1960s block covered in green mosaic; and, best of all, the grand views to the Old City if you climb behind the church to the top of the **Akıntıburnu** promontory.

For a refreshing sea breeze, make for the shore at the end of the headland, where the powerful Şeytan Akıntısı (Devil's Current) creates whirlpools – an oarsman's nightmare, especially in stormy weather. Arnavutköy was known to the Greeks as Mega Revma (Strong Current) – mega men waited on the towpath to haul vessels past the danger point. Passengers got out to walk. Even crabs were said to crawl on land. In the age of steam, a man with a flag warned of ferries racing downstream.

Arnavutköy (Albanian Village in Turkish) derives from the conquest of Albania in the 15th century by Mehmed the Conqueror, who settled Albanian families in the village. The name was well established by 1568, when an edict was issued ordering poachers to be kept out of the sultan's orchards.

Albanians were renowned gardeners. The hills framing the Bosphorus here were covered with orchards, farms, market gardens, private gardens and nurseries. The almost extinct white Ottoman strawberry is still known as *Arnavutköy çileği*. A century ago tons were harvested on these hillsides, the scent wafting across the Bosphorus. People were also attracted from far and wide to the *panayır* (country fairs) held in the village from the 16th century until the 1940s.

The cooling sea breeze always made Arnavutköy a popular summer resort – Ottoman grandees, Muslim and non-Muslim alike, had yalıs at sea level as well as *köşks* (country houses with gardens) on the hill above. In the 17th century the traveller Evliya Çelebi praised the fine houses of wealthy Jews and Greeks, and abundant gardens and groves, tended no doubt by Albanian gardeners.

Bebek the beautiful

The most urban and well-heeled of the villages lining the European shore, Bebek may be too rich for its own good, with expensive chain stores threatening to crowd out the butchers, bakers and local amenities that make Istanbul life so pleasant. Upmarket restaurants flourish and four-by-fours jam the streets even late at night. But then Bebek *is* the Bosphorus riviera.

Blessed with a gorgeous setting on a bay where the waterway is at its most lake-like, Bebek has steep hills with swish apartments enjoying hazy views of old fortresses and modern yachts. This is the sort of place where any CEO of a multinational might expect to live. It is also a place to spend lazy afternoons letting the world sail by. Just avoid weekends, when the coast road is clogged.

Visit on a midweek morning in high summer, when half the Bosphorus has gone to Bodrum – or go on an icy winter's day when the snow sweeps down from the Black Sea, turning the water a luminous bottle-green.

The surprisingly modest high street has a pretty park at one end, a long curving esplanade at the other, and two steep valleys that climb the hill to fashionable Etiler and the city proper.

No one has yet dared to touch a leaf of the hillside woods that form Bebek's southern backdrop, but, as with Kuruçeşme, photos of long-gone yalıs are enough to make one weep. The single survivor is

JOHN SCOTT

decidedly eccentric: a Belle Époque Loire chateau with Art Nouveau adornments. Now the **Egyptian Consulate**, it was built by the formidable mother of the last khedive of Egypt. The recent restoration for President Mubarak saw the reinstitution of bizarre giant swans on the roof.

The park beside the consulate is shaded by the old plane trees of perhaps the most beautiful yalı on the Bosphorus. Built in 1726, the Bebek Kasrı was torn down in the 19th century on a whim of Abdülmecid and is preserved only in engravings. When he asked why it looked so shabby, he was told, unwisely, that it had seen many sultans come and go, and would see many more.

Today Bebek is more for hanging out than exploring. But there are still places to walk and wonder at, and places to eat and drink for locals and students as well as oligarchs.

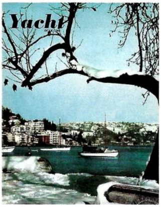
The attractive domed mosque, which replaced an even prettier wooden one on pillars under which caiques were drawn up, dates from 1919. Beside it is the unpretentious **Bebek Café**, haunt of 1970s intellectuals, where, for the price of a glass of tea, you can enjoy serene views across Bebek Bay to the yalıs of Kandilli on the Asian side. If you want an espresso with your views, go next door to **Caffè Nero**, which has four floors to choose from.

For a picnic by the water, cross the main road to **Kantin** (Cevdetpaşa Cad 43), a café and food shop with delicious roast-beef-and-hummus sandwiches. On the same side, a branch of the brasserie **Kitchenette** sits on a leafy terrace overlooking the park.

Step behind it and you can disappear up the hill into Büyük Bebek Deresi, the first of Bebek's two valleys, to find art galleries such as **Artgalerim** (İnşirah Sok 4) and **Evin** (Büyük Bebek Deresi Sok 13), and a timeless rural Bosphorus: a gloomy ravine of cul-de-sacs with moss-covered walls and overhanging bay trees.

Bebek's high street is a continuation of the coast road, Cevdetpaşa Caddesi. It starts at the southern end with the glitzy Italian eatery **Lucca** (No 51), a magnet for SUVs. In sharp

ABOVE BEBEK'S WATERFRONT, WITH THE BEBEK HOTEL IN THE CENTRE. THE VALLEY OF KÜÇÜK BEBEK IS ON THE FAR RIGHT
RIGHT BEBEK PARK IN 1960
BELOW THE 18TH-CENTURY MOSQUE, SEEN HERE IN 1906, WAS REPLACED BY A DOMED MOSQUE IN 1919. THE CAFÉ IS STILL THERE
OPPOSITE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP BEBEK PARK, ONCE THE WALLED GARDEN OF THE 18TH-CENTURY BEBEK KASRI; THE IMPERIAL ARCHITECT MELLING'S DRAWING OF THE BUILDING; AND A MURAL DEPICTING IT IN THE TOPKAPI



BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

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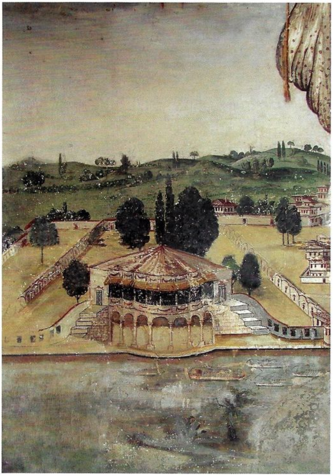

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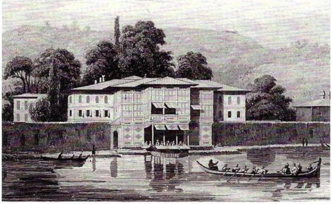


BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

contrast, the discreet **Bebek Badem Ezmesi** (No 53), family-run since 1904, makes fabulous marzipan fresh every day (there's a pistachio version if you prefer). Then there are two bookshops, a famous fishmonger and a delicatessen. Old Bebek is holding on.

On the Bosphorus side of the street you sit on verandas so low in the water that you fear being engulfed. Try the **Divan** at No 28 for *rokoko* (an ice-cream cake), or maybe schnitzel or a salad. The fish restaurant **Bebek Balıkçısı** (No 26) always draws a row of limos to the pavement outside.

At No 34, the **Hotel Bebek** is a 1950s institution that keeps itself to itself, with a clubby terrace bar hidden from the street, and a sea-level restaurant, **Les Ambassadeurs.** Here Russian dishes join classic Istanbul ones, and no one blinks if you ask for a bottle of their lemon vodka to arrive with the bread.

At the northern of the street, at No 52, is a branch of the venerable **Baylan** patisserie. **Yeni Güneş**, a CORNUCOPIA favourite

BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

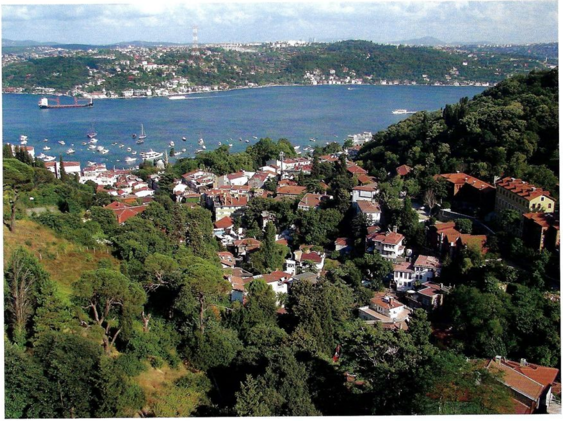
famous for its creamy, smoky aubergine purée, has sadly closed. Such meze-and-fish restaurants, unfortunately, have had their day in voguish Bebek. Yeni Güneş has gone but the name lives on in the surviving ice-cream parlour outside, which makes delicious mastic ice cream and fruit sorbets). Super-smooth **Chilai** next door at No 60 serves world cuisine downstairs and takes reservations for "fine dining" upstairs. A wall of windows makes the most of the bay views, and there is a jetty to encourage you to sail there.

The large plane tree in the high street marks the entrance to the second valley and the villagey district of **Küçük Bebek** (Little Bebek), with its sprinkling of boutiques. Here the narrow high street turns into a seaside esplanade. The single reminder of the yalıs that stood here is the **Yılanlı Yalı** (Yalı of the Serpents) on the headland, rebuilt without its 60-room harem. Mahmud II backed out of buying it when a hostile neighbour told him the place was infested with snakes.

Of course, comparisons with the past can be unfair. Among the apartments on the esplanade, look for the **Ragıp Devres Villa,** a 1932 Bauhaus gem by the Austrian Ernst Egli, who built much of 1930s Ankara; and **Taps Brewery**, a few doors along (Cevdetpaşa Cad 119), providing home-brewed beer with a view. You wouldn't have found those in the old days.

BERRİN TOROLSAN

ABOVE FRESH ALMONDS AND PISTACHIOS ARE THE SECRET AT BEBEK BADEM EZMESİ, THE FAMOUS MARZIPAN SHOP
TOP LEFT THE BÜYÜK ÇELEBİ KÖŞKÜ STOOD WHERE MEHMED THE CONQUEROR'S COMMANDER BEBEK ÇELEBİ BUILT HIS PALACE
LEFT BÜYÜK BEBEK DERESİ, ONE OF BEBEK'S TWO VALLEYS



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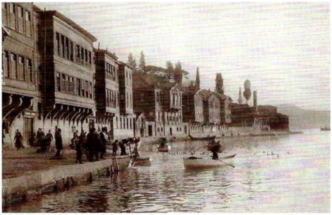
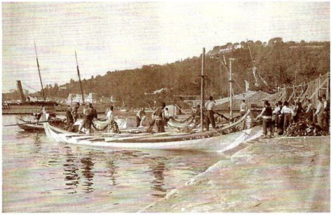
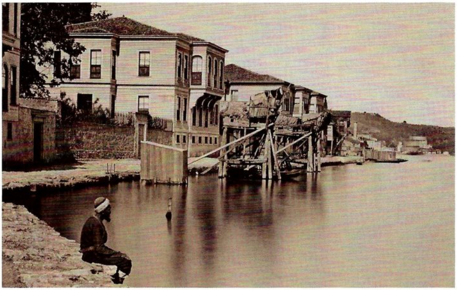
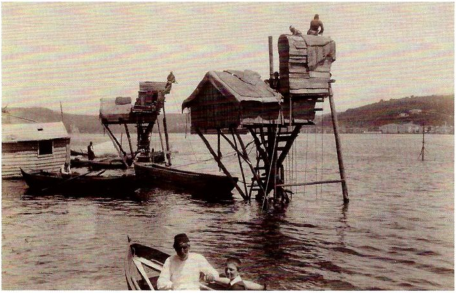








BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

On the waterfront

Bebek's esplanade (above left) was lined with yalıs all the way to the **Kayalar (Rock) Mosque** on the northern headland. The first yalı in the photograph, with its scrolling corbels, belonged to Reşid Mümtaz Pasha (1856–1921), the forward-looking mayor of Beirut, then of Bursa (where he brought in piped water), and later of Istanbul, where he laid out numerous avenues, including what became Taksim's Cumhuriyet Caddesi.

Apart from the **Yılanlı Yalı** to the north of the mosque, these dreamy yalıs live on only in the odd name. For example, the **Arif Paşa Korusu**, a shady grove full of desirable apartments, once belonged to the pasha's yalı of the same name.

Bebek had numerous landing points for communal bazaar caiques (above) and ferries. It also had its famous *dalyans* (left and below left) – early fish farms with huts on stilts. These archaic platforms were devised to catch migrating *lüfer* (bluefish), brill and bass, usually in the autumn. A lookout perched on a structure of pilings strung with nets, ready to trap shoals as they swam through. The fish would then be held there until needed, sometimes until the following season.

Suitable locations were limited – Bebek was one and Beykoz, on the Anatolian shore, another. Deeds were issued for hereditary water rights, and fishermen paid rent. The Beykoz rights belonged to the descendants of Trabzon *dalyancı* settled by Mehmed the Conqueror.

Dalyans are now banned – in Bebek because of the luxury yachts; in Beykoz, one suspects, because they obstruct Black Sea trawlers, whose radar and ruthless netting are decimating fish stocks. A few *dalyans* appeared in Beykoz in 2013, simpler affairs than the ones here from a century ago. There were none in 2014, which was a bumper year for fish.

Rumelihisarı: the great divider

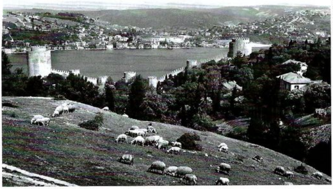
A late Ottoman poet describes how the weight of the city seems to lift in Rumelihisarı. It is an easy ten-minute walk north from the Bebek esplanade. As you pass the park where a statue of Orhan Veli, the poet of the Garip (Lonesome) Group, sits forlornly looking out to sea, the sense of release is still palpable.

You could spend an hour in Rumelihisarı enjoying a seaside café, or a lifetime, like John Freely, author of the classic *Strolling Through Istanbul.*

The strait is at its narrowest here, barely 700 yards across, and Rumelihisarı divides the upper Bosphorus from the lower and thus, arguably, the Black Sea and Asia from the Mediterranean. The Ottomans may not have needed the stronghold at all, since Anadoluhisarı, their fortress on the Asian side, built 60 years earlier, might have been sufficient on its own to blockade Byzantium. But what a statement the fortress made when it was built in just four months in 1452, a year before Mehmed the Conqueror finally took Istanbul!

The fortress of Rumelihisarı is one of the city's unsung wonders. It has survived many an earthquake without once needing repairs, despite the speed with which it was built. Each tower was erected by a different general. The names of two of them are recorded on modest plaques, the second only discovered in 1953 when the walls were being cleaned for the quincentenary of the conquest.

Mehmed was generous in his rewards. When the fortress was finished he told the Armenian masons who had helped build it that he wanted to give them land for their own village. They would define its size: pointing to a block of stone, the sultan told them to choose a man to carry it as far as he could up the hill; wherever he dropped the stone would mark the boundary of the village. The whole quarter remained Armenian, and there are 1940s photographs of the stone in the Armenian cemetery at the top of the hill, which can still be visited today.



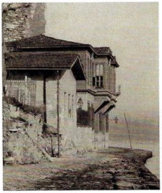
CAFER TÜRKMEN

JÜRGEN FRANK

The Byzantines had tried to stop construction of the fortress by frequent raids. Ottoman soldiers who died defending the builders were buried on a hill that is still called Şehitlik Tepesi, Martyrs' Hill. The **Nafi Dede Tekke**, a dervish lodge founded in 1451, is still standing there.

A visit to the fortress itself is unexciting – a museum without exhibits. The battlements are out of bounds, and, worryingly, development is being mooted on the grounds that there used to be houses within the walls.

The village of Rumelihisarı, with its waterside cafés, is more fun. There are two approaches: an easy one along the shore, and a harder one uphill behind the fortress. The first option is to follow the coast road north, below the old castle cemetery and sea walls, sidestepping fishermen and sunbathers, as far as one of the cafés that crowd the strip between village and water by the old boat station.

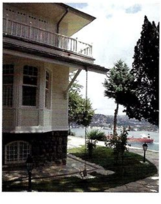


BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

As you pass the first tower, spare a thought for Durmuş Dede, whose 17th-century dervish lodge (left) stood here until the 1940s. He was one of the four great holy men of the Bosphorus traditionally revered by Muslim sailors, who, out of respect, would throw a crate of cargo overboard as they sailed past Rumelihisarı, for the benefit of anyone who found it.

The long way round, over the hills behind the castle, is more taxing, but rewarding. At the traffic lights before the fortress, turn up **Aşiyan Yolu** (Lovers' Lane) to the **Aşiyan Cemetery**, where you will find the graves of Turkey's greatest writers and poets.

Further up the lane, turn left for steep steps that bring you panting to the **Aşiyan Museum,** home of the great poet Tevfik Fikret (1867–1915), who designed this romantic Arts and Crafts eyrie in 1907. It is now a good literary museum (open 9–4, closed Mon, +90 212 263 6986). Catch your breath in his clifftop garden, then carry on up into the grounds of Boğaziçi (Bosphorus) University, formerly Robert College, where the poet



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

Main picture and far left The Ottomans built Rumelihisari in just four months in 1452
Left Durmuş Dede's 17th-century lodge stood on the towpath below the fortress until it made way for a new road in 1931
Above The poet Tevfik Fikret's house, Aşiyan, now a museum

taught. Join the cats at their siesta with a paper cup of tea from the canteen, with the water far below.

If you skip the poet's house, the official entrance to the university is at the top of Aşiyan Yolu, opposite the tower built by Mehmed the Conqueror's general Zağanos Pasha, where a gate on the right lets you into the top of the cemetery. A scraggy path skirts the walls to a truly timeless spot where you can admire the ancient masonry and the view. It was from one of these hills that another conqueror, the Persian king Darius, watched his army cross a bridge of boats in 512BC.

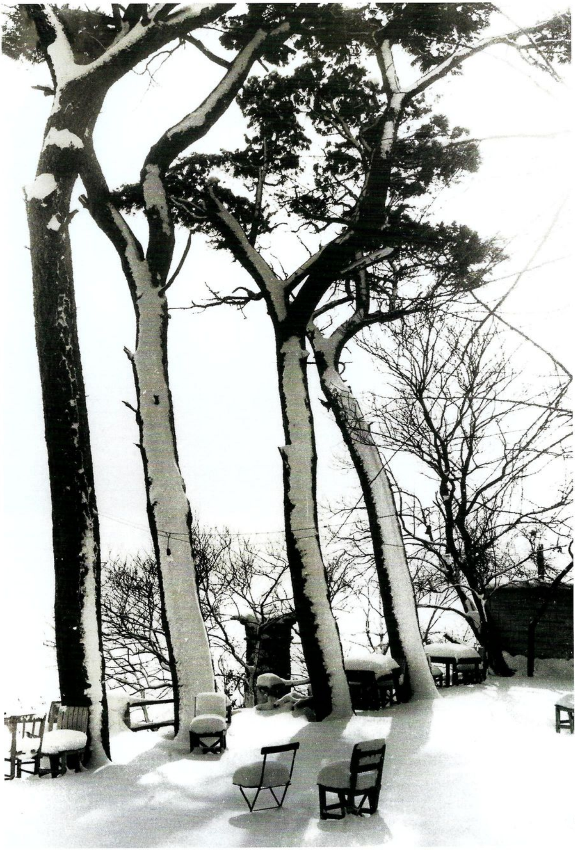
Don't even think of climbing down through the precipitous cemetery. Instead, return to Aşiyan Yolu, which becomes a cobbled lane as it winds past the old orchards in the hollow behind the fortress to the top of Rumelihisarı village. There steep lanes and steps lead to the shore.

Rumelihisarı is more relaxed than posh Bebek. Restaurants and cafés make for a buzzy spot with the air of a seaside piazza. The whole world turns up on sunny days for noisy breakfasts. Trays laden with glasses of tea and pans of eggs and spicy *sucuk* sausage whirl in and out of a melee of buses and cars. Some cafés have fish and rakı, others are unlicensed, several open into the early hours. **Sade Kahve** (Yahya Kemal Cad 20) backs onto the house of Abdülaziz's chief woodcutter, whose heirs are still there. **Çapa** (No 8) is an old-fashioned meyhane; **Lokma** (A Bite, No 12) is smarter, often with a long queue.

Step up the hill behind the cafés for a last view. Above **Seyir,** with its good *sucuk* and flashy bar, are the oxblood walls of Ahmed Vefik Pasha's library. He was a colourful vizier, diplomat and translator of Voltaire. When a French envoy exceeded the permitted number of oarsmen for his caique, the pasha repaid the insult by ordering a carriage grander than Napoleon III's.

Upstream from the cafés is the gothic tower of the **Perili Köşk,** now offices, which morphs at weekends into an art space, **Borusan Contemporary.**

Further on, peer through iron gates at the wildly overgrown **Zeki Pasha Yalı,** built ususually of stone in 1895 by Alexandre Vallaury for the reforming field marshal and grandson of Sheikh Shamil, now in the shadow of the Fatih Sultan Mehmet Bridge. Then it's time to hop on a bus to the upper Bosphorus. ◆



CAFER TÜRKMEN

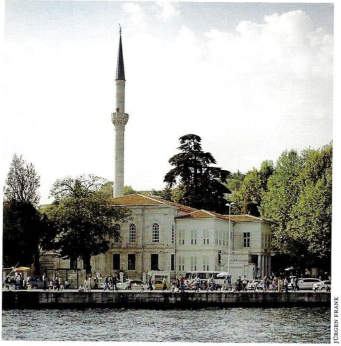
This page
A long-lost tea garden in Boyacıköy, one of the villages just north of the Fatih Bridge, photographed by Cafer Türkmen in the 1960s
Opposite, clockwise from top right
A formal square and fountain in Boyacıköy; the village's finest house, the Münir Bey Köşkü; the Japanese garden in Baltalimani; the plane trees of Çınaraltı, next to Emirgan's 1781 mosque

Baltalimanı to Sarıyer

BOUND FOR THE BLACK SEA

FROM THE GENTEEL OLD-MONEY DISTRICTS OF BALTALİMANI AND EMİRGAN, HEAD NORTH FOR THE STATELY YALIS AND CAFÉ SOCIETY OF YENİKÖY, THEN THE FADED GRANDEUR OF TARABYA AND BÜYÜKDERE AND THE GRITTY TRAWLER TOWN OF SARIYER

BRIAN MCKEE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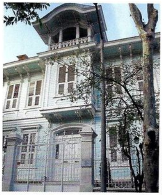

BERRIN TOROLSAN

Baltalimanı: a tiny corner of Japan

North of the fortress of Rumelihisarı, the strait is thickly wooded and the two shores run parallel for half a mile, close enough for a good view of the yalıs on the other side. Baltalimanı, the first village you come to after the second Bosphorus bridge, is easy to reach by car via the bridge itself, or from the 4. Levent metro station in the business district of Levent (close to the excellent Tuesday market). Two secret hideaways make it worth a visit: a panoramic view known only to academics, and a very unexpected Japanese garden.

The place to survey the scene is **Vakıftepe**, a hilltop restaurant-café run by Istanbul Technical University. It is not a pleasant walk, but it is just two minutes by taxi from the coast road (or coming from central Istanbul, the last stop on the 59K bus from Mecidiyeköy). The tables look downstream over the Fatih Bridge with its roaring traffic, and north to Beykoz over the tops of young umbrella pines – all that lies between the lawn and the abyss. Kanlıca and the tower of the **Hidiv Kasrı** (the Egyptian khedive's hilltop villa) sit way below you on the shore opposite. You can see why yalı owners also built houses on the hillside above.

The sea at Baltalimanı is deep and the currents fast. Fishing boats seek out the underwater cliffs where the *lüfer* gather, and clouds of shearwaters skim the surface, hesitating before their journey south. The new yalıs on the shore below the coast road have glorious views, but are paltry compared with the palaces of old. Baltalimanı's grandest was the yalı of Mustafa Reşid Pasha, the grand vizier who led the 1830s Tanzimat reforms. Its scale is hinted at by the Neoclassical stone palace he built for his son and imperial daughter-in-law, now the **Baltalimanı Bone Hospital**; astonishingly, his own long-gone wooden yalı had a frontage six times the length. The ruins of his huge stone viewing *köşk*, the **Sungur Köşkü**, stand roofless in the steep woods above the road.

The valley of Baltalimanı was a favourite Ottoman picnic spot – pashas had little kiosks built by the stream. An avenue of planes provided shade, now enjoyed by noisy parakeets and a *kokoreçci* (seller of grilled lamb's intestines spiced with thyme and paprika) who parks his smoky barrow outside a basketball school. He feeds hungry pupils by day, and in the small hours stick-thin beauties and their stocky beaux emerging from Bosphorus nightclubs.

The Ottoman ideal of taking your ease in nature, with water to refresh you, has been prettily revived in Baltalimanı's **Japanese Garden**, a gift to Istanbul from its sister city of Shimonoseki, whose Garden Club designed and planted it. Modelled on Chofu Garden, on Japan's

BRIAN MCKEE

Kanmon Straits, complete with a samurai gate, it features pools, pagodas and a small waterfall and is encircled by a white wall topped with curvy grey tiles. Restored in 2010, the garden still attracts few visitors. Go in spring for the cherry blossom, and to be authentic take a blanket, your lover and a bottle of wine. There was a plan to build 100 such gardens in Istanbul, each in the style of one of its sister cities. This is the only one.

Boyacıköy's cobbled symmetry

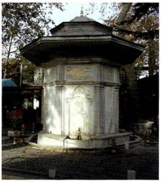
Boyacıköy, literally the Dyers' Village, dates back to 1806, when Selim III settled some 40 households of the Kafrariyofi clan from Thrace there to dye serge and fezzes for his New Army, barracked in nearby Levent. He hoped the army would replace the Janissaries, but they had other ideas, deposing then murdering him.

After Baltalimanı, the road returns to the shore at Boyacıköy, identifiable by a small formal Italian garden and a group of wooden houses set at angles to each other, in the picturesque Ottoman way. The village's principal interest lies in the area up from the water.

Climb the hill up **Hekim Ata Sokağı**, past the Neoclassical **Mahmud II Fountain**, hidden by a plane tree, to an orderly grid of streets that pays not a jot of attention to the steep hills. The man behind this unusual scheme was the grand vizier Mustafa Reşid Pasha (whose summer palace was in Baltalimanı).

As ambassador to London in 1836, he became an admirer of Georgian town planning. On his return he was able to reduce the impact of Istanbul's frequent fires by imposing geometric street plans where he could.

In 1857, Luigi Storari, an engineer from Corfu, was asked to lay out a grid of streets in Boyacıköy. Today the cobbled streets are still as he drew them, with fountains, squares and vistas all the way up to the eponymous village of Reşitpaşa, now a large shanty town.



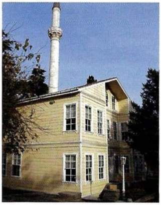
Among the village's attractive houses is the pale-blue **Münir Bey Köşkü** (previous page), an early essay in the eclecticism that swept the Bosphorus. Now Omar, a centre for classical Turkish music, it is on the hill to the left of Mahmud's fountain.

The house is best viewed from below the fountain, in Saf Saf Sokağı, just the sort of cul-de-sac Reşid Pasha did away with. Steps at the end lead up the hill to Emirgan in the next valley. Otherwise, turn right before the steps, down a dark, leafy alley to thread your way back to the Italian garden on the shore.

Emirgan's charms

Genteel Emirgan has abundant virtues: a variety of wooden houses, spacious flats in early apartment blocks, panoramic views of the water, not-too-taxing hills, a large palace park, an attractive mosque, and – upstream from a leafy square full of cafés – a world-class museum.

The **Sakıp Sabancı Museum** (SSM, see following pages) is the best reason of all for visiting Emirgan. It holds Istanbul's most ambitious exhibitions at the top of an old Bosphorus garden, with generous terraces from which to survey the water. The entrance is on the shore, marked by a large equestrian statue.



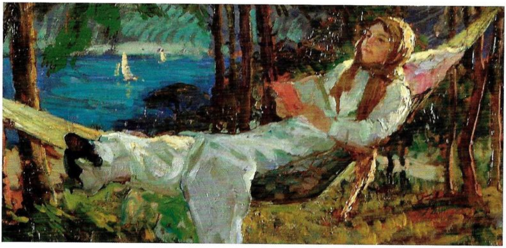
Emirgan also has spirited residents, who stood up to the authorities when they recently tried to close the boat station. Thanks to the locals, this is still a handy crossing point, with a commuter boat to Eminönü, and a ring service to the Asian side and to Bebek. A seven-minute trip across to Kanlıca in one of Kanlıca Motor's small boats costs TL5 (or TL15 if you don't want to wait for others to join you). If there's no boat waiting, call +90 216 322 8193.

The Bosphorus has no tides or swell, so water life and shore life have always been inseparable. Arriving back in Emirgan after rush hour used to be like turning up in someone's seaside living room, with murmurs of "*afiyet olsun*" (*bon appétit*) as you passed picnic tables, and "*rastgele*" (good luck) as fishermen cast their lines, all lit by hurricane lamps on fishing-tackle barrows. This villagey spirit is being lost as, against locals' wishes, the authorities push the waterline back and extend an esplanade out over the sea to attract yet more outsiders.

The village's attractive stone mosque, the **Hamid-i Evvel Camii (Abdülhamid I Mosque)**, with its porticoed wooden imperial lodge, looks like a country house with a minaret. Finished in 1781, it was the nucleus of a district founded by Abdülhamid I that includes a refined fountain, a timekeeper's pavilion, and the **Şerifler Yalı**, the oldest yalı on the European shore, whose bay windows are built onto an old sea wall.

The village's traditional meeting place, the leafy square of **Çınaraltı** (Under the Plane Tree) in front of the mosque, has lost some of its appeal, carved up with partitions by competing cafés, but locals still gather at the back, by the hexagonal **Abdülhamid I Fountain**, away from the aggressive parking valets. Enjoy the square early in the day, when the sun reflects off the water and filters through

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE



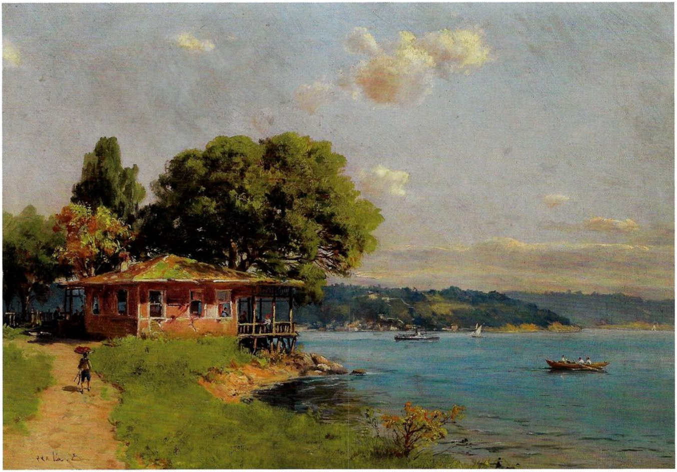
SAKIP SABANCI MUSEUM

Opposite, top to bottom Fountains at the Sakip Sabanci Museum and in Çinaralti Square; a house in the grounds of the Şerifler Yali Top and far right The view from the Sakip Sabanci; the villa housing the collection Above 'Woman in a Hammock', by İbrahim Çalli, 1912, on show in the museum

the plane trees. Drink a glass of tea with the Emirgan speciality, *kağıt helva*, a wafer filled with a honey-sweet paste of gypsophila root (*çöven*). But avoid Sundays.

The **Timekeeper's Pavilion** (**Muvakkithane**) next to the square was famed for housing one of Istanbul's only three reliable timekeeping mechanisms. Now it is dwarfed by the kitsch pudding shop **Sütiş** (which is useful, though, for its hot food and good *tavukgöğsü kazandibi*, brûléed chicken-breast milk pudding). Doğru Muvakkithane Caddesi (Right Timekeeper's Pavilion Street) leads up through the square to take you on the slow, scenic route to **Emirgan Park** (the more direct way is along the shore, turning left at a popular, laddish swimming spot and a small park). After the police station – whose lions once stood on the quay spouting spring water for passing sailors – turn up to the right to wend your way between wooden houses and old walled gardens to the park entrance.

At weekends in April, Emirgan is mayhem as 20,000 visitors pour in for the park's "tulip cascade". But out of tulip season, especially in the morning, you can savour serene views from the woods. From the gates to the park, head up to the right as far as the umbrella pines for views north to Yeniköy's yalıs; or left for the faux-rock waterfall of the **Sarı Köşk**, the khedive İsmail Pasha's 1870s chalet, now a municipal café.



ALL IMAGES: SAKIP SABANCI MUSEUM

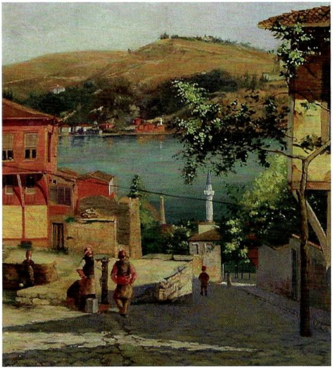
Sakıp Sabancı Museum
EARLY IMPRESSIONS

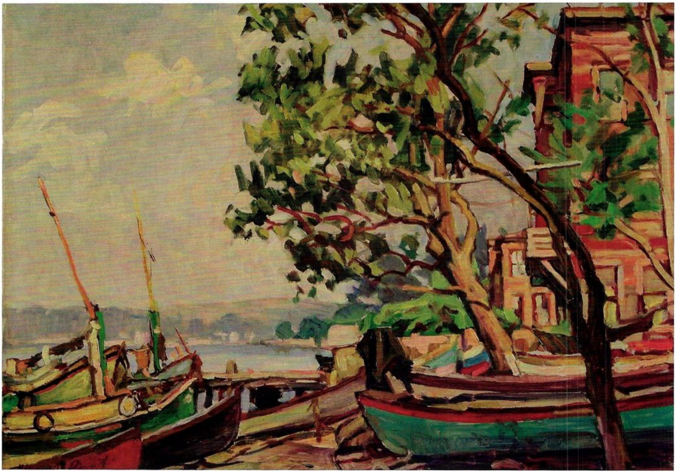
By Harriet Rix

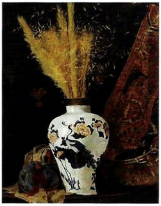
If the Sadberk Hanım in Sarıyer is the city's sweetest museum, then the Sakıp Sabancı (SSM) in Emirgan is the smoothest – a perfect pairing of pared-down lines and ice-cool exhibitions, surrounded by meticulously described gardens and a view that is hard to forget. Only the odd blast of a tanker's horn disturbs the peace, a reminder that the strait at its narrowest swirls seconds from the gates.

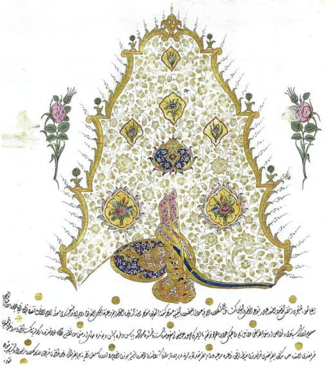
In the wake of Anish Kapoor's monumental sculpture show came *Joan Miró: Women, Birds, Stars* (until March 8, 2015). The museum also has its own permanent displays – *Turkish Painting from the Ottoman Reformation to the Republic* illustrates a fascinating period in Turkish art, when the West became something that could be emulated without loss of dignity. The 1914 Generation, who took over the Istanbul art world when they were forced to return from Paris at the outbreak of war, were a case in point. Their use of colour led to their being labelled "the Turkish Impressionists", yet a painter such as Nazmi Ziya Güran (1881–1937) could give a light to his painting of Moda that would never appear in the cold *banlieues* of Paris. And *Woman Reclining on a Hammock* (previous page), by İbrahim Çallı (1882–1960), a traditional Western theme, has features that would never be found in a Western school of art.

The modern wing of the SSM has been built onto a 1927 hilltop villa, the Atlı Köşk









TOP LEFT BOSPHORUS LANDSCAPE BY HOCA ALİ RIZA (1858–1930)
LEFT A DETAIL OF AHMET ZİYA AKBULUT'S 'KANDİLLİ', 1918
TOP HİKMET ONAT (1882–1977): BOATS IN BEYKOZ IN FRONT OF THE AHMED MİDHAT EFENDİ YALI
ABOVE 'FLOWERS IN A WHITE VASE' BY OSMAN HAMDİ (1842–1910)
RIGHT SELİM III ADDED HIS CIPHER ('TUĞRA') WITH A FLOURISH TO AN EDICT OF 1800

(Horse Mansion, after the large Daumas bronze on the shore).

In the house itself are superb galleries devoted to *Calligraphy and the Arts of the Book*, enlivened with touches that stop just short of kitsch. Animated letters and a projection of boats sailing on the Bosphorus gently ease you into the minutiae of calligraphy, then suddenly come the sinuous *tuğras* (ciphers). By 1798, Selim III's (left) had become a positive meadow, with roses, snowdrops and fritillaries smothering any resistance.

After this embarrassment of flowers and gold it is a delight to be met in the last room by videos of eggs smashed into bowls, gold leaf painstakingly applied and charcoal ground up. They do not make the calligraphy look easy – the gulf between the making and the made can only be filled in with a touch of magic. Magic is what the SSM provides.
Daily 10–6; Wed, Fri 10–8; closed Mon; sakipsabancimuzesi.org/en

DUST AND MAJESTY

Recollections of literary life on the Bosphorus

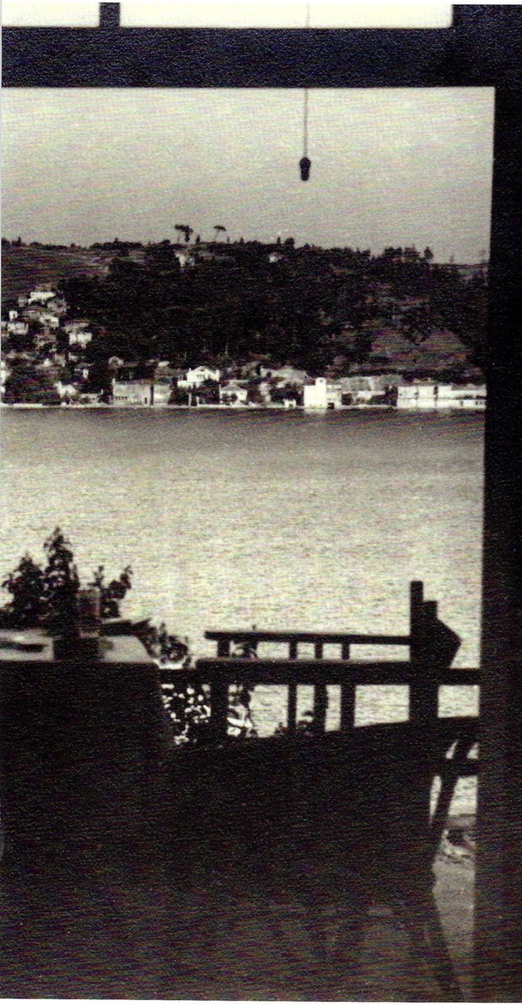
The Bosphorus is a literary anthology waiting to be published. All the great Turkish poets and writers have been here: in Kuzguncuk the poet Can Yücel made the ubiquitous Çınaraltı Café the sounding board for his sonorous bass voice; the short-story writer Haldun Taner moved house every year or so to enjoy the very early morning in a new corner of the city. Tevfik Fikret, whose house in Rumelihisarı is now a museum, made the Bosphorus fog an allegory of Ottoman politics in Abdülhamid II's day – "a density so full of dust and majesty that the eyes fear to penetrate the depths of that haze… the filth of hypocrisy, of envy, and always of gain". *Plus ça change…*

There were countless others, some famous, others known only to small literary circles, whose lives added layers of memories to the strait.

One such is Burhan Cahit Morkaya (1892–1949), seen here in 1937 with a cigarette and a glass of rakı on the balcony of his Emirgan apartment at the top of Saf Saf Sokağı. Founder of the satirical journals *Karagöz* and *Köroğlu*, he was the first person to print a newspaper entirely in the Latin alphabet after the Alphabet Law was passed in 1928 (other papers had Latin-alphabet headlines and Ottoman body text). *Köroğlu* – a four-page sheet full of political cartoons, published twice a week – had few readers in snobbish Istanbul but was Anatolia's top-selling paper.

Morkaya wrote no fewer than 35 novels, and served as an MP. In 1931 his wife, Samiye Hanım, daughter of a prominent spiritual leader, was the first woman to win the İstinye–Zincirlikuyu car rally, over the hills behind the European shore. There was resistance to a woman getting the prize (she was taken to court), but Atatürk ensured she received it. Her career ended when she lost the use of an arm in an accident during the 1934 race.

In this picture, Kanlıca's yalıs line the far shore, the boathouses clearly visible. The wood above them is Kanlıca's cemetery.



BURAK ÇETİNTAŞ ARCHIVE

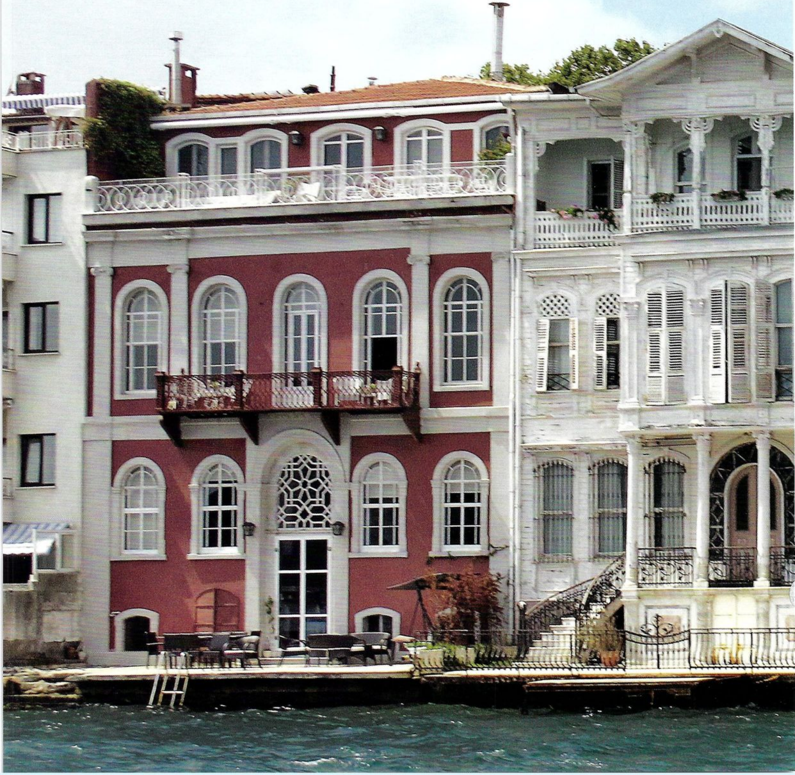
ALL CALM ON THE WESTERN SHORE: THE WRITER BURHAN CAHİT MORKAYA ON HIS BALCONY IN EMİRGAN, 1937

United nations of the Bosphorus

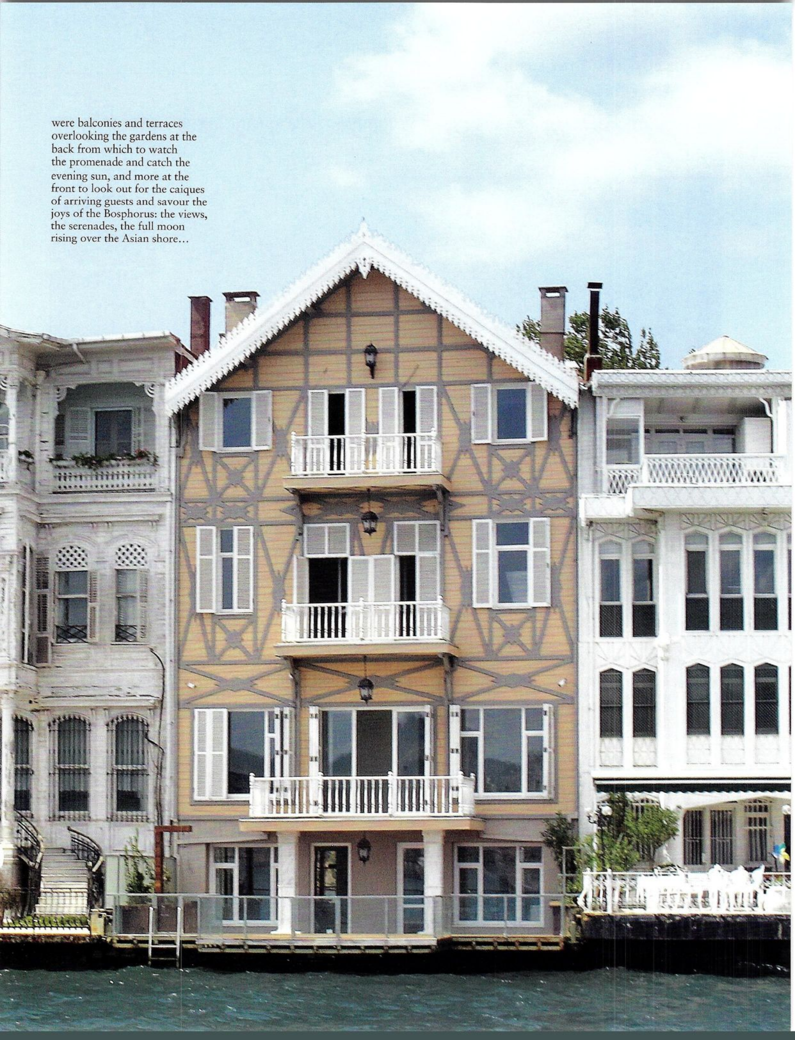
So precious was a waterfront position in the late 19th century that the sprawling yalıs and generous gardens of old gave way on the European shore to space-saving but elegant terraces of upright town houses. The graciously mismatched summer houses on these pages are in Yeniköy – a favoured resort with slow currents ideal for swimming. They were home to successful merchants (Greek, Armenian, Jewish, Levantine), Turkish grandees and minor royalty. Owners would set aside their differences as they commuted home on the clubby *vapur*, with its bar and leather banquettes.

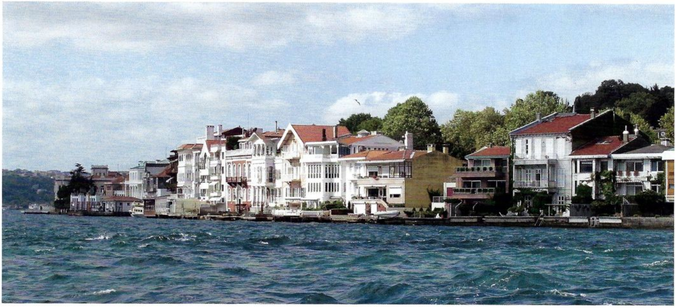
Least changed is the Venetian red house on the left, now known as the **Dr Muvaffak Gören Yalı**, built in 1897 by a Greek. The **Dadyan Yalı**, the weathered white one in the centre that marries Palladian and Art Nouveau elements, belonged to an Armenian. The chalet-style house, now the **Sandoz Yalı**, was the home of Monsieur Pardoe, a Levantine. And, at the end, the white **Kosti Reis Yalı** was home to a Captain Kosti, a Greek merchant.

Unlike the secluded old yalıs, these faced both ways. There



were balconies and terraces overlooking the gardens at the back from which to watch the promenade and catch the evening sun, and more at the front to look out for the caiques of arriving guests and savour the joys of the Bosphorus: the views, the serenades, the full moon rising over the Asian shore…





Bathtime in İstinye

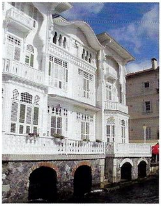
The workaday village at the head of İstinye Bay has a secret: one of the best small hamams on the Bosphorus and, according to the Ottoman historian Heath Lowry, a habitué, Istanbul's oldest. This was Ottoman territory years before Istanbul fell in 1453, and the sultan's fleet that serviced its ships in the old Byzantine docks would have demanded a bath. The hamam belongs to a mosque dating back to the 15th century. A large stone inscription in the imam's office records the 16th-century restoration of the original, built by Mehmed the Conqueror.

Since the docks were closed a decade ago, business has been quiet in the hamam's charming domed chambers, which makes it all the nicer, though only for men – the women's half was pulled down. It is open from dawn to midnight and, heated by burning sawdust, blissfully hot.

Today a marina covers the blue waters briefly revealed when the dockyard closed. No yalıs are left, and the restaurants – **Fish Var** and its kin – are dry.

It is a mystery why the USA built its fortress-like consulate in a no-man's-land of shanties and gated compounds with misspelt names such as Hilpark, but here it is, on a hill in the long valley behind the village. More approachable is the big Saturday market in the valley below.

At the northern tip of the cove is a boat station serving almost every stop. A café next to it offers the ultimate sugar hit, *İzmir lokması*: crunchy fried ping-pong balls of dough soaked in, and oozing, syrup.



<< ΞΕΝΕ
ΣΑΝ ΔΗΣ ΕΝΑ ΧΩΡΙΟ
ΟΠΟΥ ΓΕΛΑΕΙ Η ΦΥΣΙΣ,
[...]
ΕΦΘΑΣΕΣ, ΞΕΝΕ,
ΣΤΟ ΝΙΧΩΡΙ>>
DOĞANIN HEP GÜLÜMSEDİĞİ
BİR KÖY GÖRÜRSEN,

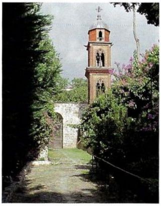
Yeniköy: where strangers smile

Yeniköy was the wealthiest, most cosmopolitan village on the European shore – the Pera of the Bosphorus. Draped over a broad cape that juts out into the strait at its widest, it has less of an old-village feel than Arnavutköy, but is leafier and more relaxed than Bebek – Londoners, think Richmond to Bebek's Chelsea. The village's lower and upper halves are linked by an avenue of plane trees and fringed by an unbroken, if eclectic, line of yalıs.

Wealth had its downside. Evliya Çelebi recalls Yeniköy's darkest hour, in 1624, when 300 light vessels full of Russian and Cossack pirates took advantage of a Janissary feast to sail down from the Black Sea and sack the town. They carried off a thousand slaves and booty worth three times the entire treasury of Egypt.

Then there was the usual Bosphorus hazard. Ships often run aground. The strait makes a sharp turn at Yeniköy and the currents are easily misjudged. In 2009, the ro-ro ferry *Ella J* just missed the **Sait Halim Pasha Yalı**, where on August 2, 1914 Turkey signed the treaty with Germany that took her into the war.

Fire was also a threat. The last conflagration was in 1918, when a yalı used as a hospital by British officers during the occupation of 1918–23 burnt down, taking 80 houses with it, including ten yalıs. The only yalı in that row to survive was built of stone, its windows cased in iron shutters, its roof full of fireproof sand. You can still



PHOTOGRAPHS: BERRIN TOROLSAN

Opposite, top The upper reaches of the Yeniköy shore Below, clockwise from far left A bishop's multi-storey grave at the Church of Aya Yorgi; a new bust of the poet Constantine Cavafy; the bell tower of the Church of Aya Panayia; the 1895 İkiz Yali (Twin Yalis), divided in two down the middle, each half with a pair of caique houses Above A long-haired Bosphorus tabby with distinctly Nordic ancestry

see the cracks in the marble windowsills caused by the heat.

The city ferry service no longer calls here, the nearest stop being İstinye. Yeniköy's *iskele*, one of Istanbul's oldest, is locked, but at least it hasn't become a restaurant like those in Kuruçeşme and Rumelihisarı, and there is still a *dolmuş motor* ferry operating from the pier. *Motors* sail every 20 minutes from Yeniköy to Beykoz on the Asian side during the day and, with seating at the back, they are a good way to see the yalıs without hiring your own boat. The crossing takes 10 minutes. A traditional *motor* is a small version of the classic snub-nosed wooden Bosphorus boat. Those range in size from a small fishing boat to a three-storey Black Sea trawler, all roughly the same shape.

To look more closely at the yalıs, you do need to hire a boat. Yeniköy's yalıs range from the Venetian **Dr Muvaffak Gören Yalı** to the 1930 Mussolini-esque **Feridun Bey Yalı** below the *iskele*. One of the most pleasing is also the simplest: the **Ratip Efendi Yalı**, where Fazileh Sultan, granddaughter of the last Caliph, celebrated her engagement to Faisal II of Iraq in 1957 – the year before he was brutally murdered in Baghdad.

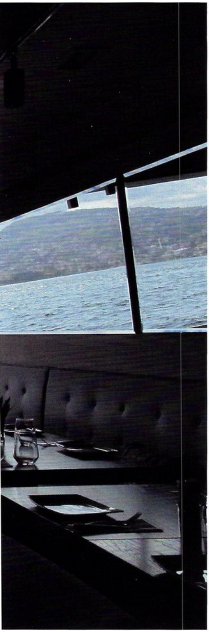
Many yalıs still have their boathouses, though the wake from passing coast-guard launches makes them unusable. The Art Nouveau **İkiz Yalı** (Twin Yalıs) by the pier is divided into two halves, with four boathouses between them.

Cafés and restaurants cluster at both ends of the village. At the southern end – by the traffic lights – are two places for quick refuelling: the pudding shop **Zeynel** (Köybaşı Cad 167) and **Takanik** (No 155), an unlicensed fish restaurant that started out on a fishing boat and is now part of a chain – there is another branch by the pier. If fish without rakı or wine seems sad, **Kavak Balıkçısı** (No 161), the meyhane next door, gaily painted in Aegean blue and white, has meze, affordable *hamsi* (anchovies), *tekir* (red mullet) and the local staple *istavrit* (horse mackerel), spurned by grand restaurants.

By the park, with its scented linden tree, are good seaside spots invisible from the road. The **Yalı Balık Lokantası** (No 145) is the place for fish and rakı with a moonlit view from the terrace. At the low-key **Yeniköy Spor Külübü** next door you can drink tea or eat kebabs as you dabble your toes in the water.

Hidden away in a yalı just along Köybaşı Caddesi, on the way to the upper village, is **Gazebo** (No 125, 9am–12pm) where the menu is mainly Italian and lovely old stone walls built as shelter from the prevailing wind frame the view from the garden. And don't be put off by the flashy entrance to a new branch of the **Arnavutköy Balıkçısı**, the modern meyhane next door: things are more discreet inside and the yalı's unvarnished floorboards give it a lived-in charm.

In Daire Sokağı, an alley next to the *iskele* at the upper end of town, **Emek Kahve** was once a fishermen's café; now it has moved up a notch and is great for a hearty breakfast – but get there early for a table near the water. Next door, on the terrace of a lovely weather-worn



BERRIN TOROLSAN / JOHN SCOTT

Main picture Wraparound views at the Circle restaurant Right, top to bottom Business mixes with pleasure on the waterway; a fishing boat weighed down by its catch; fishing on the Kalender esplanade for 'İstavrit' (horse mackerel); 'Süreyya V', a luxurious yacht for hire, with a jazz band as well, if you wish Far left A purposeful trawler Left 'Halas', a 1914 Glasgow-built Bosphorus ferry, is a floating hotel in winter and can be chartered in summer

wooden yalı, the famous Greek meyhane **Aleko's**, aka the **Deniz Park Gazinosu** (No 9), catches the morning sun and is perfect for an early lunch of meze. **Circle, at** No 5, is a tiny, chic New York-style hideaway, while the pavement café **Timothy's** (Köybaşı Cad 55) is good for a draught beer or a glass of wine. At pristine **Akıncı**, the old monopolies shop near the *iskele*, bottles of rakı and Scotch are immaculately stacked.

Opposite the ferry station, a lane of terraced houses leads past a church to **Caffè Krinio** (Simitçi Salih Sok 18). More living room than café, it belongs to a Greek cook noted for her cakes and attracts the clergy after the long Sunday-morning service. Place your order the day before for a lunch or teatime feast (see lisings p220).

Yeniköy was known in the 16th century as Peksimet İskelesi (Ship's Biscuit Jetty), as it supplied biscuits to ships bound for the Black Sea. In the 1820s, 20 rival bakers huddled close to today's *iskele*. People still travel to Yeniköy to buy biscuits and shortbread (*un kurabiyesi*) from the **Tarihi Yeniköy Börekçisi** (Historic Yeniköy Börek Shop), opened in 1817 and now at Köybaşı Caddesi 82, by the park with its mosque and church. Biscuits (*kurabiye*) are either sweet (*tatlı*) or salty (*tuzlu*) and always sold in paper bags. The *börek* is a meal in itself.

You can have tea here, or climb the stone steps of Kürkçü Faik Sokağı, a hundred yards downstream, to the **Yeniköy Kahve**, whose vine-covered terrace looks out through the treetops to yalı roofs and the sea. It has soup and toasted sandwiches as well as tea and coffee, a log fire and a room with books – a reminder that the traditional word for café was *kıraathane*, or reading room. Every district had one.

Above the café, cobbled lanes lead to the **Church of Aya Nikola.** Yeniköy has no fewer than five large churches. At Easter, coachloads of Athenians hunt down the one that's open for the midnight service. Facing the *iskele* is **Aya Yorgi**. Just upstream, a cobbled path leads up to the wooden bell tower of

Aya Panayia Kumariotisa (of the Arbutus) and the grandiose graves of Karatheodori Pasha (1833–1906), Abdülhamid's foreign minister and Prince of Samos, and of his father Mahmud II's physician, who halted the plague in 1836 by enforcing quarantine.

Also in Aya Panayia's garden is a bust of the poet Constantine Cavafy (1863–1933), inscribed with his words (in Greek and Turkish): "If you find yourself smiling, Stranger, know that you are in Yeniköy." At the age of 19 Cavafy came to live in his grandfather's yalı in Yeniköy, writing his first poems – in Greek, English and French – and having a passionate affair with a cousin.

In leafy lanes above the main road, all noise and commotion are left behind. From Aya Yorgi, if you bear left, you reach the old Greek school above Aya Nikola and the Yeniköy Kahve, where the small Friday market is a good source of locally grown produce.

If you bear right instead, and keep climbing, you can then drop down to the shore at the Neoclassical **Austrian Consulate** (Köybaşı Cad 46). Its garden, full of nightingales in summer, covers the hillside. This is the only one of the old Bosphorus embassies to open its doors to the public and you can appreciate the splendid ballroom at their excellent free classical recitals.

The little fishing harbour across the road marks the start of the Kalender esplanade, which runs all the way to Tarabya. On holidays it takes on an informal carnival air – visitors pay to shoot with air rifles at balloons bobbing in the water; dozens of men and women reel in fishing lines laden with horse mackerel; resourceful citizens unpack tables and stools from their cars to create pop-up tea gardens; while families enjoy full-blown breakfast parties, complete with tablecloths and bubbling samovars.

Serious walkers will enjoy the 20-minute hike along the waterfront of Kalender Bay, taking in the small Neoclassical **Kalender Kasrı** – built by Abdülaziz in the 1860s to view the fleet, now an officer's mess – and D'Aronco's Art Nouveau **Huber Köşkü**. Cyclists will have hired bikes for TL10 an hour at the **Sedona Café** (Köybaşı Cad 136) back in the village. A 15-minute walk behind the *kasır* leads up to the **Kalendertepe Restaurant** (Atadan Sok 12), an old-fashioned, licensed *kır lokantası* (open-air restaurant), where they grill fish and *pirzola* (chops) under the umbrella pines.

If the currents are right, the water at Kalender is the cleanest (and coolest) on the Bosphorus. The spartan hurl themselves into the sea in front of the Austrian Consulate, while sybarites will wait to reward themselves with a pistachio ice cream in Tarabya.

Cavafy was full of praise for Yeniköy. He delighted in the "extraordinary sight" of seamstresses vying with each other in the splendour of their costumes. Today **Fidan Şimşek**, a new arrival who has moved from fashionable Maçka to the upper end of Köybaşı Caddesi (Kasap Remzi Sok 2), is reviving the tradition with elegant couture cocktail dresses and ballgowns (TL3,000–8,000).

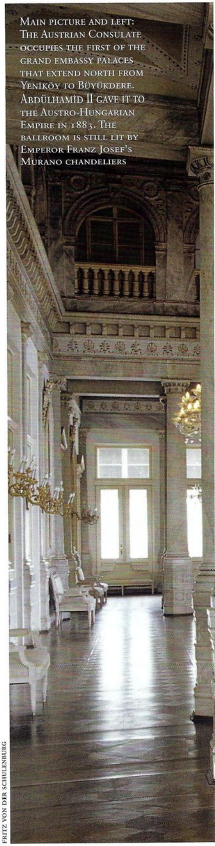
In Kalender, Cavafy praised Andoni's long-forgotten café: "Only in Constantinople could you drink such a coffee." And he thought Kalender Bay the most beautiful in the whole city.

Healing Tarabya

Tarabya, formerly Therapia (New Latin for healing), is so named not only because it was a favourite, breezy escape from the plague-prone city – the reason why foreign legations built summer palaces here – but because of its hot springs, which vanished in an 18th-century earthquake. The ruins of ancient baths can still be found in the garden of the German Embassy.

In 1797, the heyday of the summer embassies, the antiquary James Dallaway found a very different Tarabya from the one we see today: "During the summer it is the resort of a very large and mixed society. The evening promenade by moonlight is one of the gayest scenes that can be imagined. Such an assemblage of different nations, so many groups of elegant women, their theatrical air and dresses, the refreshing zephyrs, the placid surface of the sea, covered with the boats of the Greeks serenading their mistresses…"

Tarabya Bay, now a marina, is still breezy, but scores low in atmosphere. **Big Chefs**, a



Main picture and left: The Austrian Consulate occupies the first of the grand embassy palaces that extend north from Yeniköy to Büyükdere. Abdülhamid II gave it to the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1883. The ballroom is still lit by Emperor Franz Josef's Murano chandeliers

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tolerably good restaurant chain whose splashy reds evoke KFC, is on one side of the bay, and the smart but shockingly tall Sixties **Grand Tarabya Hotel** is on the other side, windswept at the front, but good for cocktails on the sheltered terrace at the side. **Veli,** once famed for fruit sorbets (the area's historic raspberry beds were all built over), now sells nuts. **Mado** is a haven, perfumed in summer with pots of sweet basil, and *the* place for ice cream.

The Germans are the only nation to have kept up their former summer embassy in Tarabya. Once a seaside palace of the future Abdülhamid II, it was rebuilt in 1904, and gives the bay the air of a lido. They also own the last of the bathing machines ("sea hamams") that once lined the Bosphorus – a wooden box on stilts with discreet access to the water.

The hill behind the hotel, a cluster of Italianate stone villas with high walls, is worth a wander. If you follow the shore upstream you pass the **Villa Tarabya,** D'Aronco's mad Art Nouveau Italian Summer Embassy, now, scandalously, on its last legs, and the equally forlorn remains of the **French Embassy**. The British palace burnt down in 1911 and was never rebuilt. Its park survives, romantically overgrown, and would make a wonderful botanic garden.

Above The Grand Tarabya
Below Built in 1906 for the arms dealers Joseph and August Huber, D'Aronco's wooden Huber Köşkü is next to the German Embassy

JÜRGEN FRANK

BEST MEDICINE

By John Carswell

In 1957 I found myself in Istanbul with two friends driving back to London. I got sick and was abandoned (time waits for no one – certainly not for me) and ended up in the Admiral Bristol Hospital. The diagnosis was fairly simple and I was released three days later, with the suggestion that I have a short convalescence. What to do?

I took a bus up the Bosphorus and found a suitably tranquil village. This was Tarabya. Little did I know that the name meant therapy. Where to stay? With the insouciance of youth, I knocked on the door of a wooden house, and when it was opened by an old lady I simply told her I had come to stay. She obediently showed me a room overlooking the Bosphorus and I said OK.

Thus began the idyll. I lay in bed gazing at the ceiling, where the light reflected off the waves flickered incessantly. I slept like a log. Next day, still wobbly, I felt hungry and nearby found a shop where I could buy bread, *kaymak*, raspberries – and sparkling wine. But the wine needed to be chilled, so I lowered it on a string into the Bosphorus and pulled it up when necessary. Needless to say, I quickly felt much better, and after a few days, to my landlady's relief, I left. How I got back to England I cannot remember.

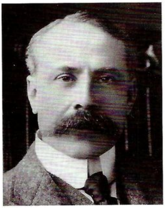
Years later I went back but the house was no longer there. It had been demolished to make way for the Grand Tarabya Hotel.

NOTES ON A SUMMER NIGHT

Elgar's visit to Turkey in 1905, whirling dervishes and all, was to prove an unexpected influence on his music. By Emre Araci

Those walking along the promenade past the British Embassy's summer palace in Tarabya one fine September evening in 1905 might have heard the strains of a pianoforte, accompanying a delicate mezzo voice, drifting through the windows of the old wooden mansion over the waters of the Bosphorus. Yet they probably would not have guessed the identity of the moustachioed gentleman at the piano as they enjoyed one of the regular musical soirées held in this pretty village.

After the recital he walked back to the Hôtel d'Angleterre along the "wonderful shore", as he later described it. He found his room quiet except for "the lapping of the waves under the window" and the hooting of steamers. According to *Murray's Hand-Book*, 1893, "Therapia", as it was then called, deserved its name for its "salubrious air".



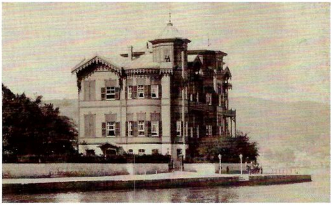
EMRE ARACI ARCHIVE

That evening the village had played host to perhaps the greatest British composer of the Edwardian age, Sir Edward Elgar, who had accompanied Lady Maud Warrender in two of his own works: 'In Haven' and 'Where Corals Lie', from his song cycle *Sea Pictures*.

Elgar had arrived on his first and only visit to the Ottoman capital a couple of days earlier, on September 25, aboard the Austrian–Lloyd steamer *Tirol*: "Glorious sunrise, & the minarets of Stamboul began to come thro the mist – wonderful, wonderful," he wrote in his diary, today preserved in the Birmingham University Library.

YAPI KREDI SELAHATTIN GIZ COLLECTION

Above Edward Elgar (left) stayed at the Hôtel d'Angleterre (where the Grand Tarabya stands today) Below The British Summer Embassy in Tarabya, where he performed, burnt down in 1911 and was never rebuilt Bottom The romantic woods today: an 1847 monument marks Abdülmecid's gift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BERRİN TOROLSAN

Elgar and his friend the arts patron Frank Schuster had embarked on their Mediterranean voyage at the invitation of Lady Charles Beresford, whose husband was commander-in-chief of the British Mediterranean Fleet, to join a party of friends aboard HMS *Surprise*. Though the fleet was prevented from sailing to Istanbul by a last-minute diplomatic crisis, Elgar and his friend were determined to complete the journey, thus the party boarded the *Tirol*, leaving their hosts behind.

In Istanbul, Elgar stayed at the Pera Palace Hotel, visiting many of the city's sights. "Glorious weather: providence is kinder to Moslems than to Xtians!" he noted. And a special permit was obtained from the sultan for a visit to Topkapı Palace, where he tasted Turkish coffee served in the Ottoman style, with iced water and rose jam, which "left a beautiful, delicate taste of roses all down your throat & round your mouth".

Elgar's diaries often refer to the Bosphorus as Oxford, both meaning a crossing for oxen – the former mythological, the latter literal. "Then on this glorious evening – sun & waves & sky – up the Bosphorus (Oxford) – as far as Therapia."

Here he surely experienced what Harold Nicolson would evoke in his 1921 Istanbul thriller *Sweet Waters*: "A road runs along the quayside… at moments so close to the water that the wash of the steamers splashes the little cabs that jingle by… The smell of lilac and laburnum, the pungent smell of burning sage… the smell of fresh-cut cypress wood, the smell of vanilla, the smell of open drains… And at the end one comes to Therapia, backed by its low hills and wooded gardens."

It was Elgar's next port of call, Izmir, that inspired him to celebrate his brief Oriental sojourn in an expressive sketch for the pianoforte, appropriately entitled 'In Smyrna'.

"This was my first touch with Asia, & I was quite overcome, the endless camels made the scene more real than in Stamboul, the extraordinary colour & movement, light & shade were intoxicating," he observed. He visited a lodge of the whirling dervishes, where he was received in great style and heard "music by five or six people very strange & some of it quite beautiful – incessant drums & cymbals (small) thro the quick movements".

That experience formed the genesis of 'In Smyrna', originally entitled 'In the Mosque', which found its way into a Christmas anthology of poems, stories, music and pictures dedicated to Queen Alexandra.

In Izmir, Elgar bought a "Red Letter New Testament" (with Jesus's words in red), which he later annotated and used for the libretto of *The Kingdom*. Today this volume, with its flyleaf marked "Edward Elgar / Smyrna / Oct 1, 1905", is preserved at the Elgar Birthplace Museum in Worcestershire.

Shortly after his return to England, with memories of Turkey still fresh in his mind and the sounds of Izmir in his ears, he took rehearsals for a performance of *The Apostles* at the Norwich Festival. Later that day, he wrote in his journal: "Rehearsal of *Apostles* – and the last music I had heard was the Dervishes in Smyrna!"

Emre Aracı is a composer and musical historian and author of 'Elgar in Turkey' (Pera Museum) (cornucopia.net, £7.50)

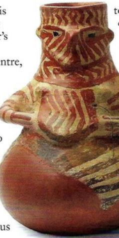
Büyükdere: high art and epic views

When you get to Büyükdere, on the upper Bosphorus, you find the mood changes again. It is far enough from the city to retain some of its original character as a neighbourhood where fishermen and local bank clerks sit and chat with the owners of big houses on the water's edge. This has its charms, but the world-class **Sadberk Hanım Museum** (Büyükdere Piyasa Cad 27, sadberkhanimmuzesi.org.tr), with the air of a Swiss chalet, is the most compelling reason for travelling here – a trip made much easier with the arrival of the metro. Get out at the last stop, **Hacıosman**, then take a taxi – 35 minutes in all from Taksim. The museum is open 10–5 (closed Weds), and you can nip round in 45 minutes or linger all day. But even if time is tight, make sure you see the Ottoman textiles and costumes, the Iznik tiles and impressive antiquities.

The museum stands upstream of the village of Büyükdere on a long esplanade leading to Sarıyer, and was once flanked by a host of grand yalıs with impressive woodland behind. A few remain. The Spanish keep their embassy, bought in 1783 from Franciscan friars, in impeccable order. The museum is a few doors up, and after that, in the most splendid grounds of all, are the Russians, who seem to be taking their pretty wooden Palladian palace in hand.

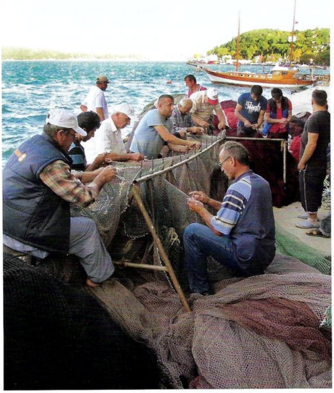
FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

Büyükdere commands a fine view, up to the mouth of the Black Sea, and across to the Bay of Beykoz, the only harbour on the Bosphorus wide enough for an entire fleet. This made it a strategic choice for the Tsar's summer embassy.

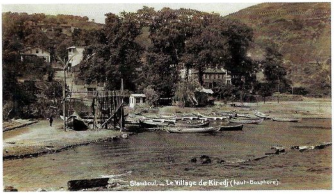


In the village centre, behind a shabby, slightly forlorn high street, a grid of 19th-century terrace houses leads up to rocky outcrops. It is only a five-minute ride to the top of the hill for the best views of all. Ask for the minibus to **Kocataş**, the tidy hamlet crowning the hill, and get out at the last stop. Then walk down to the shore through Büyükdere for a succession of epic panoramas of Beykoz and Yuşa Tepesi (Byron's "Giant's Grave"), on the opposite shore, of Yeniköy and Tarabya downstream, and of the dramatic glass towers of Maslak that are making

BERRIN TOROLSAN


JOHN SCOTT

SADBERK HANIM MUSEUM



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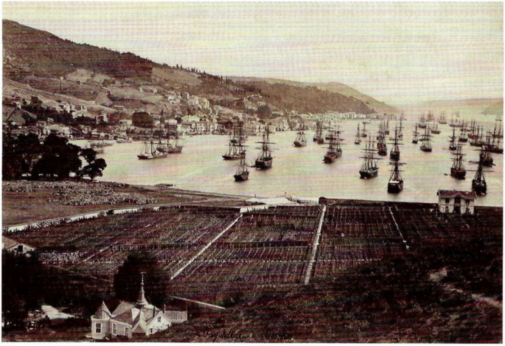
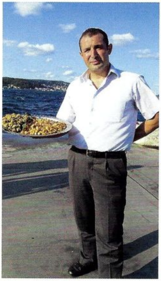


BURAK ÇETİNTAŞ ARCHIVE

Opposite page, top left The balcony of the Spanish Embassy in Büyükdere, which has been here since 1783
Left, from top A prehistoric goddess at the Sadberk Hanım Museum; the museum is housed in the two parts of an old yalı, one dedicated to antiquities, the other to its huge Ottoman collection; one of the Ottoman embroideries; fishing nets hung out to dry in Büyükdere Bay, c1900
Far left Mending nets in the same spot today
This page, from top The Ottoman Fleet at anchor, c1890; fresh almonds and walnuts for sale on the quay; trawlers preparing to head for the Black Sea



inroads into the Belgrade Forest. A setting sun will light up the crenellated Ottoman police station on the hilltop and the remaining few umbrella pines.

It may be a destination for culture vultures, but Büyükdere is not for foodies. **Arı Lokantası** (Çayırbaşı Cad 215), the scruffy meyhane on the high street, is favoured as "one of the most genuinely friendly places in Istanbul" by Cornucopia's meyhane critic. But it is not for the faint-hearted. Safer for tea and a quick bite is the **Liseliler Café** on the esplanade near the museum, recommended for its fast service and good value – as well as its fantastic views.

To the south of the village is the valley of the "broad river" (*büyük dere*) that gives it its name. This was where 18th-century diplomats landed as they escaped the heat of Istanbul for their summer retreats in the Belgrade Forest. The seven giant plane trees so popular with painters of the picturesque were felled in living memory. Today the coastguard moors its fleet here, fishermen repair their nets and boats, and the **Meşhur Kireçburnu Fırını** (Haydar Aliyev Cad 21, open 6am–11pm) bakes delicious crumbly breadsticks (*krik krak*) and nutty crescent-moon shortbread.

JOHN SCOTT

The Belgrade Forest: rape of the fair country

Few visitors get to the Belgrade Forest at the top of the Bosphorus, which is sad, as the historic woods of beech and oak make for a lovely green escape, as they always did for sultans.

An outing to the forest would see the sultan dropped off in a caique at the top of the Golden Horn. Then he would ride through the woods to the top of the Bosphorus, pausing to picnic on one of the dams (*bent*) built by his forebears.

The forest supplied Istanbul's drinking water and was key to the Ottoman city's emergence as Europe's largest metropolis. The Byzantines had built giant cisterns inside the city walls, fed by aqueducts stretching far into Thrace, but the Ottomans sensibly built dams here in the forest, where in summer it can pour with rain while the city bakes. They were costly: Sinan spent more on water projects than on his famous mosques. To this day the European shore gets its water from the reservoirs.

In the 1860s the future Abdülhamid II lived in semi-exile on the edge of the forest, in the **Maslak Kasırları**, now a museum with an orangery full of his camellias (9–5, closed Mon and Thurs; 10 minutes' walk from the Atatürk Oto Sanayi metro stop). But today's rulers see only development opportunities. A new airport and a third bridge are already destroying swathes of forest. The valiant Northern Forests conservation group (kuzeyormanlari.org) is fighting to limit damage to water resources, habitat and climate, but the bridge alone spells doom for 2.6 million trees. Wild boar have even been seen swimming the Bosphorus to escape.

The six imperial dams, built over three centuries, are structures of astounding beauty. Though you are not allowed on them, it is fun for the nimble to climb up a hill for a good view. A car is advisable to get to the most popular dam, Süleyman the Magnificent's **Büyük Bent** (Great Dam), built in 1563. The 6.5km ride round it is an easy walk, with cafés and fountains for spring water at both ends.

Two dams are accessible on foot. Go to the end of the metro, then take the 40HM bus to the village of Bahçeköy, where the last stop is **Istanbul University's Forestry Faculty**. From there it is a 15-minute walk to the **Valide Bent** (1796), built by Selim III's mother to supply water to Taksim Square. A little further is the **Sultan Mahmut Bent** (1839).

The forest takes its name from a village built by settlers from Belgrade after the conquest of the city in 1521. It was later famous as a diplomats' retreat. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wife of the British ambassador, wrote in 1717: "The Heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian Fields." But after the discovery in the 1870s that the washing of Istanbul hotel sheets nearby was spreading the plague, the village was abandoned and never rebuilt.

Sarıyer: fish and shops

The 8.15 commuter ferry from Beşiktaş to Sarıyer is a delightful experience (*writes Harriet Rix*), and when you arrive an hour later the feeling of the Black Sea is unmistakable.

In his memoir, *Portrait of a Turkish Family*, İrfan Orga describes his first night in Sarıyer, on a visit to his uncle before the First World War: "That night I slept in a little cool room overlooking the house garden, a wilderness of tangled briars and tobacco plants with their hot, hurting scent, and roses which were not considered good enough for the famous rose garden."

The old intelligentsia have been replaced by fishermen smelling faintly of bonito. The old police station, in the form of a mock-medieval castle and now a naval officers' mess, sits in prime position next to the boat station. It was built for Mehmed V Reşad, and carries his cipher. Walking upstream, you strike some decent cafés, such as the **Carrefour Teras Café**, unromantic but with a grand view. The **Meşhur Sarıyer Börekçisi** on the high street (Yeni Mahalle Cad 28) shares the view but earns its century-old fame with a buttery *börek* filled with mince, currants and pine nuts.

In the small square, stolid Black Sea fishermen are all passionate about *lüfer* (bluefish), which they sell mainly to stately veiled housewives. A red-onion seller washes his knife at the fountain – the onion is essential for *lakerda* (large bonito in brine). Just along from this are the old houses of **Yeni Mahalle** (the New Quarter); in the first, the wooden mouldings are coming away, but nothing can disguise the quality of the building, where beauty meets functionality at every point.

Now retrace your steps to the square: it is time to plunge into the town, and investigate its small shops, some selling a million varieties of honey, others stuffed with toys. Most appealing for me are the fishmongers **Balıkçılı Nuri Baba**, manned by fishermen from Sinop who hang their famous *çiroz* (dried mackerel) on the walls with fine artistry, and the **Adım Kunduracı** shoe shop, where the spiky high heels in the window give no clue that Mehmet Bey can in fact do anything with leather and glue.

A short detour inland brings you to another fine wooden

CORNUCOPIA HOTELS DIRECTORY

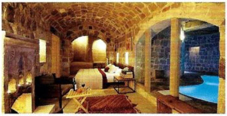
Online directory: www.cornucopia.net
Online reservations: www.cornucopiahotels.com

The Turkish Coast and Cappadocia

Mehmet Ali Ağa Mansion – Datça

This is a unique museum hotel surrounded by almond, olive and lemon groves on the Datça peninsula in southwest Turkey. The Ottoman konak was built in 1809, and its frescoes have been lovingly restored. The hotel has a swimming pool, private beach and 18 rooms in a choice of modern or traditional style. The hotel's Elaki Restaurant is famed for its wine cellar and regional cuisine.

www.kocaev.com info@kocaev.com
Tel 90-252 712 9257 Fax 90-252 712 9256



Argos in Cappadocia – Uçhisar

Looking out from Old Uçhisar over a magical moonscape of volcanic peaks, fairy chimneys and fragrant valleys of apple groves and apricots, the Argos in Cappadocia is hugely inviting. Five beautifully restored mansions offer 40 rooms and suites (some with private cave pools). A stylish blend of history, hospitality, imagination and design. Nevşehir 7km – daily flights from Istanbul.

www.argosincappadocia.com aic@argos.com.tr
Tel 90-384 219 3130 Fax 90 384 219 2055

Alavya – Alaçati, Çeşme

Located in the heart of Alaçatı, Alavya has six beautifully restored stone houses, offering 25 individually decorated guest rooms. The private courtyards and gardens lure guests into a relaxing sanctuary, while spa and sports facilities provide more invigorating experiences. Chef Carlo Bernardini serves local cuisine in two exceptional restaurants, Fogo and Mitu. Meeting rooms available. Open all year.

www.alavya.com.tr info@alavya.com.tr
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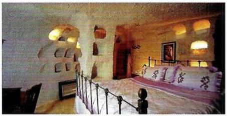


Gamirasu Cave Hotel – Ürgüp, Cappadocia

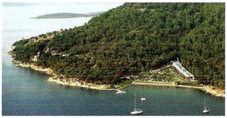
One of the finest cave hotels in Cappadocia, the Gamirasu Cave Hotel is situated in a sensitively restored 12th-century Byzantine monastic retreat. All 33 rooms are beautifully designed in harmony with the surroundings. Swimming pool, horse riding, hot-air ballooning and Turkish cookery courses.

www.gamirasu.com info@gamirasu.com
Tel 90-384 354 5815 Fax 90-384 354 5864

Zeytin Konak Hotel – Alaçati, Çeşme

A hotel in four separate charming mansions, with 2 swimming pools, and gardens green all year round. Peacefully located 5 minutes' walk from the centre of Alaçatı. Massage, yoga, fishing, windsurfing all available. Hand-made soaps typify the delightful attention to detail. Traditional village breakfast and home-made jams.

www.alacatizeytinotel.com info@alacatizeytinotel.com
Tel 90-232 716 8081



Ortunç – Cunda Island, Ayvalik

Situated on the secluded western side of Cunda, where pine groves meet the Aegean Sea, Ortunç is a blissful setting for a very relaxing retreat. The 40-room, minimalist-designed hotel has been awarded the Green Key for ecological efforts and natural products. Especially wonderful for those who love to swim in pristine waters.

www.ortunc.com info@ortunc.com
Tel 90-266 327 1120 Fax 90-266 327 2082

Taş Hotel – Alaçati, Çeşme

A wonderful hotel in a little town that has become the Aegean showcase of rediscovered country chic. Taş Hotel is a 120-year-old stone house whose natural, unaffected style pioneered the vogue for Alaçatı: 7 rooms, a swimming pool set in a perfect lawn, and a superb breakfast of olives, village bread and home-made jam.

www.tasotel.com info@tasotel.com
Tel 90-232 716 7772 Fax 90-232 716 8517

Swissôtel Büyük Efes Izmir

Set in 12,000 square metres of landscaped gardens, ideally located in the heart of the city, Swissôtel Büyük Efes features 402 luxurious guest rooms including 55 special suites. Delicious culinary experiences are offered in three restaurants. Advanced conference facilities and an unforgettable 5500-square-metre spa experience.

www.swissotel.com/izmir izmir@swissotel.com
Tel 90-232 414 0000 Fax 90-232 414 1010

Museum Hotel – Uçhisar, Cappadocia

'Wonderful, artistic, one of a kind,' writes an ecstatic visitor to this painstakingly restored Uçhisar house hotel with dramatic views over Cappadocia's tufa landscape. Each of the 7 rock-carved rooms and 23 suites, with their beautiful stone arches, is lavishly furnished and offers every mod con and comfort. Unforgettable.

www.museumhotel.com.tr info@museumhotel.com.tr
Tel 90-384 219 2220 Fax 90-384 219 2444

Kempinski Hotel Barbaros Bay – Bodrum

Overlooking its own dazzling blue bay, this hideaway resort offers an oasis of serenity, where guests can luxuriate in the world-renowned Six Senses Spa or lose themselves dreamily in peace: 149 cosy rooms, 24 suites, all with balconies and unparalleled views of the Aegean.

www.kempinski.com/bodrum
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Yedi̇ Bi̇lgeler Hotel and Winery – Selçuk

The Yedi Bilgeler lies close to Turkey's most famous ancient sites including Ephesus and Miletus – with Kuşadası, Selçuk, and the airport in easy reach. Be pampered in a tranquil environment, staying in lovely lodgings surrounded by olive groves, fig trees and a prized vineyard. Experience the art of winemaking with tours and tastings.

www.yedibilgeler.com info@yedibilgeler.com.tr
Tel 90-232 894 8257 Fax 90-232 894 8271

Hotel Villa Mahal – Kalkan

A sophisticated boutique hotel on a hillside in Kalkan Bay with a picture-perfect view of the Lycian coast and 13 tasteful rooms and suites. Swim in a breathtaking infinity pool or from private platforms hidden by olive trees in a sea freshened by underground springs. Lunch or have a massage by the water. Dine à la carte. Water sports and boat shuttle.

www.villamahal.com info@villamahal.com
Tel 90-242 844 3268 Fax 90-242 844 2122

Doğan Hotel, Kalei̇çi̇ – Antalya

Kaleiçi – Old Antalya – is full of ancient charm, with cobbled lanes, places to eat, a beautiful beach a short stroll away and the ideal base for exploreing Antalya's classical sites, and forest and mountain trails. This family-friendly, 41-room boutique hotel occupies 4 faithfully restored houses in a garden with a swimming pool and dramatic views.

www.pranaresorts.com/antalya-doganhotel
Tel 90-242 247 4654 Fax 90-242 247 4006

CORNUCOPIA'S RESTAURANT DIRECTORY

Listed online at www.cornucopia.net

AQUA – THE BOSPHORUS, ISTANBUL

Restaurant with fine Mediterranean cuisine, including Italian and Turkish specialities, in a wing of the new Four Seasons palace building. Outdoor terrace right on the Bosphorus. Seating for 96 inside, 145 outside.

Four Seasons Hotel Istanbul at the Bosphorus
Çırağan Cad No 28, Beşiktaş, Istanbul
+90-212 381 4059 www.fourseasons.com/bosphorus

EQUINOX – IZMIR

A serious restaurant with a seriously magnificent view of Izmir Bay, serving a distinguished modern menu in an elegant, contemporary setting. Private dining for up to 40. Open for dinner 7–10.30pm. Closed on Sundays.

Swissôtel Grand Efes, Izmir
Gaziosmanpaşa Bulvarı No 1, Alsancak, Izmir
+90-232 414 5212 www.swissotel.com/izmir

KANTİN – NİŞANTAŞI, ISTANBUL

Nişantaşı's favourite lunchtime spot. A café-restaurant proud of its 'New Istanbul Cuisine', with ingredients fresh from the market. Airy dining room, leafy terrace and a shop selling breads and prepared dishes, with a branch in Bebek.

Akkavak Sok 30, Nişantaşı, Istanbul
+90-212 219 3114 www.kantin.biz

MIYAKO – MAÇKA, ISTANBUL

Healthy Japanese specialities in a serene Japanese garden setting. Sushi bar, teppanyaki grill, à la carte specialities and private Tatami Room within a luxury hotel. Fish and vegetable recipes exclusive to Miyako.

Swissôtel The Bosphorus Istanbul, Maçka, Istanbul
+90-212 326 3305 www.swissotel.com/istanbul

SEASONS – SULTANAHMET, ISTANBUL

Turkish cuisine in a spectacular glass pavilion within the serene courtyard of this luxury hotel. Eat indoors or on the terrace. In the shadow of Ayasofya, a sophisticated respite from the bazaars and monuments.

Four Seasons Hotel Istanbul at Sultanahmet
Tevkifhane Sok No 1, Sultanahmet, Istanbul
+90-212 402 3150 www.fourseasons.com/istanbul

LES AMBASSADEURS – BEBEK, ISTANBUL

Set directly on the Bosphorus waterfront, the Bebek Hotel's restaurant offers fine dining in a club-like nautical atmosphere with an exceptional eye-level view of the sea. Specialties include sea bass Ambassadeur, in a delicious white wine sauce. Available for private meetings and events. Open 12–3, 6–12.

Bebek Hotel, Cevdet Paşa Cad 34, Bebek, Istanbul
+90 212 358 1565 www.bebekhotel.com

ULUS 29 – ULUS, ISTANBUL

A breathtaking Bosphorus view and a menu full of invention (and the odd Turkish classic) secure the comfortably elegant Ulus 29 a place in the Istanbul pantheon. There's an intelligent cellar and sushi to boot.

Ahmet Saygun Cad, Ulus Park No 1, Ulus, Istanbul
+90-212 358 2929 www.group-29.com

CAFÉ SWISS – MAÇKA ISTANBUL

Sumptuous open buffet at breakfast, lunch and dinner, as well as à la carte menus on the terrace of Istanbul's luxurious Swissôtel. Sunday brunch highly recommended. Turkish / Swiss cuisine with a fabulous Bosphorus backdrop.

Swissôtel The Bosphorus Istanbul, Maçka, Istanbul
+90-212 326 3305 www.swissotel.com/istanbul

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Malta Köşkü *Yıldız Park;* +90 212 258 9453
Banyan *Salhane Sok 3 (Ortaköy İskele yanı),* +90 212 259 9060 – 70
The House Café *Salhane Sok 1, Ortaköy;* +90 212 227 2699

CITY BOSPHORUS ANATOLIA

Koço *Moda Cad 265, Moda;* +90 216 336 0795
Çiya Sofrası *Güneşlibahçe Sok 43, Kadıköy;* +90 216 330 3190
Misina *Dr Faruk Ayanoğlu Cad 36, Fenerbahçe;* +90 216 550 0258
Zanzibar *Aşıklar Yolu Sok 2, Caddebostan;* +90 216 385 6059
Divan Pub *Bağdat Cad 333, Erenköy;* +90 216 386 5236
Bistro 33 *Zincirliköşk Sok, Erenköy;* +90 216 478 6550
Drip Coffeeist *Noter Sok 17, Bağdat Cad, Şaşkınbakkal;* +90 216 360 3547
Harun's Paradise *Cafer Bey Sok 12, Mercan, Manastır Mevki, Tuzla;* +90 216 395 1747
Kanaat *Selman-ı Pak Cad 25, Üsküdar;* +90 216 341 5444
Angel Salacak *Öğdül Sok 46, Salacak, Üsküdar;* +90 216 553 0426
Asude *Perihan Abla Sok 4, Kuzguncuk;* +90 216 334 4414

VILLAGE BOSPHORUS EUROPE

Park Fora *Cemil Topuzlu Parkı, Kuruçeşme;* +90 212 265 5063
Aşşk *Muallim Naci Cad 64, Kuruçeşme;* +90 212 265 4734
Les Ottomans *Muallim Naci Cad 68, Kuruçeşme;* +90 212 359 1500
Ulus 29 *Ulus Park İçi 1, Ulus;* +90 212 358 2929
Café Di Dolce *Kuruçeşme Cad 25, Kuruçeşme;* +90 212 257 7299
Zıpkın *Arnavutköy Arnavutköy 1. Cad 60;* +90 212 358 5158
Eftalya *1. Cad 32, Arnavutköy;* +90 212 287 2520
Bebek Café *Cevdetpaşa Cad 18, Bebek;* +90 212 257 5402
Kantin *Cevdetpaşa Cad 43, Bebek;* +90 212 263 0444
Kitchenette *İpek Sok 1, Bebek;* +90 212 287 1161
Les Ambassadeurs *Bebek Hotel, Cevdetpaşa Cad 18, Bebek;* +90 212 358 1565
Lokma *Yahya Kemal Cad 12, Rumelihisarı;* +90 212 265 7171
Vakıftepe *Tepeüstü Sok 3, Baltalimanı;* +90 212 229 0470
Yalı Balık *Köybaşı Cad 145, Yeniköy;* +90 212 262 1288
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Tarihi Yeniköy Börekçisi *Köybaşı Cad 82, Yeniköy;* +90 212 262 6101

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İnciraltı *Cafer Arabacılar Sok 4, Beylerbeyi;* +90 216 557 6686
İskele Restaurant *İskele Meydanı 2, Çengelköy;* +90 216 321 5505
Tapasuma *Sumahan on the Water, Kuleli Cad 43, Çengelköy,* +90 216 401 1333
Suna'nin Yeri *İskele Cad 17, Kandilli;* +90 216 308 4512
Borsa *Adile Sultan Sarayı, Kandilli;* +90 216 460 0304
Göksu Café *Riyaziyeci Çıkmazı 5, Anadoluhisarı;* +90 216 332 1637
İsmail Ağa Café *İskele Meydanı 2, Kanlıca;* +90 216 413 4469
Hidiv Kasrı (Khedive's Palace) *Çubuklu Korusu, Kanlıca;* +90 216 413 9253
İkinci Bahar *Mihrabat Cad 2, Kanlıca;* +90 216 331 2985
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3 x 41 m², plus basement. Double glazing, wooden windows, natural gas, claw-foot bathtub, encaustic tiles, etc. £230k, reluctantly, to release funds.

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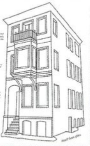

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Out on the town

From swish to fish. Andrew Finkel checks out some top Bosphorus bites

The name of the restaurant isn't important – it shut its doors years ago. The food was never all that good, despite all the hype and the battle to get a reservation. The most memorable thing about it was the location – a perch in Ortaköy, a sleepy Bosphorus village just awakening from its slumber and even more beautiful than it is today. But it was less the glorious view that I remember than the way the restaurant was designed to be ignored. There were even gauzy black blinds to ensure that instead of gazing out of the window, we would be straining to see who was at the next table. This was the ultimate Istanbul extravagance – to be able to afford the best view of the city and yet be too jaded to notice it.

It was a world turning upside down. Once upon a time, the whole point of an Istanbul evening out was to clink a glass and sip in the dark serenity of the Bosphorus lapping at the table. In an age before valet parking, going out to dinner meant an unhurried stroll along the water's edge. It felt like being on holiday, even at the end of a working day. While once a view of the Bosphorus was the ultimate status symbol, instead of looking out we began staring at ourselves.

Since then Istanbul has grown even more sophisticated and in many ways far more earnest and adventurous about its food. The buildings have grown taller. The views from fancy eateries like Mikla in Pera or Ulus 29 above Kuruçeşme are no longer a glimpse onto an intimate patch of water – a fisherman casting his line by the light of his boat's lantern – but grand Manhattan-style panoramas of lights flickering all the way to the horizon. And there is as much theatre on the plate as outside the window. But the Bosphorus still flows, and a meal along its edge remains a unique pleasure.

There are still hundreds of Bosphorus restaurants with menus as stylised as the tea ceremony – cold meze, hot meze, fish and more usually fruit or something equally simple for dessert. While there are variations on this theme, the ritual as practiced at **Les Ambassadeurs** – the restaurant of the Bebek Hotel – is particularly pure. The dining room has a quiet dignity. The lighting is low and the design seems untouched by any notion of interior decoration after 1985. What this means is that there is no distraction from the wall of picture windows virtually level with the Bosphorus. As in an infinity pool, you might think you were in the sea.

It is not entirely correct to call this a classic Bosphorus fish restaurant. There is meat on offer, and the menu takes some cultural cues from the dear departed Süreyya Restaurant, the elegant dining room incongruously sited atop the (also departed) BP petrol station in Bebek. There are pickles and – a long-forgotten Istanbul pleasure – a shot of icy home-brewed lemon vodka as an *amuse gueule*.

There are no shocks on the menu: this is a place to revel in the familiar. Even so, the cooking is fine-tuned. The aubergine meze is not chopped, but the charred flesh served whole and slightly pickled. We had *tarama* – cod's-roe salad, no longer a common menu item – and it was like bumping into a long-lost friend. I had fried turbot – simple and tasty – and my companion chose the *buğulama*, fish in broth, baked in a shallow clay dish. It passed the test of concentrating the flavour in the fish and not turning the dish into soup. I yielded to dessert – the *ekmek kadayıfı*, despite its name not so much a bread pudding as a sticky toffee confection. In less skilled hands it becomes a soggy, sugary mess. This was not, and had that burned molasses taste I craved.

Karaköy, where the Bosphorus empties into the Sea of Marmara, was an important commercial district in the 19th century (not that long ago you could buy stock certificates from street peddlers outside the old exchange building). Now it is a neighbourhood on the edge of everywhere: the historic city, Beyoğlu, a busy ferry port for commuters and the passenger harbour for those arriving in Istanbul by sea. **Rudolf** is part of the Karaköy revival and transformation into less a Manhattan than a Brooklyn – a less stuffy, livelier part of town.

The restaurant inhabits the ground floor of the new Morgans Hotel (10 Karaköy), a converted 19th-century office block built on the site of an ancient hospital. The building was sold off by the Balıklı Greek charitable foundation and the fishy (*balıklı*) motif is used to good effect throughout. The hotel lobby is in the converted atrium and the result is quietly spectacular, with vast light fixtures imitating the air bubbles in an aquarium, rising four stories to the top.

The hotel, and the eponymous restaurant, is the brainchild of Rudolf Van Nunen, long-term resident of Istanbul and executive chef of many of the city's five-star hotels. There is an obsessive attention to detail. The rooftop bar overlooks the Bosphorus, and to avoid a view blighted by the unsightly buildings in front, Van Nunen had their roofs retiled. In some ways the downstairs bar seems more fun, just the inner-city hangout where the Mad Men set would want to congregate.

Rudolf, the restaurant, also has a clubroom feel. It occupies a clever ground-floor space, a mix of private alcoves and a common dining room with a bit more buzz. A full menu is accentuated by exotic ingredients, from hibiscus to gold leaf. Rudolf, the chef, knows how to please his clientele. On a snowy mid-week evening, soon after opening, the place was packed – purely through word of mouth. There was an excellent duck foie gras as a pre-meal offering, served with a biscuit that was half melba toast, half sweet Dutch *speculoos*. I did wonder if the fresh sardines *teppanyaki* starter should have had its bones removed. Main courses were best: a dry aged rib-eye steak was a well-sourced, tender, tasty piece of meat. We also tried the black cod cured in a lemongrass miso sauce – just as flavourful as it sounds. There is also a very decent own-label house red and white, blended to the chef's taste at the Corvus winery. All in all, an urbane and satisfying evening out.

BRIEFLY NOTED

Kuzguncuk is one of the most picturesque neighbourhoods on the Asian side – a five-minute taxi from Üsküdar, so accessible from most parts of the city. The most famous restaurant here is **İsmet Baba,** balanced on stilts above the Bosphorus shore, which has served the same mix of fish and meze for over 60 years.

Kosinitza, a relative newcomer to the area (less than ten years old), is an intimate place, with the air of a local trattoria in the back street of an Italian seaside town. Trays of fish hors d'oeuvres seem more antipasti than meze. Despite only a handful of tables it has an extraordinarily large menu and jumps in where others fear to tread. We had a *buğulama* of sea bass cooked with whole porcini mushrooms and John Dory on a bed of aubergine purée. The cooking standard is more "smart dinner party" than haute cuisine. A worthwhile curio. ◆

Les Ambassadeurs *Bebek Hotel, Cevdet Paşa Cad 18, Bebek, +90 212 358 1565; open 12–3; 6–10.30; bebekhotel.com*
Rudolf *10 Karaköy Hotel, Kemeraltı Cad 10, Karaköy; open 7am–11pm, +90 212 703 3325; rudolfkarakoy.com*
İsmet Baba *Çarşı Cad 1, Kuzguncuk; open midday–midnight, closed during Ramazan and holidays; +90 216 553 1232; ismetbaba.com.tr*
Kosinitza *Bereketli Sok 2, Kuzguncuk; open 12.30–10, closed Mon; +90 216 334 0400; kosinitzarest.com*

Andrew Finkel is the author of 'Turkey: What Everyone Needs to Know' (OUP), available from cornucopia.net at £10.95

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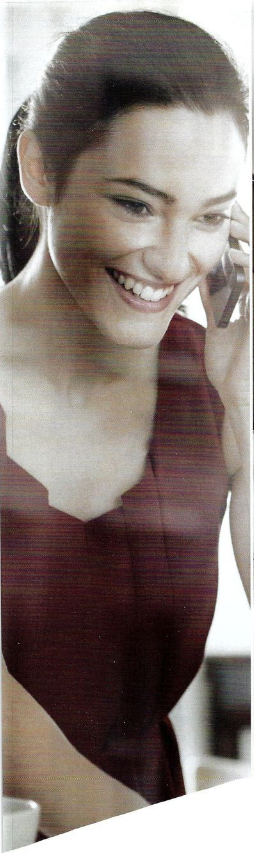
Our four-part series ISTANBUL UNWRAPPED began with the Old City (No 50) and the European City (No 51). Having covered the Bosphorus in this issue, we conclude our grand tour of Istanbul next time with a guide to the best museums – and we set out for the Princes Islands. Order the complete set at cornucopia.net/istanbulunwrapped

OWEN MATHEWS



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The great gardener of culture

The late Yaşar Kemal's remarkable blend of originality, wisdom and humanity earned him universal respect. Roger Norman celebrates a remarkable storyteller with unique powers to move and inspire, especially when lamenting the modern world's wanton destruction of ancient traditions and values

It was JB Priestley who came up with the term "primary writer", claiming that certain writers (not many) possessed a style both original and inimitable. By this definition, it's tempting to think that Yaşar Kemal, recently deceased at a grand old age, was a primary writer, whereas Orhan Pamuk is not. You can't imagine Pamuk without the likes of Italo Calvino or Milan Kundera. One critic recently referred to Pamuk's "urbane postmodernism", and whatever that might mean it implies derivativeness. Pamuk has even been accused of plagiarism, but Yaşar Kemal never will be. His writing came from a forge of his own design and a fire of his own making. Anyone who doubts this has only to read the first two chapters of *İnce Memed*, translated as *Memed, My Hawk*, or any two chapters of almost any of his works.

İnce Memed made his name in the West, especially in France, where his work has always been prized. Peter Ustinov turned the novel into a film and, according to *Time Out*, "hopelessly mangled" it. It's hard to see how because the story is what the French call "*une épopée lyrique*" – good village boy is persecuted by evil landowner; his girl is killed and he takes to the mountains and exacts his revenge as a bandit. The first two chapters are mostly concerned with the wasteland of thorns. Such a spiky, prickly, uncomfortable piece of writing must have deterred some readers, but those who persevered probably thought (certainly I did) that any writer so little concerned with appealing to his readers at the start of the book must have something special to say.

Perhaps what he most wanted to convey was the tragic loss caused by the overwhelming of the old nomadic cultures of the Taurus region, the last episodes of which he was old enough to have witnessed with his own eyes. It's the theme of *İnce Memed*, of *Bin Boğalar Efsanesi* (*Legend of a Thousand Bulls*) and of others such as *The Lords of Akchasaz*, where he quotes a line from the old *aşık* minstrels: "*Ferman padişahın dağlar bizimdir*" ("The decree is the sultan's, the mountains are ours"). The Ottomans wanted to settle the Türkmen tribes for the reason that centralising states have always objected to nomadism: you can't tax 'em if you can't find 'em. Nor can you enlist them in your army. Besides, sedentary folk get upset by the sudden appearance of a hundred black tents on the plains. Quite so, but the cultural magnificence of those parts was articulated above all in the black Türkmen tents, the fine horses and harnesses, the forges, the rugs, the long seasonal journeys. The foothills of the Taurus were alive with their music, songs, tales, herds and flocks – and where were the Ottomans meanwhile? Encrenellated on the Bosphorus.

The star of *Bin Boğalar Efsanesi* is a sword made by old Haydar, master blacksmith, who looks "like an old Hittite deity". The Ottoman oppression must be the result of misunderstanding, Haydar thinks, and should be repaired by a meeting between chiefs, attended by an appropriate gift. He forges a sword of the finest metal, decorates its hilt with the rarest gems and takes it himself to Ankara, to present it to İsmet İnönü. Nobody has told him that İnönü is no longer president; he has never heard of Adnan Menderes. Arrived at the Pembe Köşk, he is denied entrance and must wait until İnönü emerges.

> *'Look at us all, donkey sons of donkeys all of us, thinking up stories like there is no tomorrow. Because there is no tomorrow... Yes, there is rebellion in my novels, but it's rebellion against mortality.'*

"Oh dear," Old Haydar said to himself, as he stared in dismay at this frail shrivelled balding ancient who was hobbling up with tiny steps like a sparrow, that was how a man's face would wrinkle up when he'd been frustrated and cruel all his life, as ugly as an old leather pouch... It was impossible to say whether the Pasha was glad, flattered or annoyed. In the end, he took the sword ... and peered at it gravely. Then he smiled and handed it back to old Haydar. "Very beautiful," he said. "Very, very beautiful." And he hobbled away quickly, hop, hop, like a sparrow, and got into the car that was waiting for him. It drove away and Old Haydar was left holding the sword, stunned.

Parallel with Haydar's failed embassy, there runs a love story between Ceren and Halil, told without fear of superlatives. She is beautiful, brave and appealing. He is strong, honest and handsome. The reader fears a tragedy in the making. Perhaps it is an element in "primary" writing that the tremendous need not be shunned, even if predictable. Yaşar Kemal learned storytelling at the feet (literally) of an old *aşık* master, for whom making the hairs stand on end on the hearer's neck and calling the tears to their eyes was the goal. Those old storytellers needed words like respect, nobility, pride and passion, which our contemporary writers treat so diffidently. Ceren is capable of killing herself for love; Haydar may die of humiliation. "Everything is changing and coming to an end," Haydar laments. "Things are happening, unfamiliar cruel things that we don't know, that we don't understand. Nothing can save our world from dying out. Nothing, nobody... The generations after us will sit in a tiny room, pondering like barn owls."

Despite the grandeur of Yaşar Kemal's literary world, he was by all accounts a modest man, fuelled by a simple socialism, to which he gave a particular twist: "Socialism is a hundred per cent independence," he said. "The independence of the individual, of the country – political independence, economic independence and particularly cultural independence... Socialism has no other meaning for me. Until this age, cultures fed from one another without destroying each other... For me, the world is a garden of culture with a thousand flowers; I count even one flower's disappearance a great loss to the world."

"Politics threatens art," he declared to the journalist Nicholas Birch in 2008, at the age of 85. "I don't write about issues, I don't write for an audience, I don't even write for myself. I just write... Look at us all, donkey sons of donkeys all of us, thinking up stories like there is no tomorrow. Because there is no tomorrow... Yes, there is rebellion in my novels, but it's rebellion against mortality. As long as man goes from one darkness to another, he will create myths for himself. The only difference between me and others is that I write mine down."

If a justification is needed for devoting a *Letter from Anatolia* to an appreciation of this great writer, let it be this: the erosion of the old Turkish cultures that Yaşar Kemal deplored continues apace, and still its causes lie in the ever bigger cities. The nomads of Anatolia are almost gone and the vitality of the country folk is imperilled by the absurd urban imperatives. Ponder like a barn owl? There seems hardly time for it. ◆

Roger Norman is a novelist and teacher living in Eskişehir; rnorman@anadolu.edu.tr. For more on Yaşar Kemal, see Books, p17

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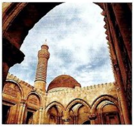

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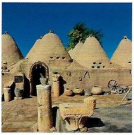

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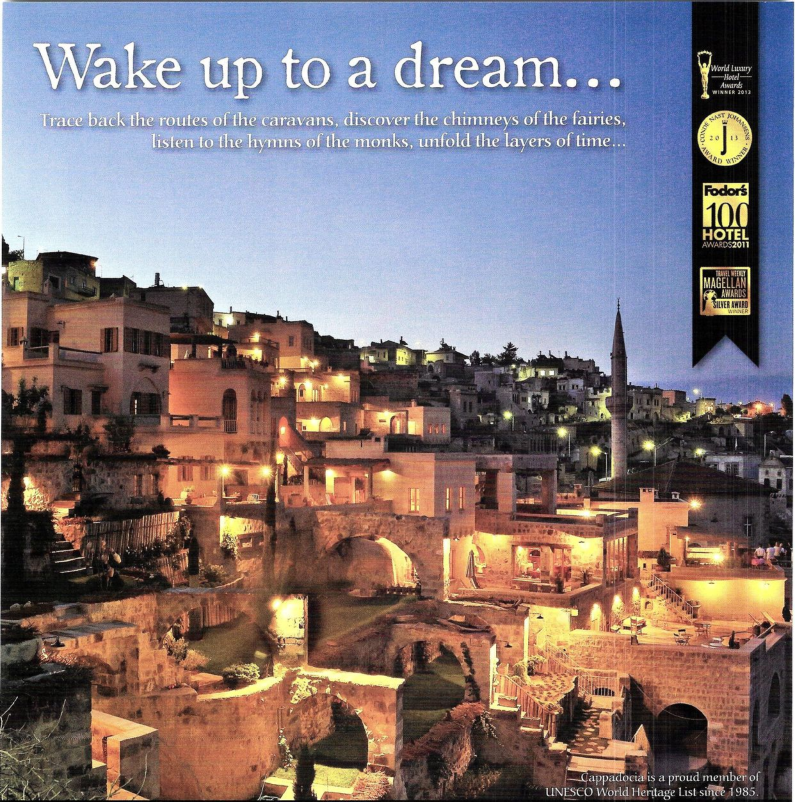
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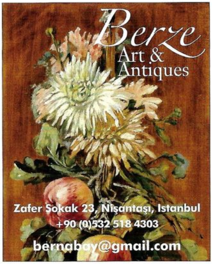

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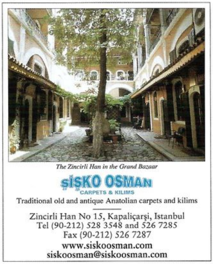

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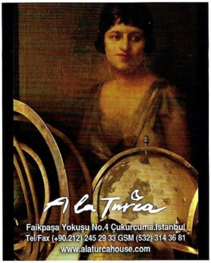

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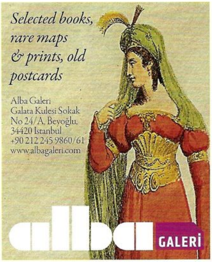

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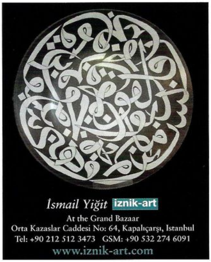

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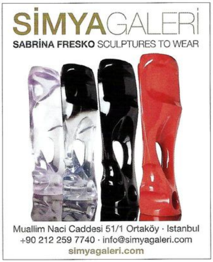

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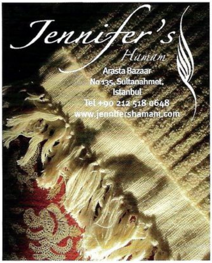

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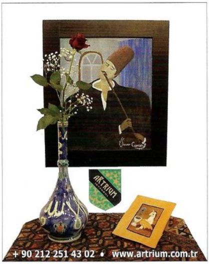

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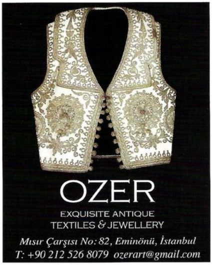

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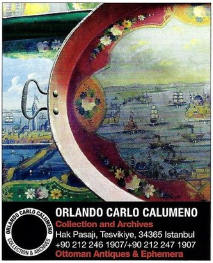

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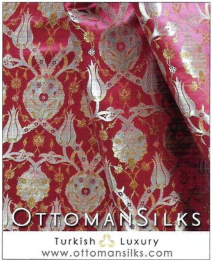

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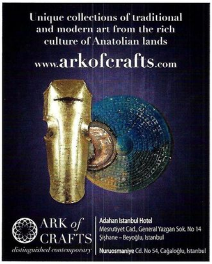

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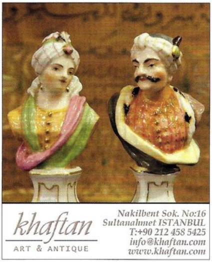

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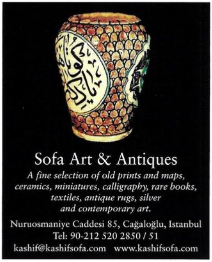

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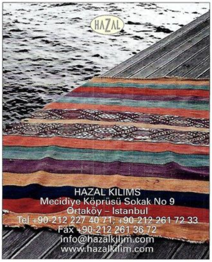

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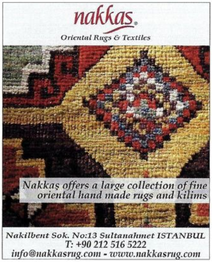

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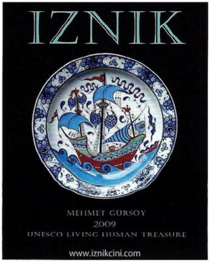

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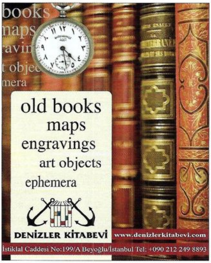

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Potato gratin with cream, garlic and a golden cheese crust – the work of a few minutes

Limonlu Patates Salatasi
Lemony Potato Salad

4 large potatoes (boiled)
2 eggs
Juice of 1/2 lemon
5 tablespoons olive oil
Pickled gherkins to garnish

The recipe for this fluffy, tangy salad comes from my aunt and is a winner. It sharpens the appetite and goes with everything – fish, meat or poultry – but is particularly good with cold meats. For a festive meal, pour the salad into an oiled mould or deep bowl and store in the fridge ready to turn out before serving.

1 Mash the potatoes to a purée in a bowl.

2 Separate the eggs, setting aside the whites, and add the yolks, lemon juice and olive oil to the purée. Season with salt and blend to a creamy consistency with a wooden spoon. Taste again and adjust the seasoning. You could add a little more lemon juice if you like things extra-tangy.

3 Whisk the egg whites until stiff and fold gently into the potato mixture.

4 Spoon into a serving dish, drizzle with a little extra olive oil, and decorate with pickled gherkins or anything else you fancy.

Patates Salatasi
German-Style Potato Salad

2 or 3 new potatoes (boiled or steamed)
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
3 tablespoons olive oil
Coarse salt
Pepper (freshly ground)
Chives or spring onions (finely chopped)
Fresh parsley (finely chopped)
Olives to decorate

German friends say potatoes retain their flavour better if steamed. If you do steam them, rinse and place whole on a baking tray with a little water and cook in the oven. Alternatively, steam them with a little water in a pressure cooker for about 5 minutes.

1 Remove the skins and place the potatoes in a salad bowl, breaking them up a little with a fork. Cover to keep warm.

2 Whisk all the other ingredients in a bowl and pour over the hot potatoes. Toss to coat with dressing, then leave to cool and marinate at room temperature.

3 Before serving, decorate the top with black or green olives. ◆

Berrin Torolsan, bt@cornucopia.net.
For cookery articles from past issues, see cornucopia.net/cookery

Tavuklu Patates
Chicken and Potato Stew

4 chicken thighs
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon tomato purée
1/2 lemon
Salt
4 or 5 medium potatoes

This light, appetising dish is traditionally served when people are feeling under the weather. It rarely fails to revive.

1 Wash the chicken and pat dry with kitchen roll or a paper napkin.

2 Heat the oil in a cooking pan and brown the chicken slightly on all sides.

3 Dilute the tomato purée in half a glass of water and add to the pan. Squeeze the lemon and pour the juice over the chicken, adding the peel to the pan. Cover and cook until the chicken is tender. Discard the lemon peel and season with salt.

4 Peel and add the potatoes to the pan, whole or halved crosswise depending on the size. If most of the liquid has been absorbed, add water and leave to simmer, turning occasionally, until the potatoes are cooked.

5 Serve hot, with the cooking sauce spooned over for mopping up with bread.

Patatesli Börek
Potato Börek

2 leaves of yufka or filo pastry
Filling:
4 small potatoes (boiled)
3 eggs
1/2 cup olive oil
250g feta cheese (crumbled)
Fresh parsley (chopped)
Black pepper
1 tablespoon nigella seeds ('çörek otu')

For this easy, tasty börek, use ready-made *yufka*, which is sold in Turkey in individual sheets. You can also use filo pastry, but *yufka* is lighter. It is made with a dough of only wheat flour and water, rolled out thinly into circular sheets about 60cm in diameter, and cooked dry on a hot iron griddle to preserve it. Many dishes cooked with olive oil improve overnight, and any leftovers, whether served cold or warmed, taste just as good as when freshly baked.

1 Mash the potatoes. Beat the eggs, reserving a little for later, and add to the potatoes, along with the olive oil, cheese and parsley. Use a fork to blend the mixture well, and season generously with pepper.

2 Lay a piece of greaseproof paper on a flat surface and spread the first leaf of *yufka* over it. Spoon half the potato filling onto it, spreading it evenly with the back of a spoon, taking care not to tear the *yufka*. Place the second leaf on top and cover with the rest of the filling. Trim the sides of the *yufka* into a square and place the trimmings on top of the filling. Using the greaseproof paper to hold it all together, roll into a neat cylinder, sealing the seam with a touch of beaten egg. Wrap the cylinder in the same paper and chill in the fridge for an hour or longer.

3 Before baking, use a sharp bread knife to cut the cylinder crosswise into slices two fingers thick, and arrange them cut-side up in a buttered baking tin. Brush the tops with the reserved beaten egg, sprinkle with the nigella seeds, and bake in a medium oven for about half an hour.

Potato croquettes, both crisp and creamy

Patates Gratine
Potato Gratin

4 or 5 medium-sized potatoes
1/2 glass double cream or whole milk
1 garlic clove (halved)
3 tablespoons grated cheese for topping

The classic potato gratin is usually baked in the oven, which will take between 45 minutes and an hour. This express version tastes just as good. For the cheese topping in Istanbul I use *kaşar*, but any cheese – cheddar, parmesan, emmentaler or Gruyère – is delicious. Or simply dot the surface with butter.

1 Peel and slice the potatoes thinly crosswise, preferably with a mandolin grater. Drop them in a bowl of salted water.

2 Heat the cream or milk in a non-stick frying or sauté pan. Strain the potato slices and add to the pan. Add the garlic halves and season to taste. As soon as it all begins to bubble gently, turn the heat down to minimum and allow to simmer, covered and undisturbed, until tender.

3 Before serving, discard the garlic. Using the same pan or transferring to a gratin dish, sprinkle the cheese over the top and place under a hot grill. In a few seconds the cheese will melt and form a golden crust.

Patates Köftesi
Potato Croquettes

3 or 4 medium potatoes (boiled)
100g cheese (grated 'kaşar' or cheddar, or crumbled feta)
2 tablespoons plain flour
1 egg
White pepper (freshly ground)
Olive oil for frying

Albanian *qofte patatesh*, Serbian *cufteda od krompira* or Bulgarian *kartofeni kyufteda*: this culinary synthesis has a delicious crisp texture that is a favourite everywhere with young and old. Leftovers will be even crispier second time round.

1 Drain the potatoes thoroughly and purée.

2 Mix the purée with the cheese, flour and egg in a deep bowl, season with pepper, and blend well with a spoon.

3 Dust your hands with a little extra flour, take walnut-size pieces of the mixture and roll by hand into spherical or long croquettes (pictured above).

4 Fry in hot olive oil until golden.

Patatesli Omlet
Potato Omelette

1 medium potato
1 tablespoon olive oil
2 eggs
Small bunch of parsley (finely chopped)
Small bunch of spring onions (finely chopped)
50g feta (or a small piece of any other cheese, grated or crumbled)
Salt and freshly ground pepper

This thick omelette resembles a Spanish *tortilla* and is quite possibly adapted from Spanish cuisine.

1 Peel and rinse the potato. Halve and slice quite finely with a sharp knife on a board into half-moons.

2 Heat the olive oil in a non-stick frying pan, add the potato slices and fry until evenly browned.

3 Break the eggs into a bowl, add the parsley, spring onions and cheese, and season. Mix with a fork and pour the mixture over the potato slices, rotating the pan gently to distribute the egg mixture evenly.

4 Turn the heat to the minimum, cover the pan and cook for 1–2 minutes, or until the omelette sets. Place a flat plate on top, turn the omelette onto the plate and serve warm, without folding it, sliced like a cake, accompanied by a lettuce and tomato salad.

dishes are unknown to the Turks... nothing but yoghurt."

Cultivation of the potato took off in Turkey in the 20th century. The Russian scientist Professor Zhukovsky spent 1925 and 1926 travelling in Anatolia, recording its edible fruits. In his book *Agricultural Anatolia* he informs us that Turkey's potato fields yielded 5,000 tons a year to meet the demand of crowded cities such as Istanbul. This quantity, he notes, had previously been imported. The fields around Adapazarı, started by Ahmed Vefik Pasha in the 19th century, were still producing satisfactory crops, and there were agricultural test laboratories under German supervision. Zhukovsky reports that nine different potato variants had been obtained from the area – some of them extremely fine and successful.

Fields of potatoes, with their delicate white, purple and pink flowers, and bright saffron-yellow stamens, flourish almost everywhere in Anatolia, but the Adapazarı region still has the most delicious, sought-after varieties, both waxy and mealy. Despite a slow start, the exotic potato became a common agricultural crop.

The potato in all its forms – baked, stewed, fried and puréed – has added many delicious dishes to the Turkish cuisine, eventually earning a prime position alongside the onion in Turkish larders. The two are always sold alongside each other in markets. A valuable winter staple, the potato is enjoyed as a vegetable in its own right, a welcome addition to existing local root vegetables. However, potato never became an essential part of everyday meals, or a substitute for bread, perhaps because the Turkish culinary tradition is rich in other carbohydrates, such as rice and bulgur pilafs, and *börek* pastries.

Things were quite different in the West. As Goethe wrote in a nursery rhyme about potatoes: "Whole in the morning, mashed for lunch. Sliced in the evening – there shall it stand. It is good for you" ("*Morgens rund, mittags gestampft. Abends in Scheiben – dabei soll's bleiben. Es ist gesund*"). And he was not alone. A book about Queen Victoria, *The Private Life of the Queen*, published in 1897, reveals: "Among vegetables, Her Majesty confesses to a great weakness for potatoes, which are cooked for her in every conceivable way..."

While the potato famine killed so many Irish and forced others to emigrate in abject poverty to the United States – some to become the forebears of generations of millionaires, senators and presidents – the humble potato remains the most popular staple in Ireland's cuisine. Meanwhile, a letter sent in 1847 by Irish notables to the Ottoman sultan Abdülmecid, expressing gratitude for his gesture, is treasured in the archives of the Topkapı.

TERBİYELİ PATATES ÇORBASI
POTATO SOUP WITH LEMON

4 glasses chicken stock
1 or 2 small potatoes (boiled)
1 egg
Juice of half a lemon
Fresh parsley (finely chopped)

The army officer and gourmet Mahmut Nedim bin Tosun gives five potato recipes, including a dessert, in his book *Aşçıbaşı* (*The Chef*), published in 1898. He notes that this most wholesome soup is popular among foreigners. Here is a simplified adaptation of the 19th-century recipe.

1 Heat the stock in a pan. Mash the potatoes and add to the stock.

2 Bring to the boil and simmer gently for 5–6 minutes.

3 Sieve the potatoes and stock into a large bowl, pressing through any remaining lumps of potato for a velvety texture. Return to the pan.

4 In the same bowl, beat the egg with a pinch of salt. Add the lemon juice and blend well. Spoon some of the hot soup into the egg mixture and keep whisking to prevent the egg curdling.

5 Pour the warm sauce into the pan and cook, stirring, until the soup thickens, but without allowing it to boil. Remove from the heat and serve sprinkled with the chopped fresh parsley.

SAHAN KÖFTESİ
MEAT PATTIES WITH SLICED POTATO

2 medium potatoes
250g minced lamb
1 medium onion (grated)
1 bunch fresh parsley (finely chopped)
1 bunch fresh dill (finely chopped)
2 slices stale bread (soaked in water, squeezed dry and crumbled)
1 egg
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
1 dessertspoon ground cumin
1 large tomato
1 green bell pepper
2 tablespoons butter

Attractive to the eye and simple to prepare, this dish makes a delicious, balanced meal for all seasons. Here it is cooked over a flame in a saucepan, but it can also be baked.

1 Peel the potatoes and slice crosswise into rounds, dropping the slices into a bowl of water with a teaspoonful of salt to stop discoloration. Set aside.

2 To prepare the meat patties (*köfte*), place the meat in a mixing bowl. Add the onion, parsley, dill, bread, egg, salt, black pepper and cumin, and knead the mixture with your hands until it holds together when you make a ball. Take an amount the size of a ping-pong ball, roll it in your palms and pat flat. Place it on a flat plate and repeat with the rest of the mixture.

3 Halve and slice the tomato, and deseed and chop the bell pepper.

4 Place a pattie, a tomato slice and a potato upright against the wall of a shallow pan, and repeat in the same order all the way round, adding concentric circles until you finish all the ingredients. Scatter the chopped bell pepper on top for colour and dot the surface with butter. From the side of the pan, add about half a glass of water.

5 Cook for about 20 minutes, covered, on a gentle heat, until the potatoes are tender, the patties cooked and most of the cooking juices absorbed. Serve straight from the pan with a crisp green salad and a glass of robust red wine.

KIYMALI PATATES OTURTMASI
POTATO SLICES WITH MINCE

4 tablespoons olive oil
1 large onion (chopped)
200g minced beef
1 tablespoon tomato purée
Salt and pepper
3 or 4 medium new potatoes

In old recipes, this dish is prepared by frying the potatoes separately in oil or butter. It would certainly be richer and would taste delectable, but this recipe is less time-consuming and healthier. An almost identical dish in Macedonia, *musaka so kompiri*, is baked in the oven with an egg and cheese topping.

1 Heat the olive oil in a shallow pan. Add the chopped onion and sauté until soft and translucent. Add the beef and the tomato purée and continue to stir-fry until the mince browns and crumbles. Season with salt and pepper, and transfer the mixture to a plate.

2 Peel the potatoes, rinse and slice crosswise into rounds a finger thick. Line the bottom of the pan snugly with the slices and sprinkle with salt. Add successive layers of potato, seasoning each layer with salt, until you use up all the potato.

3 Return the sautéed onion and mince mixture to the pan, piling it on top of the potatoes. Spread and flatten the surface with the back of a spoon. Add about half a glass water from the side of the pan, cover and cook, undisturbed, on a medium heat, until the potatoes are tender but retain their shape.

The catastrophe known as the Irish Potato Famine became infamous throughout the world after blight repeatedly wiped out harvests of the potato crop, on which rural Ireland was wholly dependent for food. Over three million Irish either perished from starvation or were forced to emigrate; most went to America.

The Ottoman sultan, Abdülmecid, was among those who wanted to help, but his donation of £10,000 was considered inappropriate, since Queen Victoria had given £2,000. So, as the newspapers reported, only £1,000 reached Dublin on March 31, 1847. But the sultan was so moved that a fleet of cargo ships laden with food supplies set sail for Ireland. Alas, on reaching Cork and Belfast, these too were turned away by the authorities. However, three foreign ships are reported to have docked between May 10 and 14 in the harbour of Drogheda, on the River Boyne, where they unloaded a cargo of wheat and corn – an incident politely hushed up so as not to harm diplomatic relations.

Potatoes, one of the world's most widely consumed staples, originated in the New World, with variants growing wild in the Andes and being cultivated by the ancient Peruvians. They arrived in Europe in the 16th century, carried by the Spanish conquistadors, along with their hauls of gold and silver. But though they proved a valuable addition to the sailors' limited diet, they proved unpopular in mainland Spain. As one of its natural defences, the potato, *Solanum tuberosum*, contains the alkaloid solanine, and its fruit and foliage are toxic, as are the tubers that sprout in storage, so probably people had been trying the poisonous bits. Quite rightly, the plant aroused suspicion, as did another American import, the tomato, which was initially detested. The realisation that both belonged botanically to the Solanum family, which also includes deadly nightshade, or belladonna, made things worse. For two centuries, no cook would touch the potato.

However, being full of nutrients and easily propagated – even from the peel – and flourishing with little effort in diverse habitats, the potato was cultivated as animal fodder, first in Italy, then, in the 18th century, in the German-speaking lands. *Kartoffel*, its German name, is believed to derive from the old Italian *tartuffel* or *tartoffel*, owing to its resemblance to truffles.

It is to a Frenchman, the brilliant scientist Antoine-Augustin Parmentier, that we owe our long-lasting attachment to this once-knobbly tuber. Serving as a pharmacist in the army during the Seven Years' War, he was captured in Germany, where a prisoner's ration was confined to potatoes, cultivated in plenty by the Prussians as pig fodder. At the end of the war, in 1763, Parmentier returned to Paris, where without delay he started investigating the vegetable's nutritional qualities.

Modern research confirms that the potato is rich in vitamin C and the B vitamins, as well as potassium, calcium, iron and phosphate, and packed with carbohydrates. How much Parmentier revealed of all this we do not know, but so convinced was he of the goodness and potential of the potato that he introduced the idea to Louis XVI of France and his queen, Marie Antoinette, of growing it to feed the poverty-stricken masses. The royal couple agreed – full of idealism, despite their later wholely undeserved reputation – and the court started to promote its cultivation and consumption. Louis XVI wore potato flowers in his buttonhole while Marie Antoinette tucked the pretty purple blooms into her wig. Parmentier himself distributed bouquets of potato flowers to celebrities and arranged banquets where influential Parisians were served potato dishes and liqueurs distilled from potatoes – prototypes of potato vodka and aquavit. His campaign eventually met with success.

The indefatigable Parmentier survived the French Revolution and lived to see the royal Tuileries Gardens turned into potato fields in 1793. Today any dish called *parmentier* will contain potato, and the Frenchman's name is almost synonymous with the vegetable.

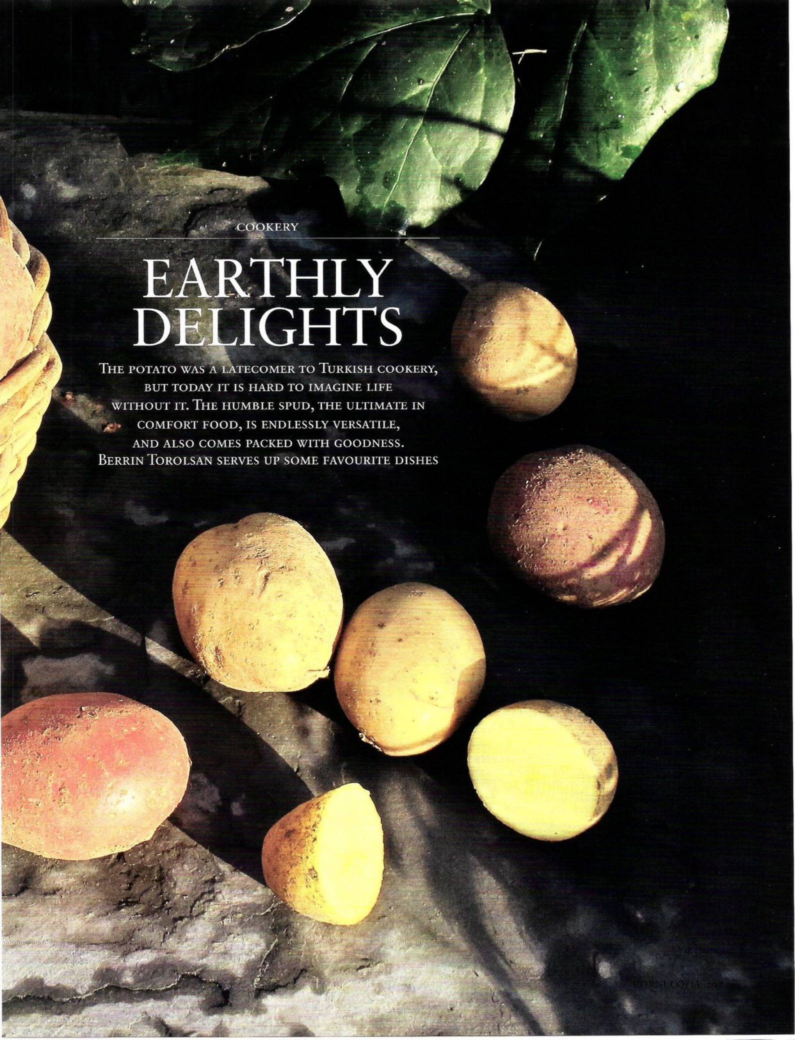
Many New World imports – such as corn, beans, peppers and Jerusalem artichokes, not to mention the turkey cock – had quickly reached Constantinople, the Ottoman capital, via Alexandria. From there they were spread by nomadic market gardeners across the Balkans to Europe – often carrying the label "Turkish" as a result. But the potato was an exception. For a long time it remained a foreigner in Ottoman lands, its eventual arrival in the first half of the 19th century coinciding with the Tanzimat reforms. In 1843 the then ambassador to Paris, Mustafa Reşid Pasha, impressed by agricultural developments in France and with the support of the enlightened young Abdülmecid, set in motion agricultural reforms to improve cultivation of various crops, one of which was the potato.

It had initially reached Turkey via western neighbours. The Balkan name *kumpir* or *krumpir* is a corruption of the German *Grundbirne* (ground-pear), as it became known in Austria. In today's Istanbul, *kumpir* is simply a jacket potato, a popular snack eaten with various fillings, as in the West, and taken to showy extremes in places like Ortaköy. Eastern villages close to the Russian border still use the word *kartof* – suggesting it arrived with immigrants from the Caucasus or Crimea. The modern Turkish word *patates,* however, seems to be borrowed directly from the Spanish *patata*, implying that seed potatoes might have been imported from Spain.

In 1844 the potato finally appears in an Istanbul cookbook, *Melceü't-Tabbâhîn* (*The Refuge of Chefs*), though it is still clearly a novelty. In a recipe for a beef stew with potatoes, the author, Mehmet Kâmil, feels the need to explain to readers that this unfamiliar ingredient is "a kind of Jerusalem artichoke, called *patates*". Judging by the name, *İstofato kum-patates* (from *Estofado con patatas*), the recipe, too, was a Spanish import.

Another very able ambassador to Paris – he was also a minister of education, grand vizier (twice), governor of Bursa and lexicographer – Ahmed Vefik Pasha organised (or helped organise) potato plantations in the fertile valleys of the Sakarya river, around Adapazarı. In his 1876 dictionary of the Ottoman language, *Lehçe-i Osmanî,* he uses the word *patata,* describing it as "an American root".

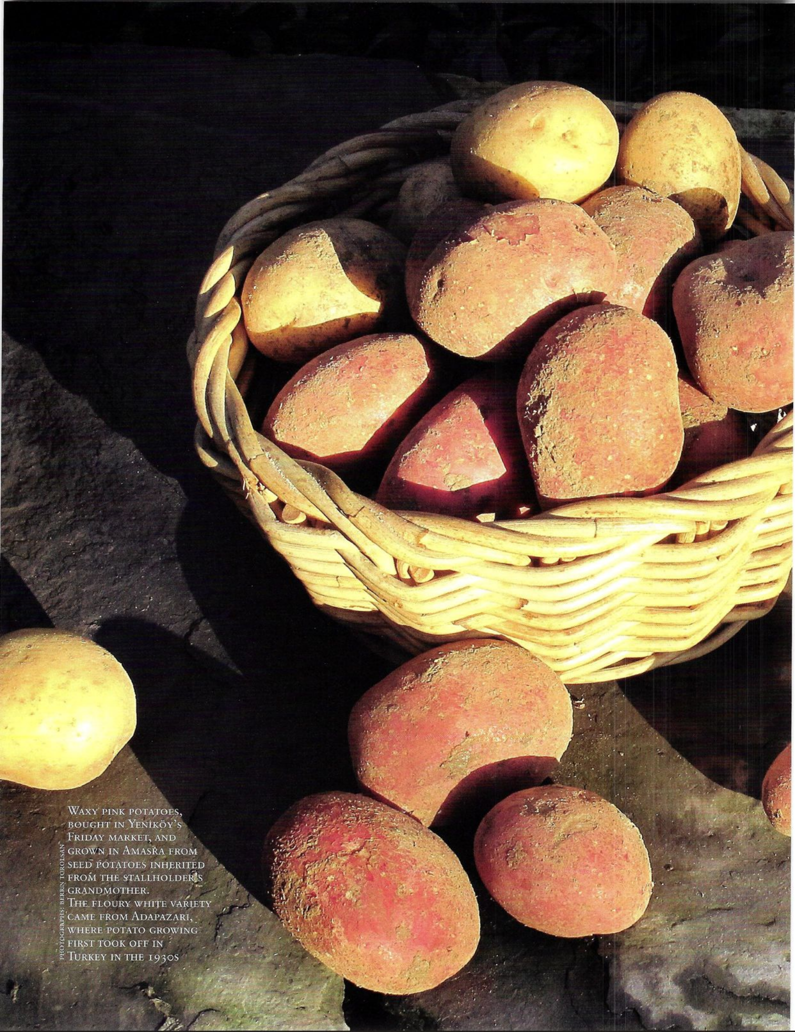
These efforts would be interrupted in times of war. In his memoir, the German commander Hans Guhr, who in 1916 served against Russia in the Caucasus Infantry Division of the Ottoman Army, grumbles: "Potato and side



COOKERY

EARTHLY DELIGHTS

The potato was a latecomer to Turkish cookery, but today it is hard to imagine life without it. The humble spud, the ultimate in comfort food, is endlessly versatile, and also comes packed with goodness. Berrin Torolsan serves up some favourite dishes



Waxy pink potatoes, bought in Yeniköy's Friday market, and grown in Amasra from seed potatoes inherited from the stallholder's grandmother. The floury white variety came from Adapazari, where potato growing first took off in Turkey in the 1930s

photographs: berrin torolsan

remember long tables of men, picking at their mezes and their fish, pouring each other rakı, sometimes holding hands and sometimes not as they conversed in Greek or Turkish or French or Ladino or Armenian but more commonly a mixture of all five, telling each other low, slow stories that would end with a slap on the table, and a long, fierce stare, to be followed by roars of laughter, kisses on foreheads and slaps on the back.

The languages of the Bosphorus mixed openly in those days. Along our little stretch, there were as many working churches – Catholic, Armenian and Greek – as there were working synagogues and mosques. Each community married and buried and even educated its own, but at home and at work, at butchers and fishmongers, greengrocers and bakeries, and in every public space, they wove their lives together. So when the Cyprus crisis of 1964 led to the abrupt expulsion of tens of thousands of Istanbul's Greeks, we who were left behind felt as if we'd had our own limbs ripped away from us. From that day on, the only Greek we heard was in the handful of restaurants where they still played kantades and rembetika behind closed and guarded doors. But before long, this music died, too.

From time to time, if we were walking around Psychiko in Athens, or Turkolimani in Piraeus, we would find them reincarnated. But even their owners agreed that something had been lost. What wouldn't they give, they all said, to return to their beloved Bosphorus. Now what would they think, if they could see how many cars and nightclubs and wedding halls and cafés and restaurants and tea gardens now lined its shores, and how few trees?

Sometimes I wonder what it's done to us, to have known the Bosphorus before the city swallowed it up. Sometimes it seems as if I spend my life clinging to whatever remnant I can find. Sometimes, when I return after a long absence, the only things I notice, and with burning fury, are the things that deface the memories I carry with me, everywhere I go. I do not share these thoughts with my father, who needs to conserve his energy if he is to keep the past alive in stories.

Time to head home now. We fight our way through the crowds and exhaust fumes of Bebek, pausing where the road returns to the shore. Behind us is the apartment block that replaced Nazmi's, the café where, in the Sixties, my father went to sit every evening, after buying his paper, where he'd made his first friends and met all of Istanbul's great characters. Shaded by plane trees, its garden was as large as a football field. "Do you remember how the fishermen stored their nets and poles in the back?" my father asks. What I remember better is sitting next to the low wall, listening to the rise and fall of voices I cannot yet understand, and watching the world flow past: stiff-backed ladies with stiff grey hair, arm in arm with men leaning on silver-tipped canes; servants, scurrying past with packages and string bags; wave after wave of students, while behind them, clapped-out buses and 1956 Chevrolets roll past, and the fishermen grill fish, and the chestnut man burns chestnuts next to the man hawking the helva gaufrettes we call paper plates. Beyond them I can see ferries, *sandals*, *takas*, tankers, liners, cargo ships and warships, gliding over water that is pink one moment, and silver the next, then turquoise, then midnight blue.

The moon comes up, and everyone claps.

We wave goodbye, and continue northwards along the shore. As we make our way between the joggers and the dog walkers, the pleasure boats and the yachts, Father points up at our first home in Istanbul. I can just about see the large balcony where we held our first parties. And here, before us, are the steps from which my father and his fellow revellers would greet the dawn by stripping off to jump into the Bosphorus. He is telling me about the time they almost swam into the path of a Soviet tanker when my mother's voice floats in. "Have you noticed," she says, "how he only talks about the parties? No mention of the hours and days and weeks he spent reading, reading, reading. Everything he could put his hands on! Anything that anyone had ever written about this city! Can you remember how, when he sat down for supper, everything he said dated back to 1120?"

I can. Right down to the last detail. For now we are almost home. As we pause at the foot of the Aşiyan, inhaling the turquoise air one last time, my father points to where he once watched a film crew shooting a romantic interlude: a man and a woman sharing a meal at the water's edge. When the film was in the bag, the actors sped off in a car, and the director sat down with the cameraman and finished off the food and drink.

No sign of them now. We head up the hill in silence. The climb is very steep. The cemetery on our right seems almost endless. As we imagine our way up past the southernmost edge of Rumelihisarı, and the Armchair Boulder, and the Tower House, and over the crest of our hill, and back to the room from which we can see only trees, my father's stories keep pulling us back.

First he pulls us back to the Tower House, to greet our downstairs neighbour, the legendary Ali. Did I know he was from one of the great Bektashi families – but also a passionate secularist? Did I remember how he'd give up rakı every Ramazan – returning from his law practice early every evening, to stand in the doorway, brandishing a wine bottle at every passing car, while eating pork?

He was back on the rakı when our chimney caught fire. When firemen wearing fluted helmets went rushing in with their buckets, Ali was right behind them, singing 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes'. "That was definitely his finest hour," my father says. Unless it was the time his wife's boss took the Tower House corner too fast and ran over Ali's dog. He knocked on the door to give Ali the sad news, whereupon Ali, brandishing a rakı bottle, and clad only in his underwear, marched him to the end of the garden and locked him up inside his chicken coop.

"He was in there for hours, wasn't he?" I say. My father nods as he pulls away, to list all the friends and illustrious people who are buried in the Aşiyan cemetery. One is Ahmet Hamdi Tanpınar, whose great last novel I had a hand in translating.

"I almost died there myself," my father says fondly. This was when we were still living across the road, in Nigâr Hanım's impossibly romantic *köşk*. He was awoken in the middle of the night by our Armenian housekeeper, who informed him that her brother and her husband were trying to kill each other in that cemetery. When he broke up the fight, he saw that they were both wearing his clothes.

"And then. *Then*. Do you remember the dead elephant they tried to deliver to the house a few days later?" It came from the Istanbul zoo, and it was really meant to go to my father's friend and colleague, Lee, the zoologist. He'd been encouraging the zookeepers to feed it something other than *simits*. When the elephant died anyway, Lee asked them to send its remains over, so that his students could learn from its bones.

But before my father tells me where this dead elephant ended up, he'll need to do a little backtracking. Because actually, there were two elephants. No, three. But the second and the third died in customs. It's just the first elephant that's buried in the yard above the house where my father and I are sitting, as the trees sway outside, and my mother's watercolours catch the light. ◆

Maureen Freely is a novelist, translator and Professor of English and Comparative Literary Studies at Warwick University. Her translation, with Alexander Dawe, of 'The Time Regulation Institute', by Ahmet Hamdi Tanpınar (Penguin Classics), is available from cornucopia.net at £10.99 pouring in and out of the university alumni club, or collecting children from the new private nursery school that is located on the ground floor of one of the many expensively restored wooden houses that I remember as decrepit and unpainted, draped with laundry, surrounded by dogs and boys, and milkmen, rag and bone men, and their emaciated donkeys.

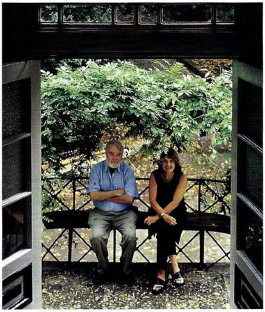
Did I know that from the time of the Conquest until its 500th anniversary in 1953, there was a village inside the walls of the castle? The inhabitants were direct descendants of the people who had built it. Such a shame to have dispersed them, my father sighs. Then he says, "Perhaps it was necessary. Let's not get bogged down."

We climb out of the little valley into Hisar Meydanı, passing the great plane tree, and the gates to my old primary school, and the higher, more forbidding gates to the Pasha's Library, where James Baldwin lived during the late 1960s. I shall never know that pleasure, which is why I am forever writing novels with characters that do. As we imagine our descent to the shore, I glance up at the glass porch that runs around three sides of the library and seems to sail above the outcropping on which it is balanced.

By now the Fatih Sultan Mehmet Bridge seems close enough to touch, but as we reach the shore, time rolls backwards, until it fades from view. It is 1960 again, and the *iskele* is no longer a swanky restaurant but a working ferry station. There's one just coming in now: the man on the deck throws two old and tar-soaked ropes, which the man on the landing loops around poles. The other rolls out two salt-stained ramps, which most passengers sidestep, preferring to jump across despite the signs warning them that it is dangerous and illegal. We do the same, and within seconds, we are off, watching from the railings as the hills of Europe recede and its sinuous shore unfurls. Soon we can see as far as the Point of the Wild Currents in one direction, the tulip gardens of Emirgan in the other.

The sea breeze picks up as we make our way past the *takas*, the *sandals*, the sailing boats, and the occasional Soviet tanker. And for a moment I think that we are off to the city again, on one of our Saturday morning explorations – that soon we shall be slipping past the coal yards that have still to give way to paparazzi nightclubs, cypress gardens that have not yet vanished under concrete, and burnt-out palaces destined to become the sorts of luxury hotels that host summits.

My father seems to know where my thoughts are going. "Let's wait till we're in the right mood," he says. "Today let's stay closer to home." So we turn back to watch the European shore receding, as the hills beyond it rise. And there, between the towers of Rumelihisarı, is the wooded valley we once called the Bowl. There, at the very top, is the *tekke* of Nafi Baba, and even at this distance I can still see the candle stubs lining its window sills, and little shreds of cloth fluttering beside them.



KEREM UZEL

FATHER AND DAUGHTER JOHN AND MAUREEN FREELY AT ROBERT COLLEGE, HIS HOME FOR MANY YEARS

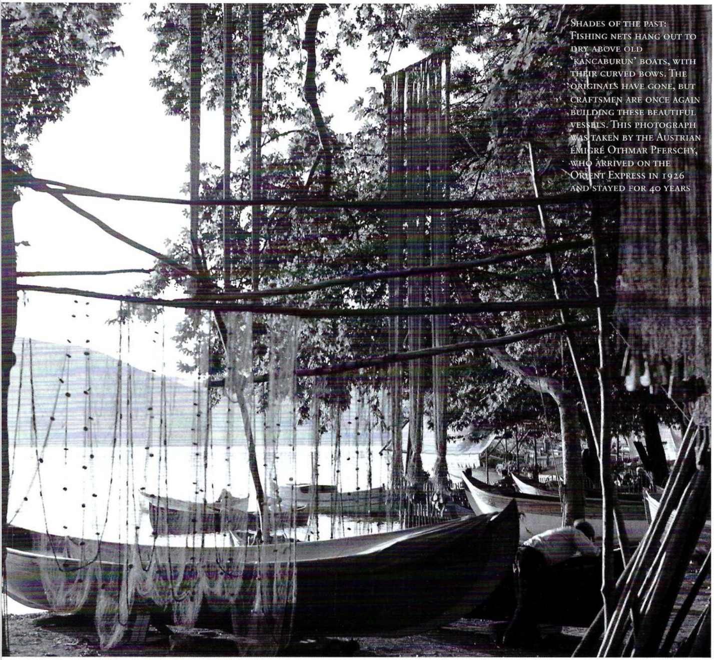
We turn towards the Asian shore, which is fast approaching. What season is it? Spring, of course. Late May, early June. Late enough for the Judas trees to have turned those hills pink with their blossoms. Where next? I suggest Kanlıca, and the café under the plane tree where they serve tubs of yoghurt piled high with powdered sugar, but my father opts to keep us on the ferry as it hugs the shore, passing the yalıs that have, with the rolling back of time, lost the harsh polish of money. Once again they are dilapidated relics, their uneven terraces furnished with chairs that don't match and plants in rusting tins advertising margarine and sunflower oil. We sail past the gorgeous, ancient and collapsing Amcazade Hüseyin Pasha Yalı, and Anadoluhisarı, the little castle built by Mehmed the Conqueror's grandfather, and the two streams that are known as the Sweet Waters of Asia, but that I remember as sending great ribbons of mud into the Bosphorus after every storm. Between them is the wedding-cake palace in which I never once saw a lit window.

Just beyond is the magnificent Kıbrıslı Yalı. And there is Emin Bey at the landing. In the garden to his right, a manservant is tending to a dozen assorted guests. Once he and my mother were sitting there drinking cocktails of unknown provenance when a young man swooped in on water skis. After allowing himself to be introduced as the future Maharajah of Mysore, he swooped off again, probably because he knew of a better party along the shore. All the best parties on this side of the Bosphorus were at Count Ostrorog's.

In the days before bridges, the towns of what we called the "other side" were both part of the city and apart from it. The road following the shore only rarely offered views of it. There were many more ferries working the Bosphorus in those days, so it was easy to take one over to spend an afternoon or an evening in one of the little restaurants next to the ferry stations, or under the plane trees just behind them. And if you missed the boat, and didn't want to wait for the next one, there was always a fisherman who could take you back in his motor.

Sometimes they'd ferry us across to Arnavutköy, which had a bay then, and not a four-lane highway pressed up against the old Ottoman houses with landings they can no longer use. Sometimes they would take us around the Point of the Wild Currents and into Bebek Bay. Do I remember how many fishermen Bebek had in those days? Do I remember the houseboat once rented by the son of the US Ambassador to Egypt? The day after one particularly wild party, my father and a friend went back out in a rented *sandal* to help him clean up. As far as the eye could see, there were empty champagne bottles, floating belly up.

Güzel Marmara – that's what Turkish champagne was called back then. I remember it as *şampanya*. It cost five liras a bottle, and you got two liras back for every bottle you returned. On the day of the Great Bebek Bay Clean-up, my father and his friend rowed back to shore with enough bottles to buy a whole new case. Or was it two? That might have been the day they pooled enough money to buy three or even four cases of Güzel Marmara, and rent a *taka* to take us all out to Riva, just outside the mouth of the Bosphorus. But equally, they could have just taken us all out for an endless Sunday at Yeni Güneş, the rickety restaurant perched over Bebek Bay. Yes, they were endless, the Sundays on that porch. I



SHADES OF THE PAST: FISHING NETS HANG OUT TO DRY ABOVE OLD 'KANCABURUN' BOATS, WITH THEIR CURVED BOWS. THE ORIGINALS HAVE GONE, BUT CRAFTSMEN ARE ONCE AGAIN BUILDING THESE BEAUTIFUL VESSELS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY THE AUSTRIAN ÉMIGRÉ OTHMAR PFERSCHY, WHO ARRIVED ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS IN 1926 AND STAYED FOR 40 YEARS

ISTANBUL MODERN OTHMAR PFERSCHY ARCHIVE

Alsatians. But Tevfik Fikret's house, the Aşiyan Museum, just next door, has recently been refurbished and is, my father assures me, more beautiful than ever.

He asks me if I remember the night in 1964 when one of its watchmen killed another watchman, during an argument about a foreigner's suitcase. I tell him I most certainly do: I was the one who discovered the blood stains on the snow. "No, you weren't," says my father. "It was your sister." She was also the one to discover the upmarket brothel that was our only other neighbour. The women were very kind to her and her best friend, leaning out of the windows to pinch their cheeks and offer them oranges.

He recalls that other time when one of the brothel's suppliers tried to deliver half a truckload of oranges to our house in error – along with the beer that took up the rest of the truck. So then I remind my father of the afternoon when a five-star general strode into the kitchen to find my mother drinking a cup of tea alone. "Where are the girls?" he asked. She explained that we were in school. "All right then," said the general to my mother. "I'll have you instead."

It is, my father says, a much more treacherous road, these days – no room for cars to pass, and no room whatsoever for pedestrians who want to live, so we turn left instead to pick our way across the cobblestones of Kaleağası Sokağı, skirting the castle walls to round the bend at the old marble fountain. There's a lot of traffic here, too: four-wheel drives and Audis and Mercedes parking badly, or

MEMORIES LIGHT THE CORNERS OF MY MIND

Maureen Freely goes 'Bosphorising' with her father, John Freely, in search of her treasured childhood in Istanbul. Could it be that it was all so simple then?

Our first house in Istanbul had a sweeping view of the Bosphorus. So did our second, and our third. But from the room where my father and I are now sitting, just half a hill away, we can see only trees. From time to time we can hear a ship sounding its horn, though. There is also the low roar of traffic passing from Europe to Asia across the Fatih Mehmet Bridge, until the sky darkens and this, too, fades away as the muezzins of Rumelihisarı, or rather their recorded voices, sing the call to prayer.

There seem to be more of them these days. Or is this just my imagination? I ask my father, who informs me that there were three mosques along this stretch of the Bosphorus when I was a child, and there have been no additions, unless I wish to count those in the vast new neighbourhoods in the hills above us. He goes on to do so for me, but I can hardly hear him, because now the dogs are howling. The *ezan* always takes them by surprise. Like all the towns along the Bosphorus, Rumelihisarı has a long history of street dogs. They roam in packs, protecting us from outsiders with ill intent. But I don't remember a chorus quite this loud or large.

My father tells me I'm right about that, at least: just above the university campus where he and my mother have lived for more than 50 years, there is now a municipal dog pound. He begins to tell me about the night a large pack of these poor creatures found a way over the wall, but again his voice is drowned out, this time by a low-flying 747. This is not a daily phenomenon – it depends on the wind – but today we are back under the main flight path into Atatürk Airport. From air, land and sea, the new century encroaches.

But there is one thing it cannot seem to change, I say, and that is the light, which is not like any other I have seen. Again, my father agrees. He points to my mother's watercolours, which adorn every wall. "She caught the light, didn't she?" he says. In every season, and at every time of day, you have only to look outside the window to know that the Bosphorus is just a five-minute walk away.

My father, at 88, is not as fast on his feet as he once was. So this afternoon we are letting our imaginations take that walk for us. We begin by skirting the walls of the university, passing Tower House, where we lived when I was a teenager, to arrive at the southernmost walls of Rumelihisarı. We picture ourselves standing there, looking up at its stern stones and crenellations, and peering around its base, in search of the armchair boulder in which we'd put so much faith as children. Having settled ourselves into it, we'd turn to our left, to look up the Bosphorus in the direction the Black Sea, and then turn to our right, to look down the Bosphorus in the direction of the city. After we'd done that three times, we'd shut our eyes, recalling every detail, great and small, and make a wish.

I tell my father how comforting it was to survey the Bosphorus from a stone seat so high and securely anchored that not even the most monstrous passing warship could make it tremble. From here, the Bosphorus was serene in its silence. No matter what happened, it would continue to flow. *No matter what*, I say. My father pauses for a moment, before telling me about the time he stood on the crest of this same hill, to see hundreds of *takas* sailing into the city. This was in 1976, just before he and my mother tried to leave Istanbul the first time. The *taka* owners were staging a protest about a sudden rise in insurance rates. They claimed it would put them all out of business, and before long, it mostly did. What a shame that was, my father says. Did I realise there were accounts of fishing vessels of this design going back to 1800BC? "Only to be eliminated in one day with a single stroke of the pen."

In sadness we gaze down the cobblestone road that runs between the Aşıyan cemetery's turbaned tombstones and the summer house that was built by an Ottoman poetess just before the First World War and became our own achingly romantic (but also unheated and rat-infested) home in the mid-1960s. Its upper balcony offered a view of the Bosphorus that was framed by the two palm trees rising from a pond that – like the pomegranate and persimmon trees, the gazebos, hedges and flowerbeds, and everything else in its once-magnificent garden – had been left untended for 30 years. After we moved out, the house was rented and then expropriated by the police, to be used as an observation post. Today it sits behind high walls, guarded by an unfriendly pack of

TRAVEL NOTES

Here are some suggestions for getting around the Bosphorus (for more, visit cornucopia.net/guide). The İstanbulkart smartcard is the way to pay for most ferries, metro and buses.

Hop-on hop-off boats

The first thing any visitor should do for a feel of the city is to take a ferry across the Bosphorus (ferries range from small *dolmuş motor* to old-fashioned steam *vapur*, to car ferries and high-speed catamarans). There is no one source of information, but the website of the **Şehirhatları** city lines (en.sehirhatlari.com.tr/en) is useful. Main ferry stations (*iskele*) are Eminönü, Karaköy Kabataş and Beşiktaş on the European side; Üsküdar and Kadıköy on the Asian. Boats in the area seen in our City Bosphorus section run every 20 minutes or so.

Heading upstream (our Village Bosphorus section), there are fewer ferries and hardly any on Sundays. Check the timetable for commuter and ring routes. The Çengelköy–İstinye ring is handy for hopping on and off for, say yoghurt in Kanlıca, fish in Bebek or the Sakıp Sabancı Museum.

To see the Bosphorus at its most beguiling, get up early and sail down into the city. Take a taxi to İstinye for the 7.20 or 7.25 boat to Eminönü (they take different routes). Buy a bun before boarding. They serve tea and coffee.

The 8.15am ferry from Beşiktaş allows you to make a whole day of the Bosphorus, heading north in the morning, south in the evening. It leaves the İDO jetty (in the park, by the Beşiktaş *iskele*), stops at İstinye and reaches Sarıyer at 9.15, returning at 6.05.

Another way to cross is by *dolmuş motor.* Downtown *motors* as big as city line ferries ply between Beşiktaş and Kabataş on the European side and Üsküdar. On the upper Bosphorus, smaller, old-fashioned *motors* serve Yeniköy and Beykoz every 20 minutes by day (and when they have enough passengers at other times). You can also rent one by the hour at an *iskele* from around TL300.

Kanlıca Motor offers an informal Kanlıca–Emirgan service in even smaller boats. If none are in sight, call +90 216 322 8193. The cooperative under the bridge in Anadoluhisarı will also ferry you across to Rumelihisarı. By small fishing harbours, as in Salacak, Beylerbeyi or Yeniköy, you can usually find a fisherman to take you out. It costs around TL100 an hour.

Tours and Cruises

Şehirhatları runs a two-hour **Short Cruise** from Eminönü at 2.30 or Ortaköy at 2.50 up as far as Yeniköy and back, with no stops. The classic **Long Cruise** leaves Eminönü at 10.35 and goes to the top of the strait, stopping at Anadolukavağı for lunch before returning at 3pm. Get there early for a seat. You could do part of the cruise and combine it with sightseeing – get off, say, at Sarıyer for the Sadberk Hanım Museum, or Kanlıca for the Asian side.

Many firms offer cruises with guides and food included. **Bosphorus Tour** (bosphorustour.com) has a morning cruise up to Rumelihisarı, and an afternoon one for the upper Bosphorus. The ultimate treat is dinner aboard a converted fishing boat as the moon rises over the Asian hills with a company such as **Lüfer** (lufer.com.tr).

If you're in a hurry, book a 10-seat catamaran "sea taxi" from **Deniz Taksi** (+90 850 222 4498, deniztaksi.com). You can pay by the hour (TL700) or by the nautical mile. Good for a round trip to view the two fortresses and the best yalıs in under an hour.

A 'dolmuş motor' sailing through the morning mist from Yeniköy to Beykoz

JOHN SCOTT

SUNA AND İNAN KIRAÇ FOUNDATION

The bus to Anadolukavağı, north of Beykoz, leaves every 20 minutes (a taxi takes 10 and costs about TL20). The route takes in the **Yuşa Mosque**, built in 1755 by Yirmisekizzade Mehmed Said Pasha, briefly grand vizier, who brought to the post Georgian levity and French flair (his father had been ambassador to Paris), some of which can be seen in the mosque.

Yuşa Tepesi (Hill of Joshua) is believed to be where Joshua of the Old Testament is buried. He must have been hugely tall, as on the hilltop is an enormous grave known as the Giant's Grave, around which pilgrims process anticlockwise in the hope of healing. In *Don Juan* Byron declared:

'Tis a grand sight from off 'the
Giant's Grave',
To watch the progress of those
rolling seas.

Unless intercessions are urgently needed, the view of the Bosphorus is better admired from the tea garden down the hill, where the huge walnuts that may give the village its name (*bey* meaning lord; *koz*, walnut) are sold next to pickles and fruit, plump aubergines and bunches of garlic and chillies. It is in some ways an odd spot for a romantic destination, but courting couples seem to appreciate it.

Anadolukavağı: myth and memory

Anadolukavağı and, across the water, Rumelikavağı, mark the end of the ferry line. Beyond them lie Anadolufeneri and Rumelifeneri, the two lighthouse (*fener*) villages, whose wild, isolated charm is ruined by the third Bosphorus bridge.

Undeveloped thanks to its stategic importance in the Cold War, Anadolukavağı comes as close to a Bosphorus village in Ottoman times as you can get. If you hire a boat, drift along the shore to inhale the scent of Mediterranean *maquis* wafting down the Bosphorus, and listen to the nightingales. Most people come to eat fish in the many restaurants on the shore. Turbot (*kalkan*) is a particular delicacy in spring, but do insist on your turbot, or indeed any fish, being cooked lightly (*çok kurumasın!*).

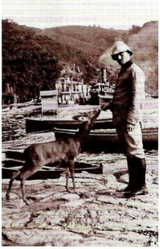
If you come by ferry, there is a feeling of frontiers as you approach the pier, reinforced by the incongruity of tourist touts and tat-sellers who have spread here from the Old City. Keeping to the right, sweep through the village and walk up a small, plain but unspoilt street with gardens and a graffiti-scrawled *ayazma* (sacred spring) shaded by a massive plane tree.

Alternatively, keep left and avoid the 30-minute climb with a taxi up to **Yoros Fortress** for about TL15 return. Surrounded in spring by a carpet of narcissi, the fortress stands inside a frilly skirt of tea gardens and restaurants, but is unadorned and monumental. It is often known as the Genoese Castle, but was in fact built by the Byzantines in layers of brick and stone; the Genoese repaired and extended it when they took over in 1414.

The fortress had already been fortified under the Palaiologos dynasty. Interesting details include the Byzantine roundels halfway up the towers of the large gate. These may come from an old monastery next to the fortress, buried now under razor wire marking the military zone.

The next bay is Keçililiman (Goats' Harbour). Petrus Gyllius, the 16th-century French writer, agonised over the legends linked to its name and the Golden Fleece, and to the temple of Zeus Ourios (Fair Wind), which in turn gave its name to Yoros Fortress. Certainly there could be no better place for flinging thunderbolts at marauders. Murad IV fortified both shores against the Cossacks in the 17th century, and defences against the Russians are maintained today.

Wending your way down to Anadolukavağı, the feel becomes less military encampment, more Black Sea town. Two giant plane trees shade the cemetery of the small mosque and a peaceful square, while on the waterfront ice cream reigns supreme. ◆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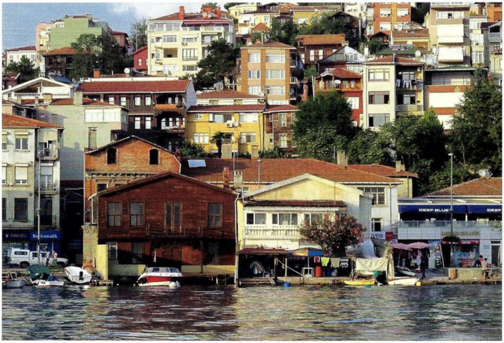
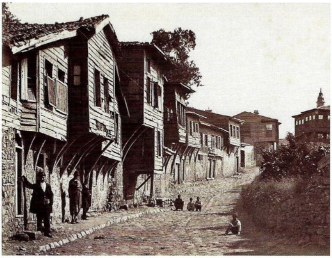
BERRİN TOROLSAN



BRIAN MCKEE



BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

This page, top Beykoz today
Above Şahinkaya Caddesi in the 19th-century
Opposite, top Anadolukavaği in the 1870s, by Vasilaki Kargopoulo, with Yoros Fortress on the far right
Centre An officer feeding a fawn on the shore, c1916–18
Bottom Anadolukavaği, the only Bosphorus village to retain its original scale. The daily 'vapur' waits for two hours for passengers to have lunch ashore before sailing back to the Galata Bridge

old stone quay it overlooks is the **Hünkar İskelesi**, the Sultan's Pier, where people come by boat to swim.

Edward Lear sailed past the "Unkias Skelesia" in August 1848: "Mohammet Ali of Egpt is building a palace like a town – never to be finished in his day. The view is very pretty both up & down the strait, pretty woods & pretty mosques and minarets, reflected in the clear water & pines & cypresses on the edge of the little hills. Behind is a valley of fine trees."

Next to the palace is a peaceful cemetery, and next to that the vast market, active on Thursdays and surrounded by the metalworkers of Beykoz.

Beykoz Bay was one of the few places on the Bosphorus where factories were built. One enormous chimney is all that remains of the 1934 glassworks at Paşabahçe, heir to a tradition going back to the 16th century – where you could buy designer glass by the kilo until 2002. The Sümerbank shoe factory is abandoned, and the vast rakı distillery, with its cloud of aromatic aniseed, has been pulled down. Also banished are the *dalyan* net fishermen, heirs of Mehmet the Conqueror's Trabzon fishermen. There are plans to seal off the entire bay with a monstrous marina.

Beykoz also had an intellectual world all of its own. One of the yalıs on the strip known as Yalıköy had a theatre on the top floor, where the owner would stage his own plays in the early 1900s. Local artists included Hikmet Onat, who painted this yalı with boats drawn up in front (see p141).

Back in Beykoz's seaside square, where people sit under the low umbrella pines to admire the view, it is worth taking a short walk inland. Behind the fountain – our starting point – is Şahinkaya Caddesi, a pretty street which still looks a little as it does in early photographs. Take the first left to find an unexpected view across the Bosphorus all the way to the skyscrapers of Levent. Or turn right for the **Abraham Paşa Korusu**, the woods of an Ottoman Armenian vizier, Abraham Pasha, who would take Abdülaziz fishing for *lüfer* and is said to have won the estate in a game of backgammon.

In a café close to the road at the bottom of the woods, you can breakfast all day by shady ponds. On the top of the hill, the famous grill restaurant Hasır has been replaced by something more Vegas, without the drink or gambling, but with wedding parties and posing brides.

A short bus ride inland from Beykoz is **Akbaba**, known for spring waters once shipped to Ottoman Egypt – **Sırmakeş** is the most famous. Closed in by coppiced woods, the village may seem unprepossessing until you realise this is the very kingdom of Tintin's King Ottokar, peopled by his stern subjects. Take tea with retired majors and sea captains under the plane trees, explore the old graveyard, seek out the queen mother's dervish shrine (where a village woman sells the sweetest chestnuts), then barbecue *pirzola* (chops), peppers and tomatoes at your table as you imbibe at **Şişman'ın Yeri** (Fat Man's Place), stocking up on witches' broom ends, axe heads and chestnut honey before staggering back on to the bus.

The easiest way to Beykoz from the European shore is by *dolmuş* boat from Yeniköy, though you need a car to explore the hinterland, which extends to the Black Sea. The scale of development is depressing, but there are consolations: **Polonezköy**, the quaint Polish village given by Abdülmecid to Prince Adam Czartoryski in 1842; and near the Black Sea village of Riva, **Cam Ocağı**, the Glass Furnace Foundation, which has reignited Beykoz's glassmaking tradition, and is now one of the world's top glass schools. **Riva** itself is extraordinary, with the Genoese castle and a broad river cutting across the golden beach.

Beykoz: taking stock of the bay

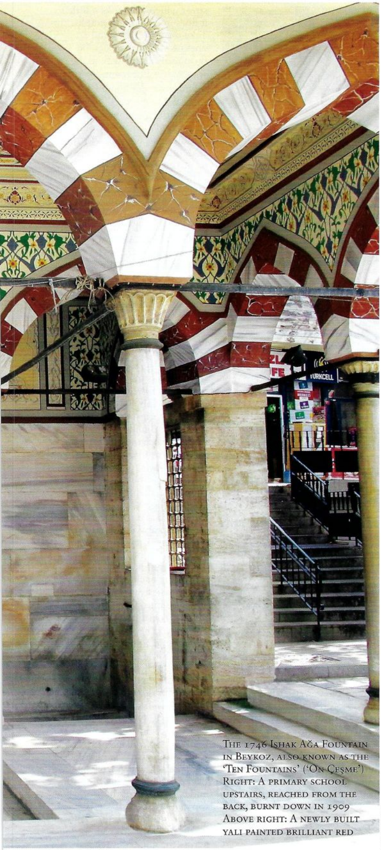
The seaside square of Beykoz is dominated by the **Fountain of Ishak Ağa** (1746), an appealing structure with a loggia formed by thin columns and pointed arches. The lengthy inscription boasts, with some justification, that as a building it "has not its equal in beauty in all the villages of the Bosphorus". It was the largest of three fountains built in Beykoz by a charitable *gümrük emiri* (head of customs).

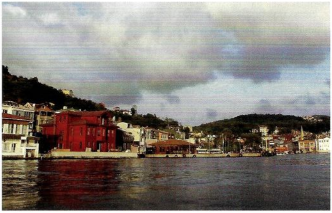
The mosque in the square is also 18th-century, with attractive details that include decorative lines of colour and small dovecotes on the sides. Next to the good, cheerful *börekçi* and the old **Kök Kardeşleri Lokantası**, for pastries or home-made cooking, the old hamam survives (just). The ladies' entrance is closed, but the sense of a village community and old Ottoman surroundings make it worth a visit.

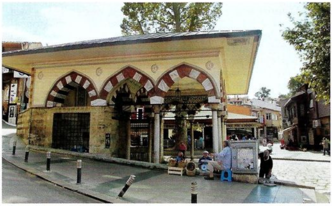
Wander up the ramshackle Panayır Sokağı to the right of the fountain and pass through rickety gates to find **Aya Paraskevi**, a parish church, beautifully carved throughout.

The feel of Beykoz in general, however, is not so much that of a village as of small-town Anatolia, the more so as you head a little way up the Bosphorus towards the summer palace of **Beykoz Kasrı**.

At the end of the short bay, hidden by cedars whitened by cormorants, is the Neoclassical palace built between 1845 and 1854 by the Balyans for Kavalalı Mehmed Ali Pasha, the first khedive of Egypt, who almost grabbed the Ottoman throne. Abdülmecid was presented with the building by the khedive's son Said Pasha, and when it fell out of use in the early 20th century, the Beykoz Children's Pulmonary Hospital was allowed to use it, as a gesture of socialist care. Now, in a woeful example of hubris, the palace is the victim of a refurbishment that has lasted nine years. The

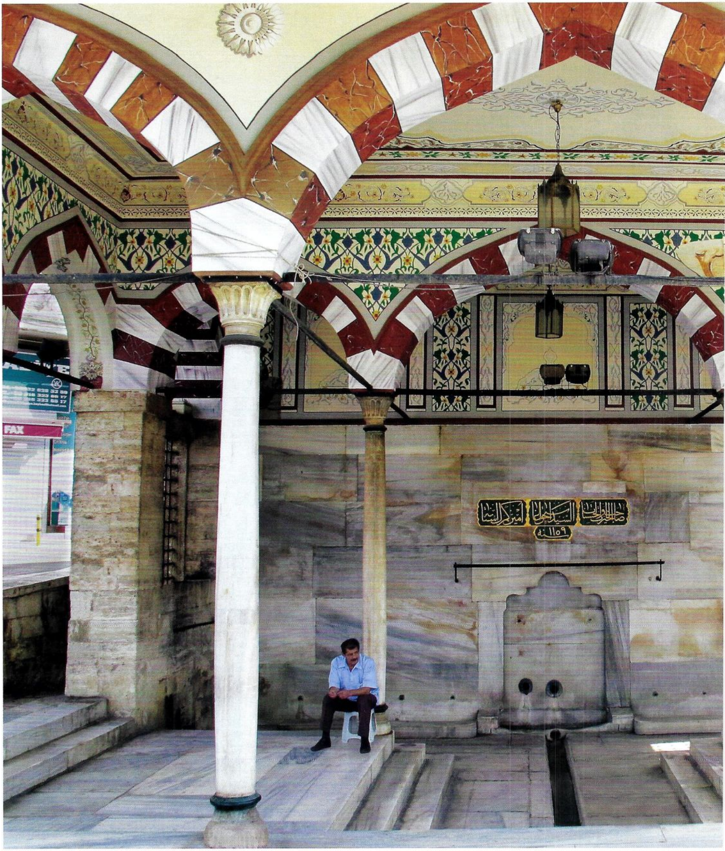


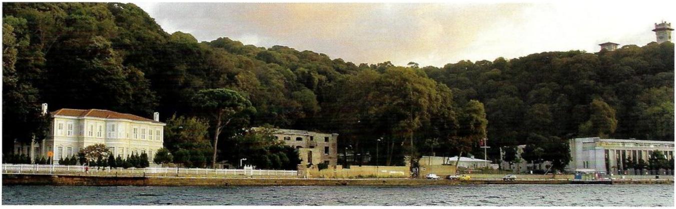




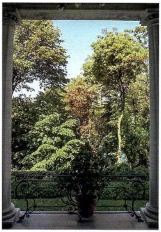
THE 1746 ISHAK AĞA FOUNTAIN IN BEYKOZ, ALSO KNOWN AS THE 'TEN FOUNTAINS' ('ON ÇEŞME') RIGHT: A PRIMARY SCHOOL UPSTAIRS, REACHED FROM THE BACK, BURNT DOWN IN 1909 ABOVE RIGHT: A NEWLY BUILT YALI PAINTED BRILLIANT RED

JOHN SCOTT

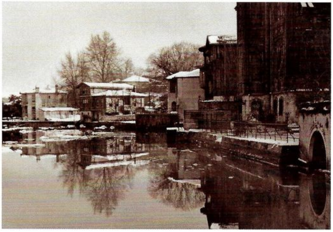




BERRİN TOROLSAN



BRIAN MCKEE



DR M SİNAN GENİM ARCHIVE

Opposite, top Kanlıca's yalis in the 1990s, with the Ethem Pertev Bey Yali on the far left
Far left and bottom The village's most fanciful yali, now restored, was built in 1860 by Ethem Pertev Bey, a pharmacist whose eau de cologne is still sought after. He abandoned it after losing his son in a boating accident
Above left Ahmed Rasim Pasha Yali, now revamped as a hotel, and the red Asaf Pasha Yali

This page, top The Çubuklu Halil Ethem Bey Yali, north of Kanlica, has none of the excess of other late yalis. Just visible above the trees, on the far right, is the Hidiv Kasri (Khedive's Palace) of 1907
Above, from left The khedive's garden; his orangery; a wintry view from the pier in the 1930s

the gleaming exterior. The expanse of tarmac laid down in her name is doubly ironic, since Halide (1884–1964) advocated disturbing the past as little as possible as you build the future, and Kanlıca probably means "only accessible by ox".

But the road makes for a good waterside walk along the wooded stretch of Çakalburnu (Jackals' Point) to the **Çubuklu Halil Ethem Bey Yalı**, with its elegant bowed frontage. It owes its looks to the refinement of its original owner. Halil Ethem Bey was the son of a grand vizier and brother of the celebrated artist Osman Hamdi Bey.

People visit Kanlıça for the hilltop views. One of the best is from the **Hidiv Kasrı (Khedive's Palace)**, an unexpected Tuscan-style villa surrounded by woods – take a taxi to get there. It was built in 1907 for Abbas Hilmi Pasha, the last Egyptian khedive, when he was in bad odour with his mother for his clandestine marriage to a cross-dressing Hungarian countess. Today it is a restaurant, café and wedding venue under municipal control. Gone are the days of splendid roasts and wines relished by President Mitterrand when he lunched here with the writer Çelik Gülersoy, director of the Touring Club, who rescued the building so handsomely in the 1980s.

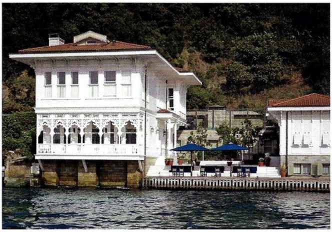
If you walk up **Mihrabat Caddesi**, opposite the İskender Pasha Mosque, the feel becomes more pastoral. At **Mimoza Döşeme** (No 3), Fikri Usta claims to be able to turn out your dream chair before you even know you want it. **Kanlıca Café**, in the wooden house next door, is the place for filling *mantı* (dumplings) and belongs to the delightful corner shop, **Özlem Yufka**, where Kıymet Hanım rolls out pastry in a cloud of flour (milk is the secret of her *börek* and *mantı*). Across the road, at No 2, is **İkinci Bahar**, highly rated for its *kuzu tandır* (pit-roasted lamb) and salads.

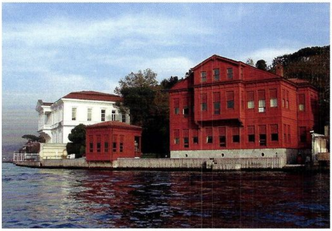
Afterwards, it is a fairly stiff climb to the top of the **Mihrabat Korusu** (Mihrabat Woods) and the cemetery (again you could take a taxi). The reward is one of the best views of the Bosphorus. Beyond the bridge, its vast span framing the towers of Rumelihisarı, lies a shimmering mass of water, while just across the strait the futuristic mass of Etiler and Levent seems to hold up a distorting mirror to the cypresses around you. It feels like a personal discovery when Manço family names appear among the tombstones, but there it is, the familiar picture of the old rock star Barış Manço, and a mound of small ceramic hearts and tributes from fans.

On the brow of the hill is the **Mihrabat**, a restaurant ideal for admiring the glorious view over coffee and a bite any time from 8.30am to midnight. A fair bit beyond it, the new **Abdülvehhab Evvab Efendi Mosque** is ripe for an Aga Khan award.

It is a lovely walk down from the restaurant to Mihrabat Bay through the wood of wild bay, pine, oak and cornus.

GILLES GUITTARD


JÜRGEN FRANK


BRIAN MCKEE

30 years later has but a shadow of the original's beauty. Start again, we say, with saw and adze, not cement mixer.

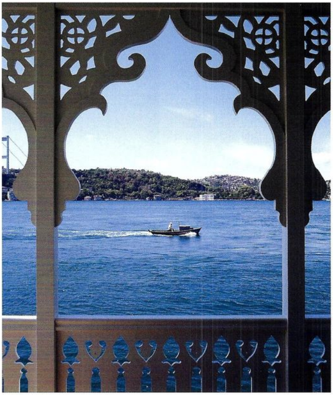
Time to move on? A ferry does a useful loop, linking İstinye and Arnavutköy, on the European shore, with Kanlıca and all the villages down to Çengelköy, on the Asian. And **Kanlıca Motor,** in front of the old mosque by the quay, will whisk you across to Emirgan in a tiny fishing boat.

If you take the *vapur* on the daily Bosphorus Tour from Eminönü to Anadolukavağı, expect to be approached soon after the boat pulls away from Kanlıca by a man bearing a tray of small plastic pots. These contain the thick yoghurt for which Kanlıca is famed, to which you add icing sugar, creating a delicacy with an indelicate name, *karga beyni* (crow's brain). Distracted tourists spoon it into their mouths as they watch dolphins darting and admire the yalıs along this stretch. Sweetest of all is the **Ethem Pertev Bey Yalı**, with its balcony of arabesque arches.

The yoghurt comes from the café next to the pier, the famous **İsmail Ağa Kahve** (in business for 140 years, and still run by the Sipahioğlu family), with its deep bowls of sugar (for Turks), ice cream and honey (for Germans), or apricot jam (for the Spanish).

Another local attraction is the unusual **İskender Pasha Mosque**, built in 1560 by Sinan. The mosque and *türbe* (its founder's tomb) and the later timekeeper's pavilion survive, but the mosque suffered greatly in an 1850 renovation and was damaged by road-building in 1925. The compensation is a light-hearted quirkiness: the plane tree has been painted with fish scales and hung with lifebuoys.

The road that runs past the mosque, Halide Edip Adıvar Caddesi, named after the novelist and champion of women's rights, leads you up the Bosphorus past the **Ahmet Rasim Pasha Yalı** at No 27, now the **Ajia Hotel**, which manages to feel bleak inside in spite of


FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

Kanlıca: all the pretty houses

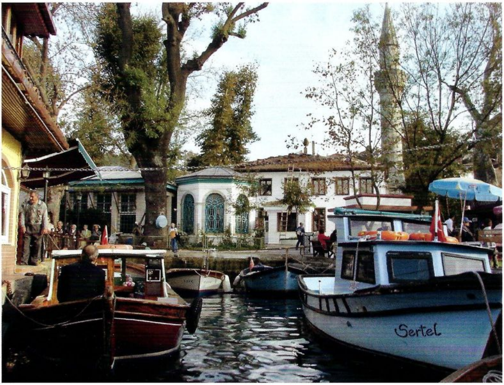
After the Fatih Bridge you come to Mihrabat Bay, where Kanlıca begins. On balmy evenings inhabitants would take themselves downstream from the village to this sheltered cove to watch the moon rise over the cypress trees and pluck their ouds, whispering their melancholic songs – it had the best acoustics on the Bosphorus, until the Fatih Bridge drowned them. Facing across the water to Emirgan, the town proper is round the next point, with a long row of beautiful yalıs at the foot of a large wooded cemetery that completely covers the cape, exposed to elements, currents and shipping.

The strait is deep and fast-flowing here, so there is little danger of a wave breaking over your head, as can happen in Çengelköy or Yeniköy, but accidents do happen. A Russian cargo ship carrying arms for Cuba sailed straight into a bedroom in 1973, causing spies much excitement.

Many yalıs have been rebuilt, and one can't help regretting the loss of the fragile wooden originals, so vulnerable to fire. The **Saffet Pasha Yalı** was a particularly poignant example. The owner, Kadri Cenani, never recovered from the loss when it burnt down in 1976, and died soon after. His stepdaughter, Arlette, had lived in the house from the age of 15, later joined by her husband, the archaeologist James Mellaart, when they were making their important discovery of the Neolithic settlement at Çatalhöyük.

She recalled how "a plume of smoke was seen rising from the roof, then a whirlwind of fire engulfed the yalı and its contents – furniture, books, a Steinway grand piano, objets d'art, mementos and family portraits". From her husband's point of view, "the worst disaster was the loss of the drawings, plans and photographs which were to be published in the reports of his excavations".

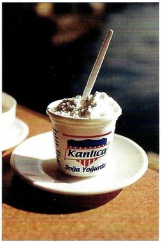
Despite Mellaart's beautiful architectural drawings of the house, the one that replaced it



BURAK ÇETINTAŞ

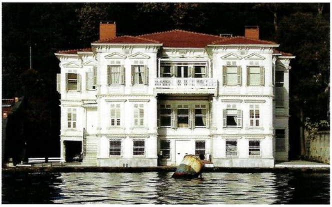
SİGARA İÇİLMEZ CEZASI 62 TL

BRIAN MCKEE



JÜRGEN FRANK

OPPOSITE THE VIEWING PAVILION OF THE 1870S VECIHI PASHA YALI IN MIHRABAT BAY
TOP IN KANLICA'S TINY HARBOUR, SMALL BOATS READY TO FERRY YOU ACROSS THE BOSPHORUS MOOR IN FRONT OF THE 16TH-CENTURY İSKENDER PASHA MOSQUE (BUILT BY SINAN FOR SÜLEYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT'S VIZIER), AND ITS OCTAGONAL TIMEKEEPER'S PAVILION
CENTRE ROW THE İSMAIL AĞA CAFÉ, FAMOUS FOR ITS YOGHURT
RIGHT THE PRINCESS RUKİYE YALI WAS BUILT FOR EGYPTIAN ROYALTY



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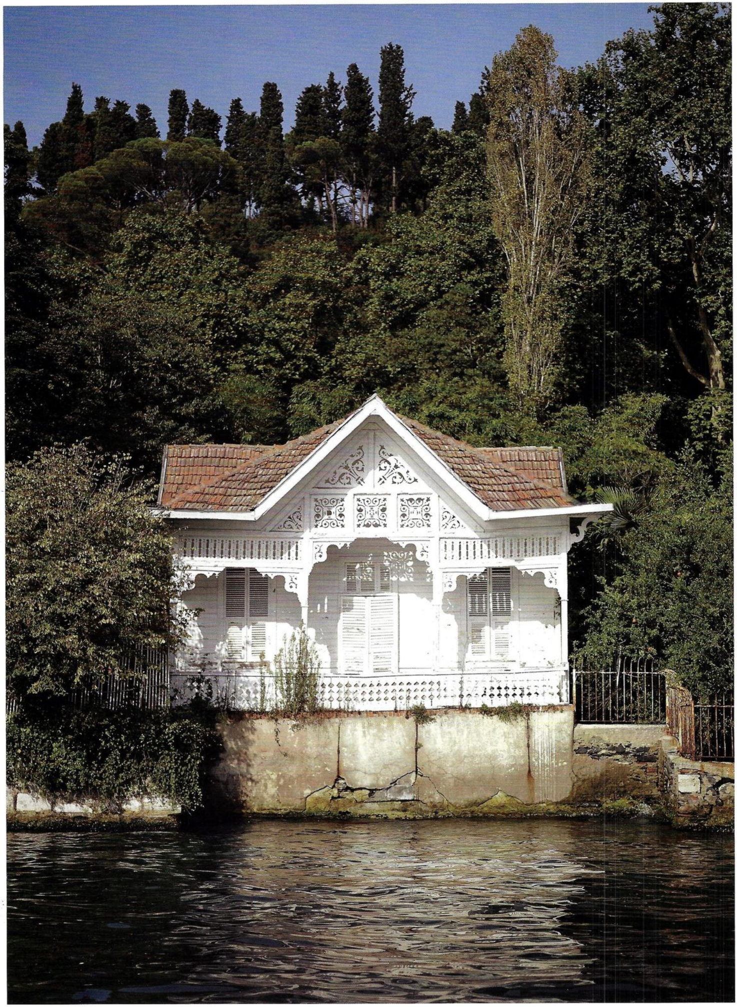

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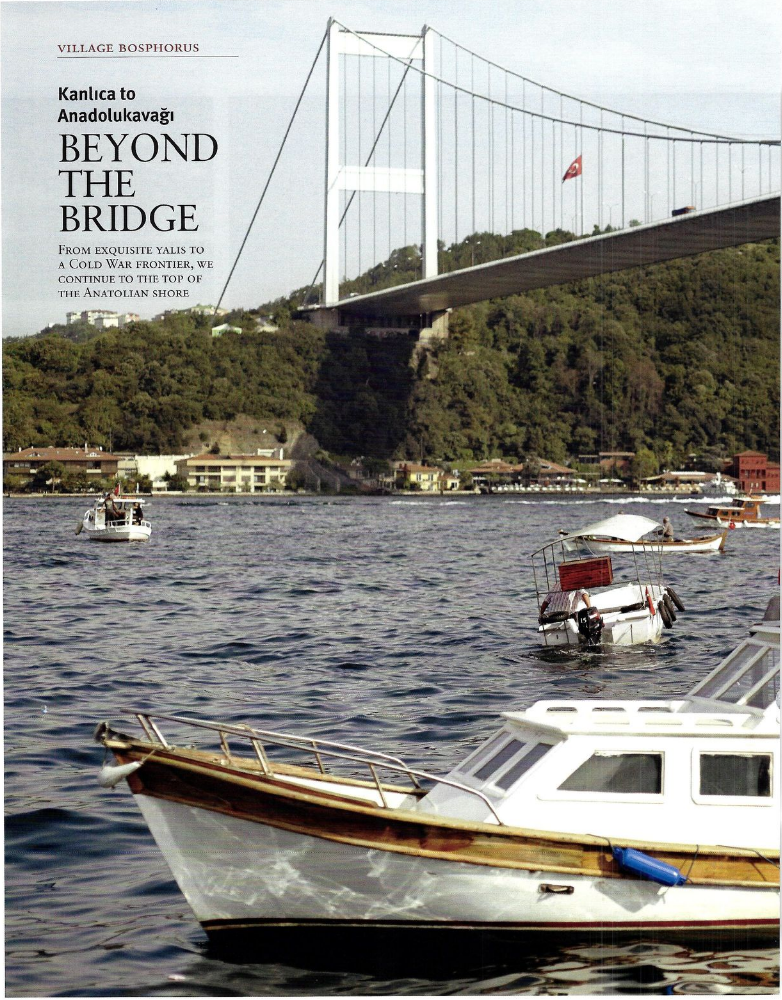
The Asian shore beneath the Fatih Sultan Mehmet Bridge, with the yalis of Anadoluhisari on the right. At this halfway point up the Bosphorus the shore is relatively unspoilt. Woods cloak the hillsides and the waters still provide fishermen with a livelihood

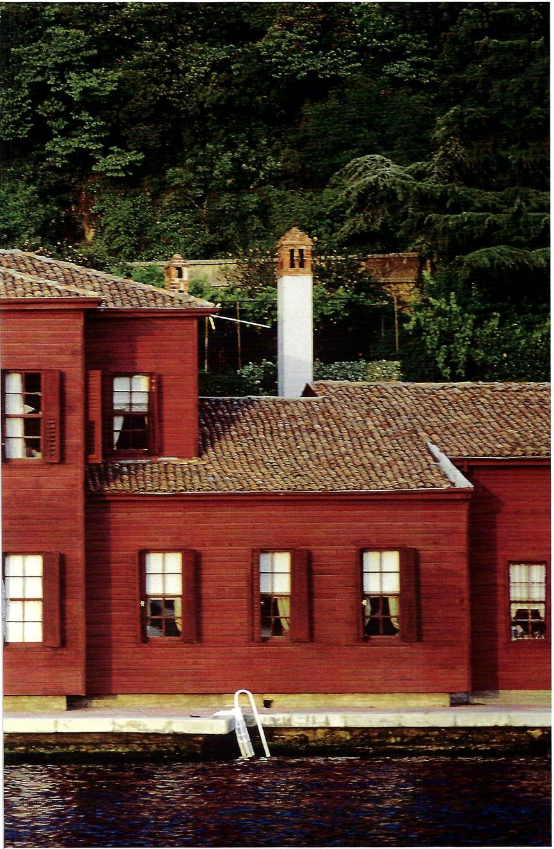
JÜRGEN FRANK

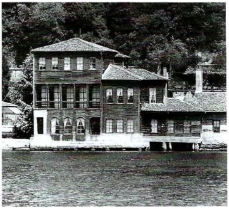
Kanlıca to Anadolukavağı

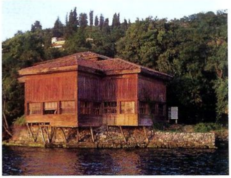
BEYOND THE BRIDGE

From exquisite yalis to a Cold War frontier, we continue to the top of the Anatolian shore




GILLES GUITTARD


CAFER TÜRKMEN


GILLES GUITTARD

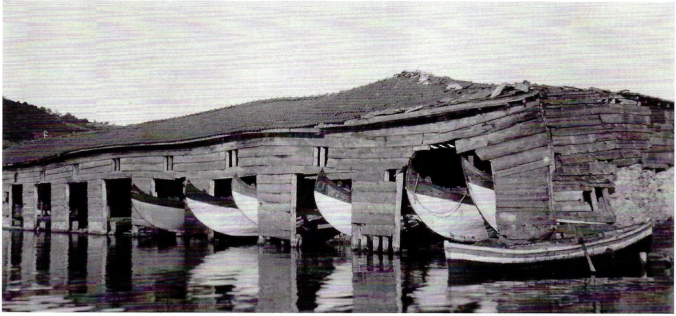
WINNERS AND LOSERS

Another house that confounds Lady Mary's prognostications on the likely fate of yalıs is the **Hekimbaşı Salih Efendi Yalı** (Körfez Cad 53), south of the Fatih Bridge, where Salih Efendi, the consumptive Abdülmecid's chief physician, kept a physic garden on the hillside.

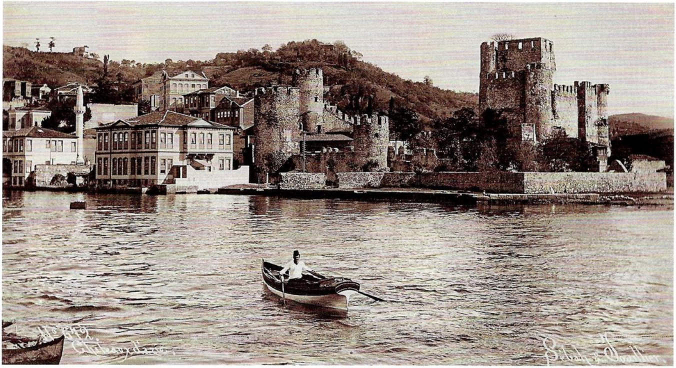
Freya Stark, who stayed in the 1960s, adored the hamam. Today, the Hekimbaşı's heirs care for the house admirably, even preserving the recipe for the red paint, *aşı boya*. Classical recitals are held in the drawing room (hekimbasiyalisi.com).

By contrast, the **Amcazade Hüseyin Pasha Yalı**, built in 1699 or before, has succumbed to neglect. A well-known developer managed to cut through the tangle of ownership resulting from inheritance laws, but tragically has since allowed the house to collapse. ◆

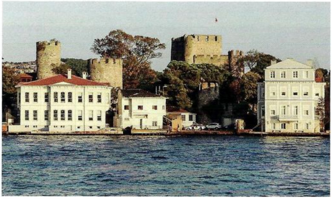
LEFT THE HEKİMBAŞI SALİH EFENDİ YALI TODAY
TOP THE HOUSE IN THE 1950S
ABOVE THE AMCAZADE HÜSEYİN PASHA YALI IN ANADOLUHİSARI, THE OLDEST YALI ON BOSPHORUS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE 1990S



BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE



SUNA AND İNAN KIRAÇ FOUNDATION



BRIAN MCKEE

Top A boathouse for bazaar caiques at the mouth of the Göksu river in the 1920s. These vessels served as buses, carrying as many as 30 people Above Anadoluhisari in 1885. On the left is the then newly built Şeyh Talât Efendi Yali Left The restored yali today – with new neighbours

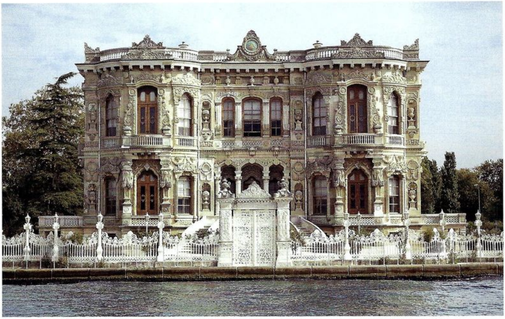
gloomy predictions on the yalıs of the Bosphorus. She wrote in 1718 to the Abbé Conti: "Human Grandeur being here yet more unstable than anywhere else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed bassa [pasha], not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus in a few years they all fall to ruin."

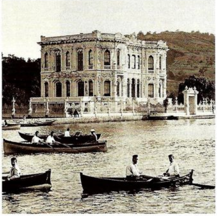
his humiliation in a cage are well known. He is thought to have built just the keep and surrounding wall; the barbican and towers were added in 1452 by Mehmed the Conqueror while he was constructing Rumelihisarı. Mehmed also added the mosque, with its perfectly arched windows and delicate proportions. The impressive stonework and air of threatening proximity to Istanbul make the walls a good place for historical dreams.

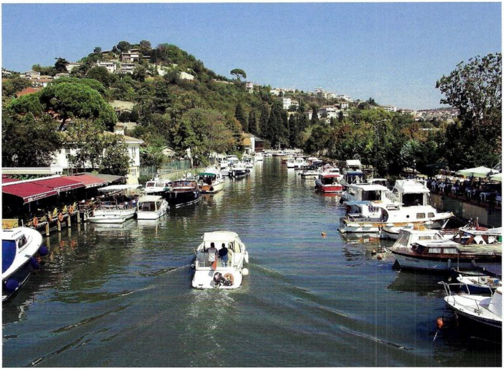
The view of Rumelihisarı and the Bosphorus from the water's edge is stupendous. On the castle side of the river, the **Göksu Café** (Riyaziyeci Çıkmazı 5) is tucked away in a pleasant old wooden house. It is equally good for *köfte* or coffee, and the small garden is right on the water and full of groups of young professionals texting and laughing. Try not to mind the bright lights of the brash **Big Chefs** opposite.

Even better for dreaming, and very curious, is the rough *namazgâh*, one of the few places for open-air worship to survive in the city, just off the road that runs along the sea side of the castle wall. It has a stone *mihrab* and *minber* set into the low walls and is still used for Friday prayers, followed by great bowls of rice – a custom locals claim goes back to Beyazıd handing out rations to his troops.

In spite of all this history, the area has a very modern feel, and it is easy to overlook two impressive 19th-century wooden houses. The **Zarif Mustafa Pasha Yalı** belonged to Mahmud II's *kahvecibaşı* (head coffee-maker), Kâni Mustafa Bey, who wrote a famous treatise on archery. Just next to it, in a grove of *Magnolia grandiflora*, is the **Bahriyeli Sedat Bey Yalı**. Both are imposing buildings and still in good repair, in defiance of Mary Wortley Montagu's


JÜRGEN FRANK


SUNA AND İNAN KIRAÇ FOUNDATION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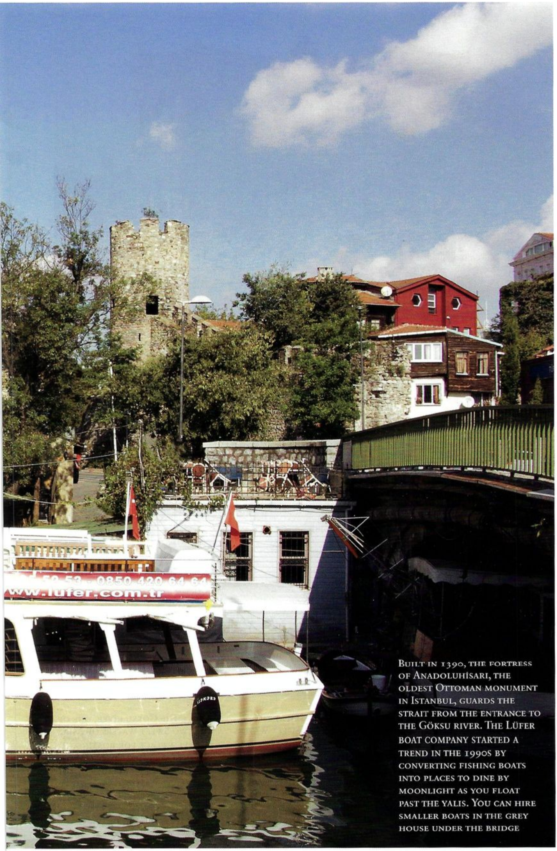
Top Küçüksu Kasrı, at the entrance to the Sweet Waters of Asia. The Balyans finished the palace for Abdülmecid in 1856. They embellished the façade for Abdülaziz before the Prince of Wales lunched here with the sultan in 1862 Above left The palace in the 1870s, photographed by Abdullah Frères

Above The Göksu river, one of the two Sweet Waters of Asia, is still a place for boating. Cafes now line the bank, and on the bend of the river is the last of Anadoluhisarı's famous potteries, Çömlekçi Hasan Usta, now run by Hasan's grandson and daughters



Built in 1390, the fortress of Anadoluhisari, the oldest Ottoman monument in Istanbul, guards the strait from the entrance to the Göksu river. The Lüfer boat company started a trend in the 1990s by converting fishing boats into places to dine by moonlight as you float past the yalis. You can hire smaller boats in the grey house under the bridge

BRIAN MCKEE

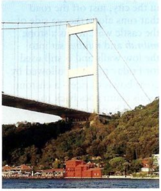
Anadoluhisarı: charm offensive

Anadoluhisarı has a modern cosmopolitan glamour and buzzes in the evening amid the vapour of a thousand electronic cigarettes (*writes Harriet Rix*). The most important people to know, however, are not the trendy barmen or the chef at the fish restaurant just below the fortress itself, but members of the small boatmen's cooperative, who will take you across to Rumelihisarı and back, or up and down the stretch of yalıs either side of Anadoluhisarı, in their small boats. Turn left down the cobbled street towards the Göksu river, just before the fortress wall cuts across the road. The boatmen will be sitting waiting in the shade, drinking tea.

The fortress of Anadoluhisarı was known as Güzelce, or Charming One, and it is pretty and small compared with Rumelihisarı opposite. It was built in 1390 by Yıldırım (Lightning Bolt) Beyazıd, and its modest size belies Marlowe's depiction of him in *Tamburlaine the Great*. Marlowe made Beyazıd's hubris his downfall and had him proclaim:

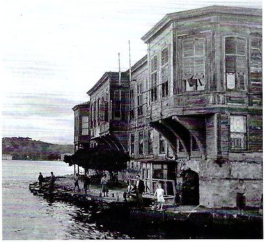
We heare, the Tartars and the
Easterne theeves
Under the conduct of one
Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your
Emperour:
And thinks to rouse us from our
dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian
Constantinople.
You know our Armie is invincible.

It was not, of course, and the capture of Beyazıd in battle and

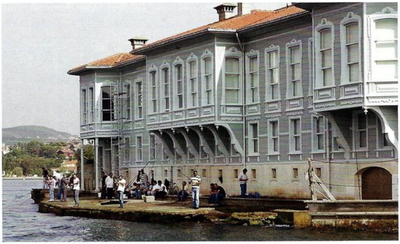


LÜFER 1

JÜRGEN FRANK



YAPI KREDİ SELAHATTİN GİZ COLLECTION



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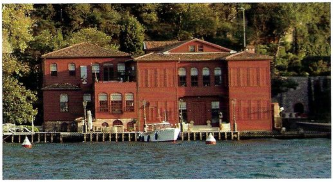
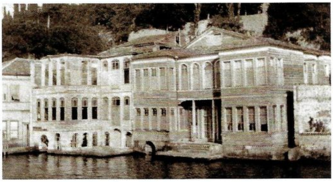


BRIAN MCKEE



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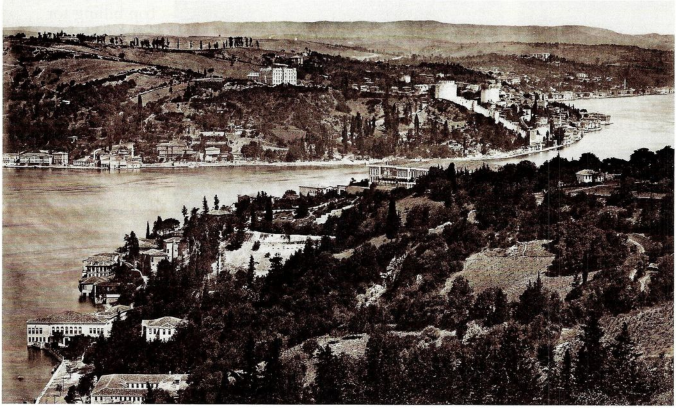


SUNA AND İNAN KIRAÇ FOUNDATION

Above A view of the Bosphorus in the 1870s. In the foreground, on Kandİllİ's hilltop, is the Adİle Sultan Palace, now a restaurant. Jutting into the sea on the left is the long-gone yali of Sirkâtİbİ Mustafa Nurİ Pasha, a palace doorman's son who rose to become speaker of the first Ottoman parliament Below The 'selamlik' and orangery of the Kibrisli Yali Opposite, top Fishing off the pier and eating at Suna's Place Middle row Kandİllİ's Edİp Efendİ Yali, c1900 and today Bottom row The carefully restored Ostrorog Yali today, and with its original harem

to eat that have magical views: the simple fish restaurant **Suna'nın Yeri (Suna's Place)**, technically unlicensed, in the cobbled square by the *iskele*; and **Borsa**, on the terrace of the palace itself, which looks all the way down to the Old City. You have to be fit to walk up the hill. If you are arriving in Kandilli by taxi, ask to be taken to the top, as it is not always easy to find a taxi on the main road. There are some pretty streets on the way up. It was in Kandilli that British families, such as the Cumberbatches, forebears of the actor Benedict Cumberbatch, had their houses and held their garden parties. His great-grandfather Henry Alfred was consul-general in Smyrna.

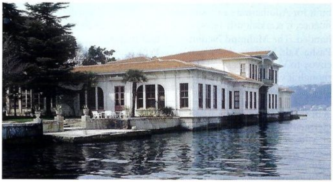
The village is draped round a cape where the Bosphorus whips by at an alarming rate. After a *vapur* sank a cargo vessel in the 1900s, the ferry company introduced flagmen on the point to warn captains of vessels struggling upstream against the flow. And these same currents brought the ship that caught fire off Paşabahçe in June 1916. Barrels of blazing oil rolled off the vessel in Kandilli and drifted up to the yalıs, many of which were among the 31 houses destroyed. One barrel also floated into the little harbour, destroying the trusty "bazaar caique" that villagers depended on for transport.

Fortunately, the exceptional yalı on the point, the **Edip Efendi Yalı**, survived the blaze. You can walk to its quay along the old towpath from the boat station. Dorina Neave, who wrote *Twenty-Six Years on the Bosphorus*, grew up here. The separation between *selamlık* and harem was invisible, and when you opened all the doors from one end of the house to the other, Neave recalls, the breathtaking vistas and its exposed position made the house feel as if it were surrounded by water.

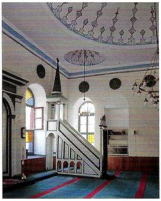
Upstream, Kandilli's yalıs look up to Anadoluhisarı, the Anatolian fortress. The quay of the marble palace of **Küçüksu Kasrı** is the place to look back at them, framed by the wooded hill sheltering the village from the northerly Poyraz.

The **Kıbrıslı Yalı**'s white expanse retains its extraordinary length and a classical pediment typical of the 1840s. The oxblood-red **Ostrorog Yalı**, more 18th-century in style, which belonged to a Polish count who advised the Ottomans on European law, has been beautifully restored by the collector Rahmi Koç.

Also oxblood in colour is the **Hadi Bey Yalı** (called Manford House when Kandilli was favoured by the British). Burnt down in the 1916 blaze, it was sensitively rebuilt some 15 years ago by Turgut Cansever, the 20th-century architect who came closest to embracing the ethos of the Ottoman yalı.



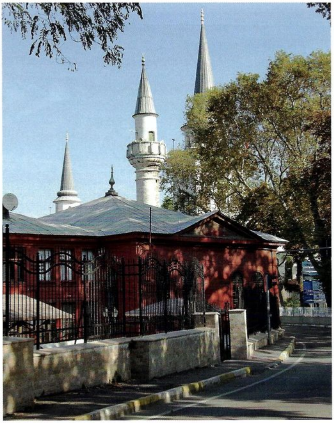
SIMON UPTON



BERRİN TOROLSAN

farmers they met along the way, the cadets would "go to the top of the hill above Kuleli, a quiet, lovely spot where a little spring tinkled icily. Time passed swiftly in that tranquil place, and when we were hungry we would feast royally, feeling at peace in the lonely, silent hills." The walk up behind Kuleli is still leafy but the city now begins beyond the brow of the hill.

The best view of the military school is from the terrace of the lovely wooden **Kuleli Mosque**. It was built in 1720 by Kaymak Mustafa Pasha, son-in-law of Ahmed III's powerful grand vizier, at the height of the Tulip Period, a great flowering of the arts. Both the pasha, an admiral, and his father-in-law were executed when the revolutionary Patrona Halil brought the Tulip Period to a bloody end in 1730, and the sultan was deposed.



BRIAN MCKEE

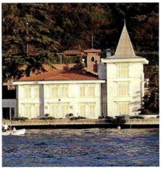
A view of Vaniköy

North of Kuleli, the road cuts inland behind Vaniköy, which is little more than a row of yalıs with an attractive mosque. They have suffered from a decade of affluence. The reconstruction of the **Ahmed Nazif Pasha Yalı,** built for Adülhamid's minister of finance, is scandalously heavy-handed. The **Mahmud Nedim Pasha Yalı**, home to Abdülaziz's envoy to Vienna, has fared better, though it was in good condition and never needed tearing down.

If you are in a boat, savour a gem that got away. The tiny **Germen Yalı** could be a pavilion at Yıldız Palace. Abdülhamid gave it in 1897 to his brother, the future Mehmed V Reshad, for his wife, Mihrengiz. The yalı by the mosque is the home of Suna and İnan Kıraç, founders of the Pera Museum. It is a refined 1966 take on the classic yalı, designed by Sedad Hakkı Eldem, whose two-volume *The Yalıs of the Bosphorus* (1993 and 1994) is a record of every known yalı.

For a good view of Vaniköy's unblemished backdrop, sprigged with cypress and Judas trees, go to the **Alperenler Café** (Vaniköy Cad 2) on the way to Kandilli.

BURAK ÇETİNTAŞ ARCHIVE



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Opposite The 'selamlık' of the 1890s chalet-like Germen Yali
Above and top left The 1720 Kuleli Mosque: the lead roof conceals internal domes
Right Meeting of minds: the first Ottoman novelist, Samipaşazade Sezai Bey (left), and his sister Melek are seen here in 1933 with their niece Leylâ (far right), daughter of Mahmud Nedim Pasha, in whose yali they lived. With them is Leylâ's husband, the artist Vecih Bereketoğlu
Below Mahmud Nedim Pasha added the tower after serving as envoy to Vienna in the 1890s. The yali was rebuilt in 2005

Top billing for Kandilli

Kandilli means "the place with lanterns", though even in Ottoman times the origin of the name was uncertain. By 1583, when Murad III planted terraces of tulips and hyacinths above the rocky point, Kandilli was a favourite privy garden. In 1704, Ahmed III inherited an array of pavilions here – a lead-roofed *kasır* (mansion); a fishing kiosk; a domed pavilion to sleep in; a *kafesli köşk* (screened pavilion) for his harem; a pavilion for the palanquin; a queen mother's pavilion; and, up in the woods, for listening to birdsong, the Bülbül Köşkü (or Nightingale Pavilion).

When a treaty was signed in 1699 with Venice and the Habsburgs, the grand vizier Amcazade Hüseyin Pasha's new yalı in Anadoluhisarı (see p189) was chosen as the most impressive place to invite the envoys. This involved sailing close to Kandilli, which needed urgent repairs to save face. As it turned out, the currents were so strong that the envoys had to spend the night here. They could have fared worse.

Of all the Anatolian Bosphorus villages, Kandilli is one of the least spoilt, with half a dozen exceptional yalıs, a hillside of old houses, woods, and a spectacular view from the hilltop **Adile Sultan Palace**. There are a couple of decent cafés and two good, and very different, places

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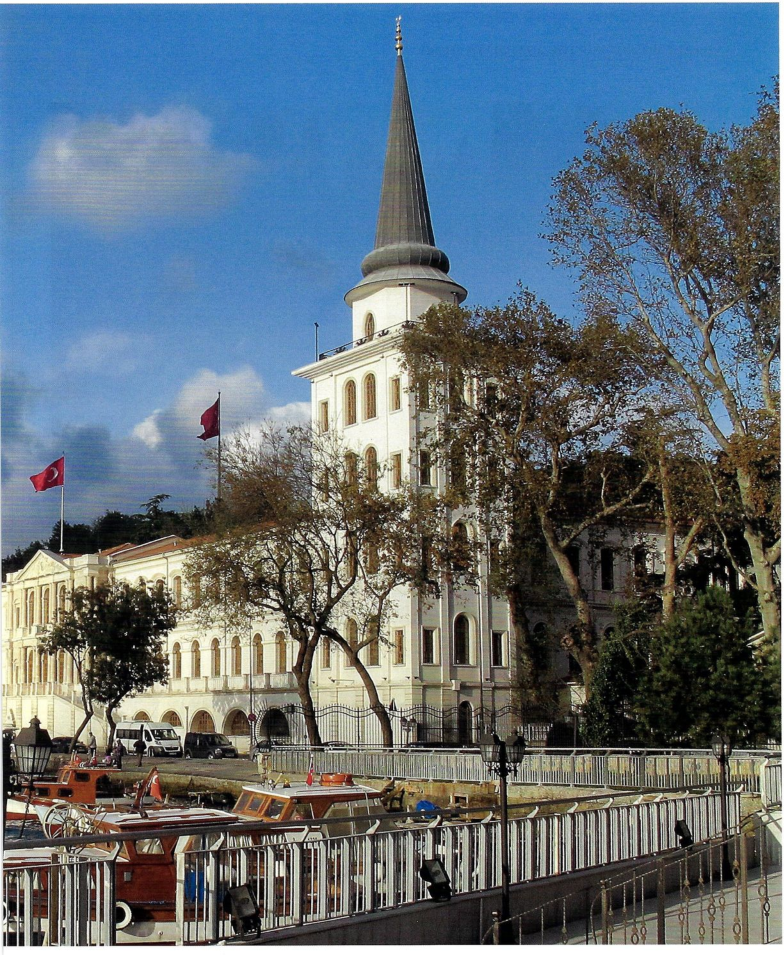

Kuleli: might and main

First hopping-off point after Çengelköy is the quay of Kuleli, just upstream from the hotel Sumahan on the Water. The **Kuleli Military High School** is a striking piece of mildly Habsburg architecture with a fine vantage point, a heavenly spot for some fishing. With its distinctive turrets, Neoclassical portico and a fresh coat of paint, it is the most handsome public building on the Bosphorus. Its name, from *kule* (tower), refers not to the 19th-century turrets but to the tower of a 6th-century Byzantine monastery, originally a refuge for prostitutes called Metanoia (Repentance) set up by Theodora, Emperor Justinian's wife, herself a former courtesan.

In Ottoman times Süleyman the Magnificent built a curious pavilion, with pools and fountains on each of its nine floors. The Byzantine tower finally came down in the 18th century. Selim III built the original college and barracks for his new army in 1800. By 1845 the timber structure had been rebuilt, partly in stone, by Abdülmecid. Then, in the Crimean War, Turkey's allies Britain and France used it as a military hospital. But a fire broke out as they were leaving, and today's façade dates from a rebuilding begun in 1856.

İrfan Orga, the fighter pilot and author, was a student at Kuleli in 1919. In *Portrait of a Turkish Family*, he recalls how, "well laden" with tomatoes and cucumbers given to them by

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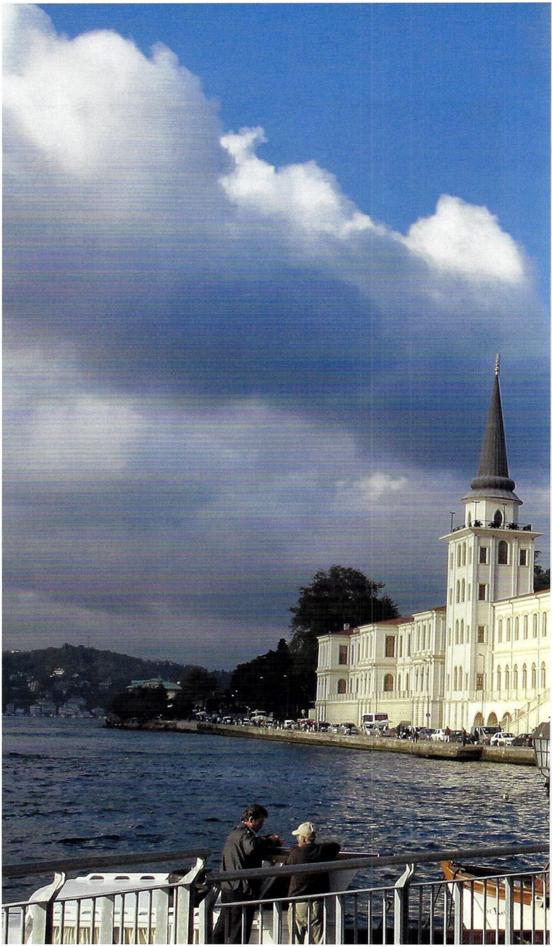
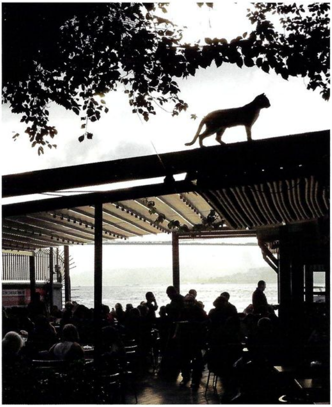


BERRIN TOROSAN

RIGHT THE 19TH-CENTURY KULELİ MILITARY HIGH SCHOOL
ABOVE FISHING BOATS MOORED IN FRONT OF KULELİ MOSQUE



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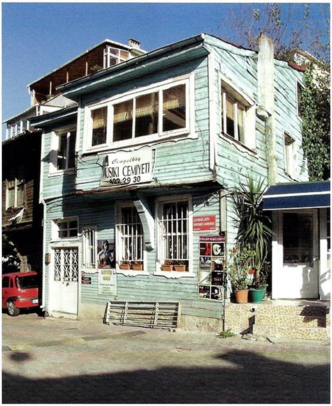

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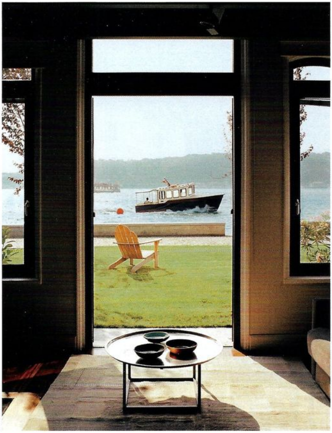

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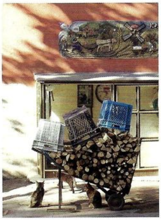
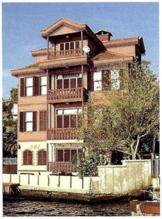
KATE CROOK

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE





ÇENGELKÖY ATTRACTIONS: Above The Bostancıbaşı Yalı, an 18th-century gem rebuilt in concrete and clad in wood Left A fine distressed mansion stranded on the main road Bottom row Wood for the village baker; the Server Bey Yalı after a total makeover Opposite, clockwise from top left The Çınaraltı Café, under its famous plane tree; the Music Society; a colourful diner; the monumental plane tree; the stylish Sumahan on the Water Hotel and its launch

at the core, its four doors aligned to the four winds. It is a masterpiece, inside and out.

Misfortune has often haunted the occupants of the Sadullah Pasha Yalı. The man who gave his name to the house was ambassador to Vienna, where he gassed himself in his bathroom in 1891 after a scandal involving a member of his staff. A few years earlier, Sadullah Pasha had forced his son to marry a girl he had made pregnant. The son, too, committed suicide. Sadullah Pasha's heartbroken widow lost her mind and spent the remainder of her long life waiting on the steps, dressed in her husband's favourite pink.

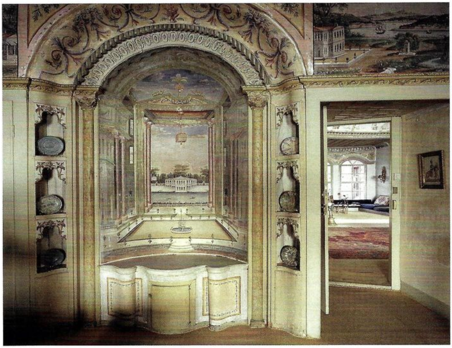
Behind the yalıs *dolmuş* drivers with lovingly dusted Dodges have been replaced by scallywag parking valets. The lanes between the high street and the shore end in a small square with a stately plane, once the haunt of old men of the sea, now choked with ugly cafés. As if the *nargile* smoke weren't bad enough, the hinterland dumps its sewage into the sea under the cafés' noses.

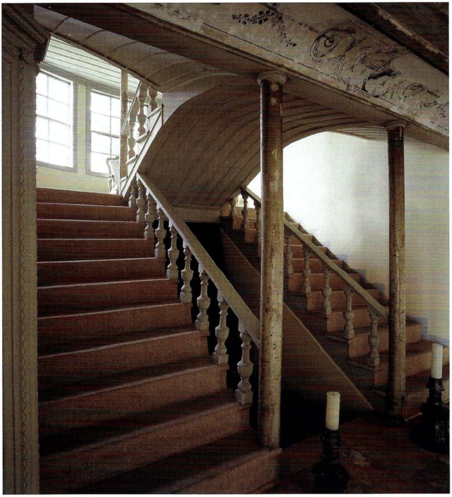
Step up instead to the terrace of the **Erbap Café** (Çengelköy Cad 24) for the view, then stroll inland past the reassuring hardware shop on Çengeloğlu ("hook-son") Sokağı, via Mandal ("window-latch") Sokağı and the charming **Müzikî Cemiyeti**, the local classical Turkish music association (Hamam Arkası Sok 13), into a valley famed for a special cucumber that tastes as crunchy and sweet as an almond. On Kalantor Sokağı, look out for the **Feyzi Pasha Konak**, built by a Hungarian officer who joined the Ottomans to fight the Russians after 1848. Beautifully restored, it looks across to a hillside still covered in umbrella pines.

Back on the high street, **Seval** (Çengelköy Cad 9) still makes the best macaroons (*acıbadem kurabiye*) and elegant shortbread. Munch them in the prettier *iskele* square – home to the old **İskele** fish restaurant – before walking on to the **Sumahan on the Water.**

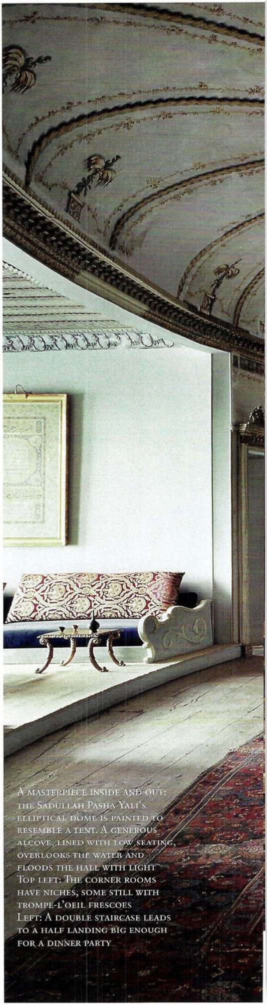
An excellent find, this hotel is a little upstream of the village. Surprisingly, there are very few hotels on the Asian shore, and this is Istanbul's best. The style is modern industrial. In winter the staff light the fire in your room, and there is a spoiling, boiling hamam downstairs. A good library makes it tempting to ignore the hotel's launch – which would speed you to the European shore – and to install yourself in one of the Adirondack chairs on the lawn.

You can eat *bonfile* (fillet steak) and drink good wine in the hotel restaurant, or go next door to **Tapasuma** to wonder at the inventive tapas and meze served on the broad terrace, which has possibly the best view of the historic peninsula, framed by the First Bosphorus Bridge.





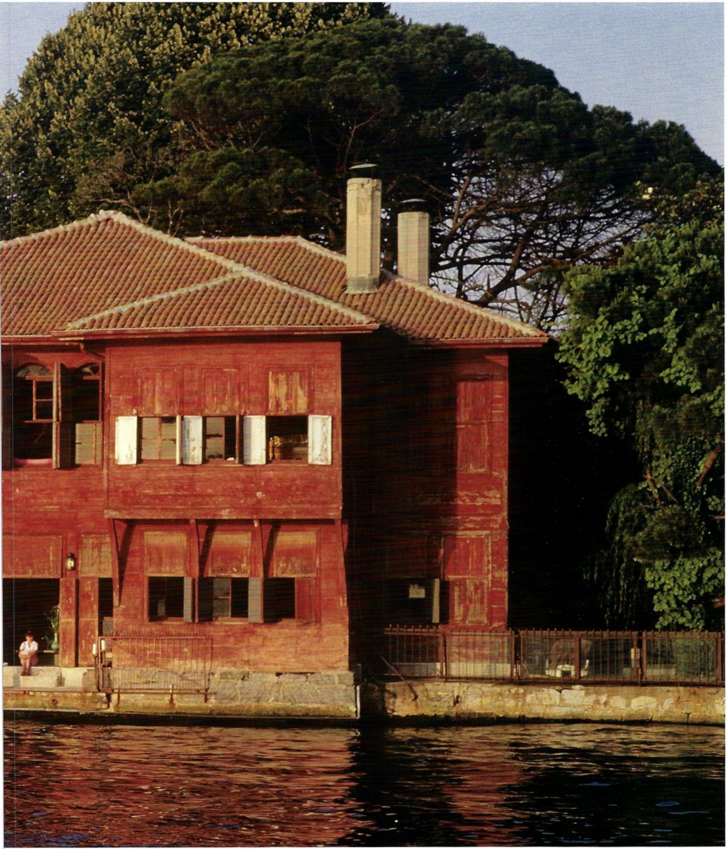
PHOTOGRAPHS: FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG



A masterpiece inside and out: the Sadullah Pasha Yali's elliptical dome is painted to resemble a tent. A generous alcove, lined with low seating, overlooks the water and floods the hall with light

Top left: The corner rooms have niches, some still with trompe-l'oeil frescoes

Left: A double staircase leads to a half landing big enough for a dinner party



Çengelköy: bay of fragile delights

Çengelköy is on a broad, sheltered bay, facing south and west, with the dreamy silhouette of the Old City on the skyline. In winter the trees hang heavy with *cennet hurması* (persimmons) that turn into a gooey, natural Turkish delight.

The village was always ramshackle, but it had rustic charm. Even a decade ago, country lanes led over the hills between cypress groves, bubbling springs and drystone dykes. A few of these secret paradises can still be found between Çengelköy and the **Rasathane** (Observatory) above Vaniköy, though a new presidential compound has seen the crude rebuilding of the whimsical hilltop *köşk* of the last sultan, Vahdettin, that once stood in a delightful wood, surrounded by houses with orchards. These have been swept away, and the sacrosanct umbrella pines… well, they "blocked the view".

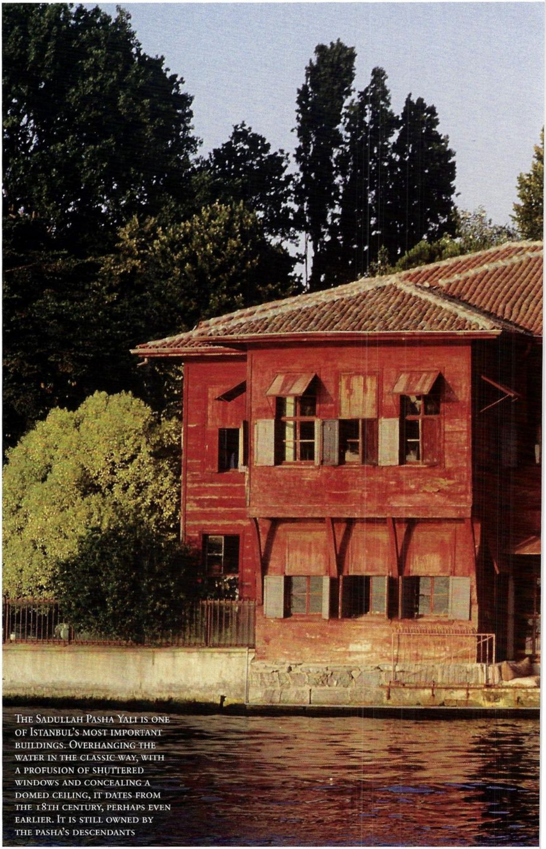
Byzantine remains can be seen in Havuzbaşı, the district behind the old village football pitch. The high street has a modest mosque and a large church, truncated to make way for the road.

Çengelköy's glory is its yalıs. Its shame is its failure to protect the fine mansion at the village entrance, now on its last legs, while the yalıs prosper, often at the expense of good taste.

From the sea, old Çengelköy would still be recognisable to its former resident artist, Halil Pasha, a precursor of the 1914 Generation. His home, the **Asaf Pasha Yalı**, from which he painted the view on the previous pages, still stands here.

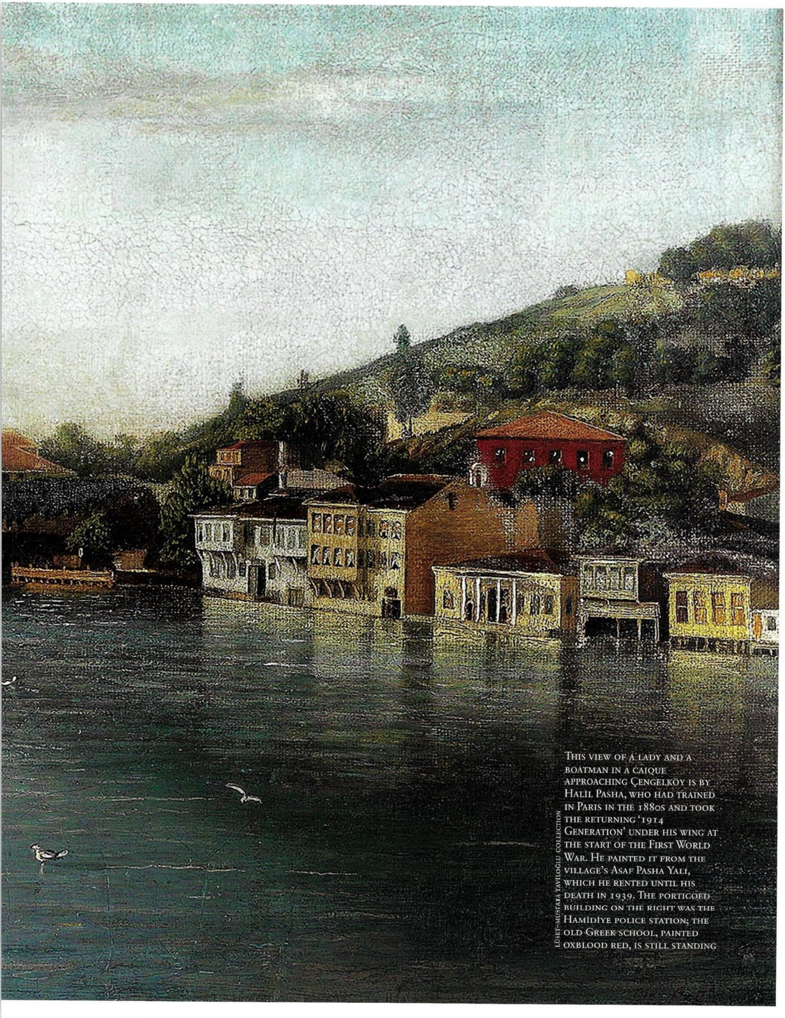
Don't look too closely at the **Bostancıbaşı Yalı**, now a pudding shop. It was ruined by restorers in the 1980s and rebuilt in concrete – the beauty of these wooden structures resides in their very frailty. Stand on the pier beside it to admire its neighbour instead.

The **Sadullah Pasha Yalı**, the archetypal 18th-century seaside house, is the real thing, even if its late owner, Emel Esin, a scholar of Turkic heritage, took theory a little too far, stripping away the wings to leave only the *selamlık*, the essential Central Asian "tent"



THE SADULLAH PASHA YALI IS ONE OF ISTANBUL'S MOST IMPORTANT BUILDINGS. OVERHANGING THE WATER IN THE CLASSIC WAY, WITH A PROFUSION OF SHUTTERED WINDOWS AND CONCEALING A DOMED CEILING, IT DATES FROM THE 18TH CENTURY, PERHAPS EVEN EARLIER. IT IS STILL OWNED BY THE PASHA'S DESCENDANTS

GILLES GUITTARD



This view of a lady and a boatman in a caique approaching Çengelköy is by Halİl Pasha, who had trained in Paris in the 1880s and took the returning '1914 Generation' under his wing at the start of the First World War. He painted it from the village's Asaf Pasha Yalı, which he rented until his death in 1939. The porticoed building on the right was the Hamİdİye police station; the old Greek school, painted oxblood red, is still standing

LÜSET–MUSTAFA TAVİLOĞLU COLLECTION

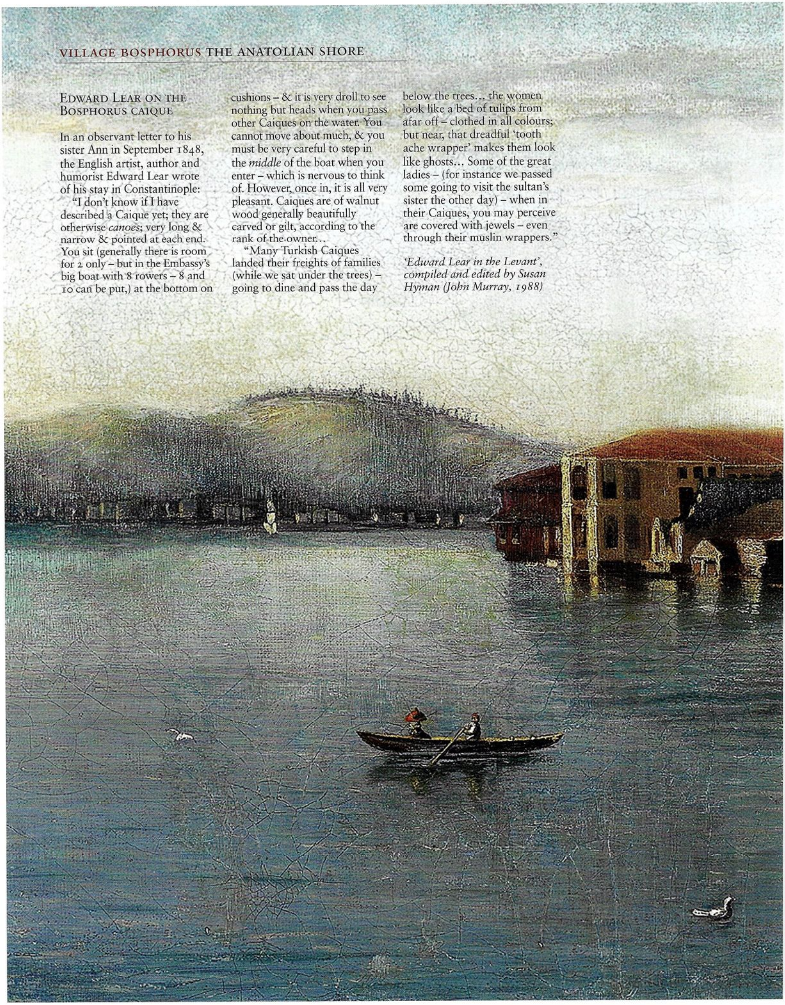
EDWARD LEAR ON THE BOSPHORUS CAIQUE

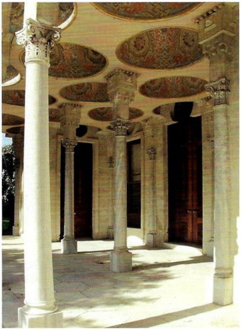
In an observant letter to his sister Ann in September 1848, the English artist, author and humorist Edward Lear wrote of his stay in Constantinople:

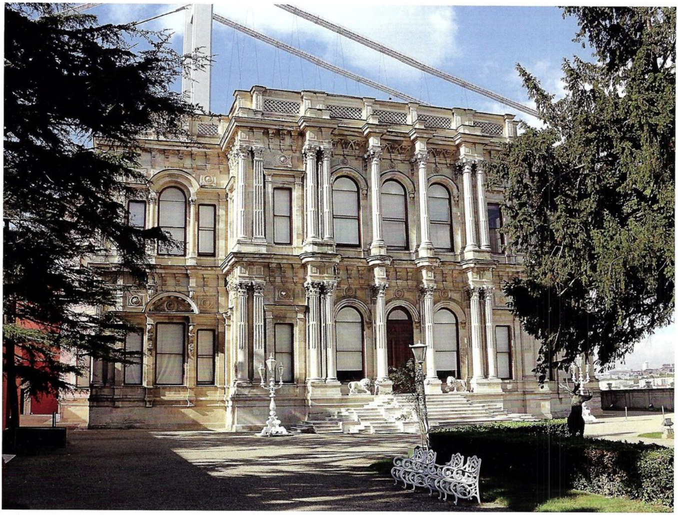
"I don't know if I have described a Caique yet; they are otherwise *canoes*; very long & narrow & pointed at each end. You sit (generally there is room for 2 only – but in the Embassy's big boat with 8 rowers – 8 and 10 can be put,) at the bottom on cushions – & it is very droll to see nothing but heads when you pass other Caiques on the water. You cannot move about much, & you must be very careful to step in the *middle* of the boat when you enter – which is nervous to think of. However, once in, it is all very pleasant. Caiques are of walnut wood generally beautifully carved or gilt, according to the rank of the owner...

"Many Turkish Caiques landed their freights of families (while we sat under the trees) – going to dine and pass the day below the trees... the women look like a bed of tulips from afar off – clothed in all colours; but near, that dreadful 'tooth ache wrapper' makes them look like ghosts... Some of the great ladies – (for instance we passed some going to visit the sultan's sister the other day) – when in their Caiques, you may perceive are covered with jewels – even through their muslin wrappers."

'Edward Lear in the Levant', compiled and edited by Susan Hyman (John Murray, 1988)







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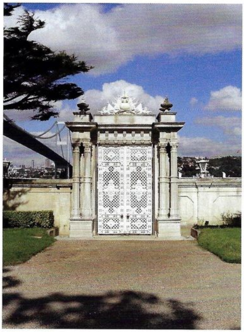
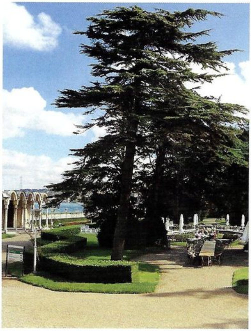
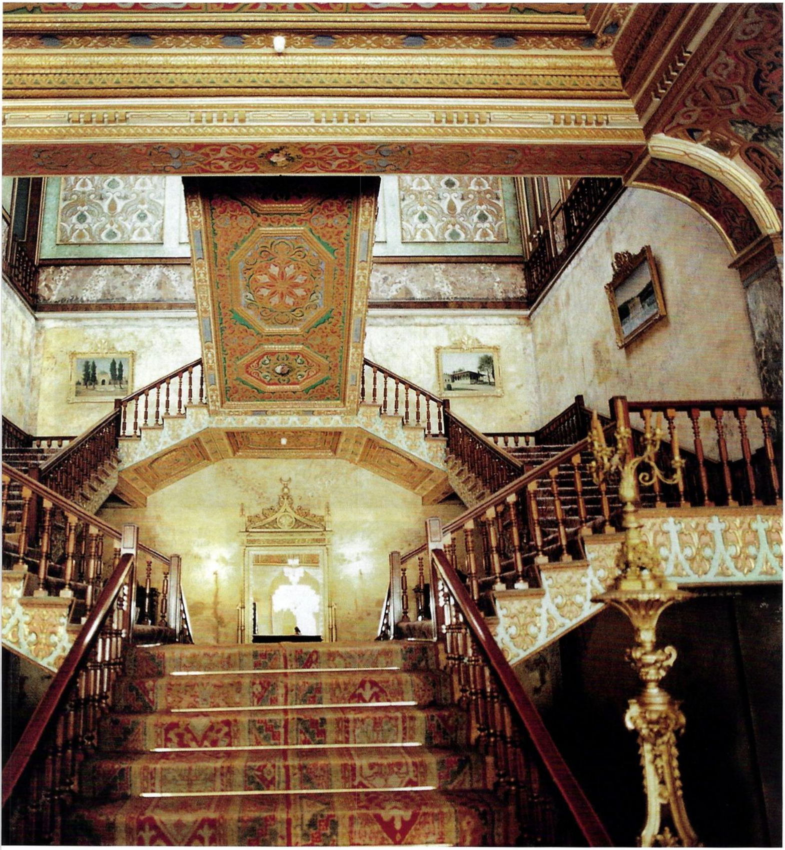
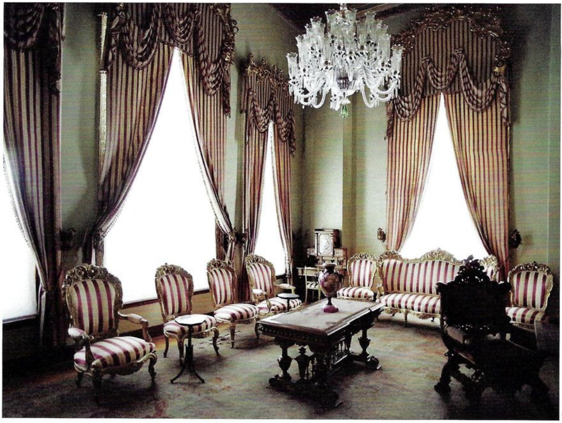




Above The harem entrance shows how the Paris-trained Balyans were influenced by the latest in French Neoclassicism at Beylerbeyi
Far left One of the two grandiose sea gates, with lace-like ironwork, more double columns, torchères and a splendid trophy that awaits gilding
Left Cedars provide shade in the formal gardens
Opposite Two tent-like throne rooms flank the palace, each with a plethora of interior domes (top), a striking pinnacle on the roof (right), and columns that are both classical and faintly Mughal (far right)

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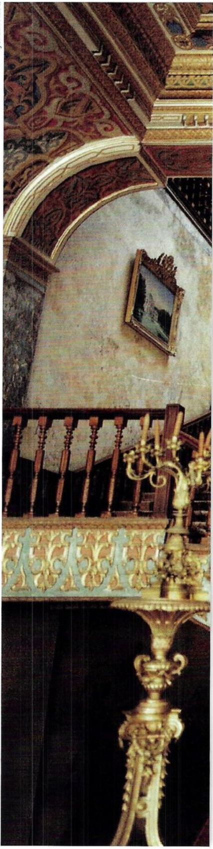

JÜRGEN FRANK

BRIAN MCKEE

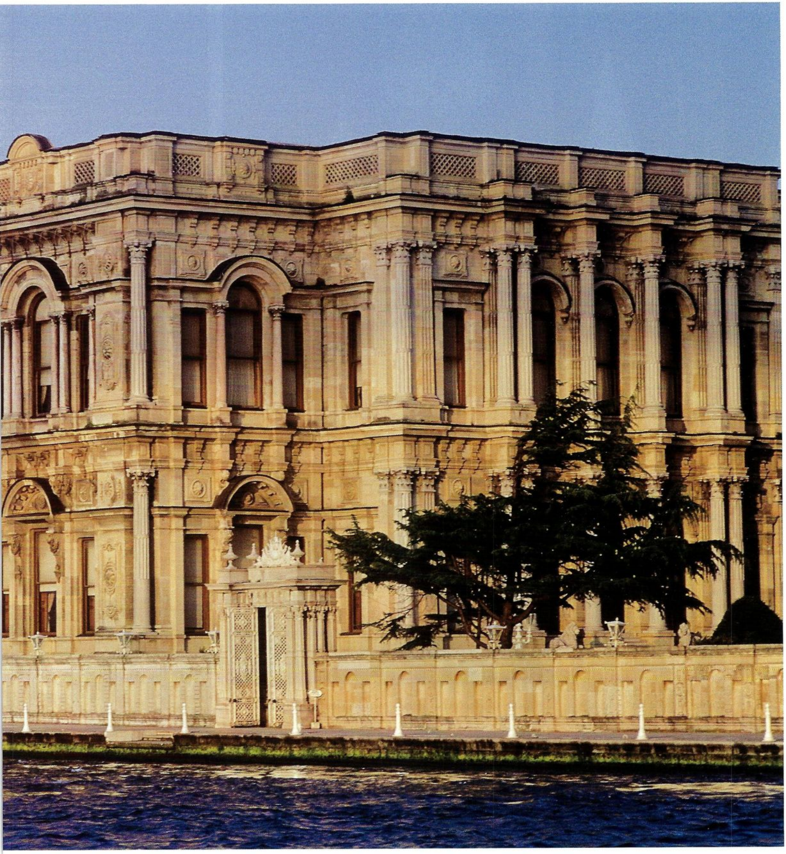
out of bounds. Today you enter the grounds by a modest servants' doorway carved out of the 30ft oxblood-red stone wall.

Each floor of the palace has a vast central hall with columns – downstairs surrounding a monumental marble pool, upstairs in faux lapis lazuli. The sultan dreamed of building a navy strong enough to take back Crimea, and a naval theme runs through the gilded cording of Baroque sofas and armchairs.

The Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III of France, stayed here on her way to the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. It is said she so loved her bedroom windows that she copied them in the Tuileries. The visit of the empress without her husband caused gossip – rumour has it Abdülaziz's mother slapped her when she came in on the sultan's arm. The empress presented the sultan with a silver jardinière. In return, it is said, he sent the emperor a sword inscribed with a veiled insult: *"Il y a deux choses importantes pour un empereur: pèse et vainque"* (There are two important things for an emperor: weigh in the balance and win). This was a play on *pezevenk*, Turkish for pimp.

Beylerbeyi is smaller and less crowded than the more famous Dolmabahçe Palace, but just as impressive. Marble lions guard the entrance (a novelty for Ottomans) and the garden is big enough for a quiet hour beneath the cedars, but take a cushion for the fancy wrought-iron chairs.

TOP AN UPSTAIRS DRAWING ROOM. THE PLAN OF THE BUILDING WAS THAT OF A CLASSIC YALI WRIT LARGE, A CENTRAL RECEPTION HALL WITH CORNER ROOMS LEADING OFF IT
ABOVE AND RIGHT GRAND STAIRCASE HALLS STOOD AT EITHER END OF THE PALACE, ONE FOR THE HAREM, AND THE OTHER, SEEN HERE, FOR THE 'SELAMLIK', OR RECEPTION QUARTERS



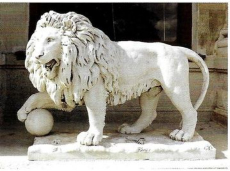
SILENT SPLENDOUR

Abdülaziz's summer palace in Beylerbeyi is gloriously unmissable

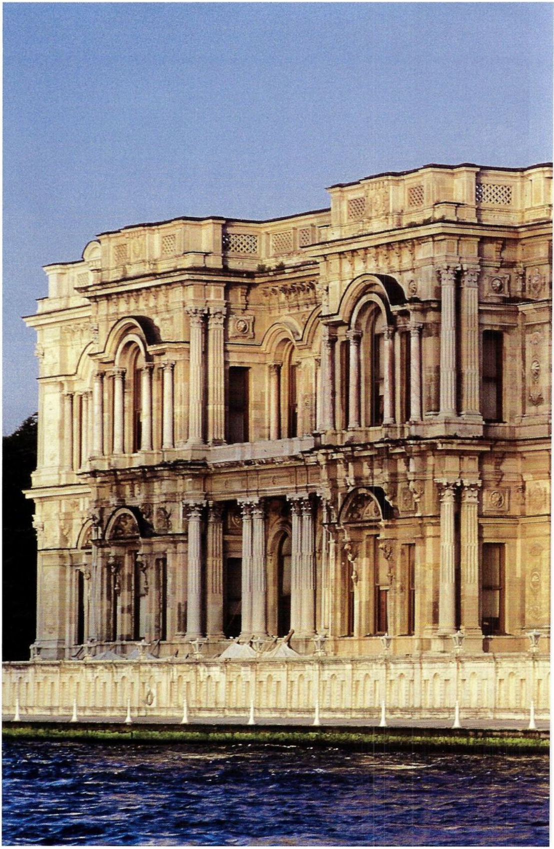
The great rectangular block of Beylerbeyi Palace may stand in the shadow of the First Bosphorus Bridge, but its formal garden is surprisingly silent, and the creamy stonework glows in the evening sun as it sets behind the minarets and domes of the Old City. This splendid pile, built between 1863 and 1865, should be your first waterside stop.

Abdülaziz's summer palace is the most rewarding of all the imperial homes constructed by the Balyans. Agop Balyan, the second generation of this famed dynasty of Ottoman contractors, had returned from studies in Paris, Venice and Vienna to join his brother Sarkis's practice, hence the Venetian windows.

The palace is flanked by pinnacled marble "tents", each a many-domed throne room. Terraced gardens climb the hill behind to the Gümüş Köşk, the Silver Kiosk, built to enjoy the full moon's silvery reflection in a huge formal pond. The main entrance used to be here and a Silvery Road led to the heights of Çamlıca, once famous for its migrating birds and stately kiosks, now a hideous building site. Sadly, both the terraces and the gorgeous Gothic stables are

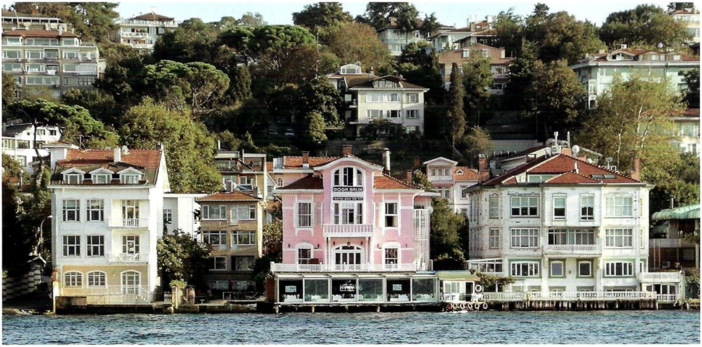


BRIAN MCKEE



GILLES GUITTARD

Right Bosphorus Beaux-Arts: the palace, completed in 1865, rivals Dolmabahçe in grandeur
Above A marble lion in the garden, by the Paris sculptor Pierre Louis Rouillard



Beylerbeyi's mosque is the only domed Ottoman example north of Ortaköy and Üsküdar. Built in 1778 by Abdülhamid I for his mother, Rabia Sultan (hence the imperial double minarets) at the same time as his yalı-like mosque in Emirgan (see p137), it was part of a grand plan to populate a blissfully empty strait.

The mosque only just survived when the Debreli İsmail Pasha Yalı next door, now the **Bosphorus Palace Hotel**, went up like a tinderbox in March 1983 (a winter so fierce that tunnels had to be cut through the snow on upper Bosphorus roads). But the fire did destroy the mosque's dome (now rebuilt), and with it the precious ebony-and-mother-of-pearl-inlaid *minber*.

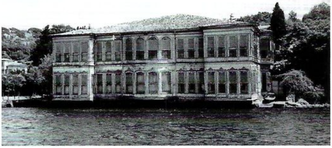
Seen from the water the village is a series of gleaming, newly renovated yalıs – perfectly pleasant but lacking the grace of the old wooden houses. The grandest, the **Hasip Pasha Yalı**, had been built in the late 18th century by a vizier whose last descendant was still living there in 1942, when the furniture was sold in a famous auction.

Yalıs traditionally had two distinct sections, often in separate buildings: the *selamlık*, or reception wing, identifiable by its boathouse, and the harem, or private living quarters. Here, all that is left is the *selamlık*, built with a domed drawing room like that in the Sadullah Pasha Yalı (see p174).

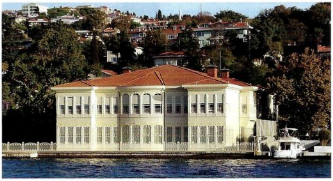
The old harem next door was replaced in 1890 with a turreted confection, the **Mabeynci Faik Bey Yalı**, by Abdülhamid II's chief of protocol. His house was celebrated for its musical and literary salons – both his daughters, "Tanburi" Faize Ergin and Fahire Fersan, became notable composers. In the 1960s the house featured in the heist movie *Topkapi*, with Melina Mercouri and Peter Ustinov.

For decades Münevver Ayaşlı, novelist, journalist and sufi, held court in the drawing room of her yalı, which is now the **Villa Bosphorus**, a fish restaurant close to the *iskele*. She recalled the historian Steven Runciman sailing by on the Sunday ferry after tea in Kandilli with English friends. Her young guests swam off the quay – in flippers, without which you were swept out to sea. When Münevver Hanım died in 1999, aged 93, a tour company had already taken over the garden, filling it with tables and tat. The Viennese upright grand vanished long ago.

If you find yourself here on a cold winter's day, Abdülhamid's tiny hamam is open for women (*kadın*) 9–5, and for men (*erkek*) 5–12 (+90 216 321 4683). For warming sustenance, **İnciraltı** (Under the Fig Tree) is a good little meyhane (Arabacılar Sok 4). At the palace end of the high street, **Kazım** (Yalıboyu Cad 90) bakes a famous *saray sarması* (crunchy rolled baklava).



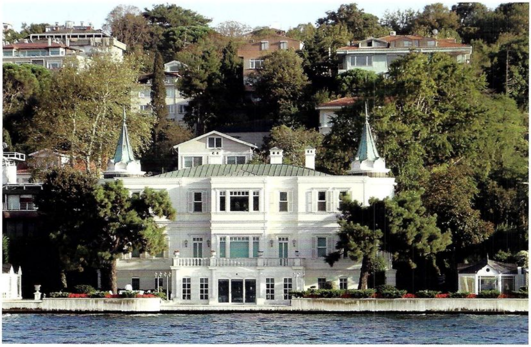
GILLIAN WARR



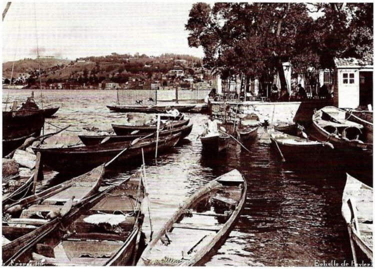
Top Modernised yalis. The Turkish revivalist architect Kemalettin designed the pink one, now a restaurant, in the 1920s for a newspaper owner, Hüseyin Kâzım Kadri Bey
Above The airy late-18th-century Hasip Pasha Yali, in 1960 and as it is today

Beylerbeyi: history reinvents itself

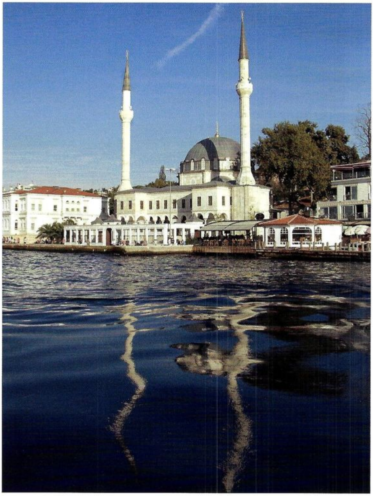
Beylerbeyi's leafy hillside neighbourhood is comfortable and modern, without the genteel rakishness of Kuzguncuk, to the south of the First Bridge. While Kuzguncuk's main street runs at right angles to the shore, so is not a busy through road, in Beylerbeyi traffic cuts off the residential side of the village from the water. But it does have a pretty harbour and a pedestrian quayside – a mini version of Ortaköy across the water – as well as the eponymous summer palace five minutes' walk from the centre. There is also a good, if slightly run-down, hamam attached to the late-18th-century **Hamid-i Evvel Camii** (Hamid I Mosque) on the water.



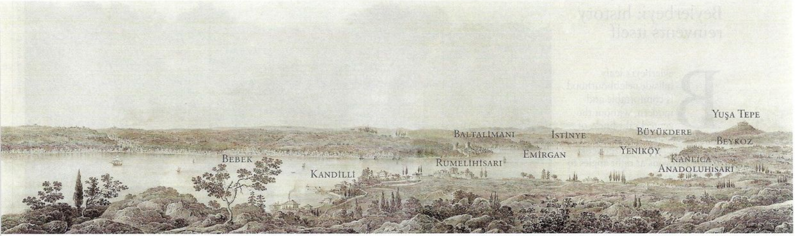
PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN MCKEE



SUNA AND INAN KIRAÇ FOUNDATION



Top The Mabeyinci Faik Bey Yali, with its twin towers, appeared in the film 'Topkapi' Far right Abdülhamid I's mosque, with the Debreli İsmail Pasha Yali to its left. The house burnt down when paint was being torched off during restoration in 1983. The fire destroyed the dome of the mosque, now rebuilt Above Caiques queueing for passengers in Beylerbeyi's harbour in the early 1880s Right The boat station's pretty ticket office

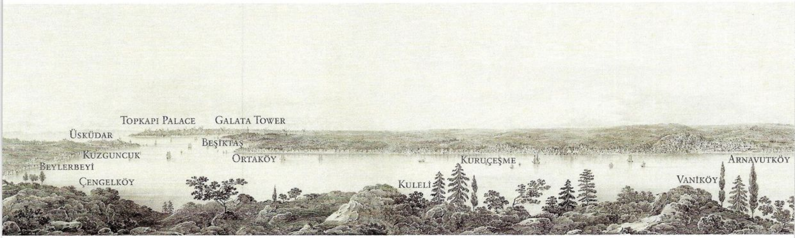


COURTESY SOTHEBY'S

BURAK ÇETINTAŞ ARCHIVE

Top A panorama from the Asian side by Joseph Schranz, c1855 Above Beylerbeyi from the Fistikli Mescit district. Home to members of the palace household, it was demolished when the bridge was built Above left Beylerbeyi has kept its old harbour

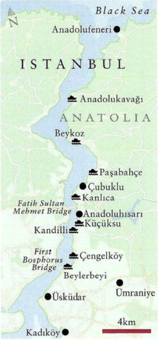
Topkapı Palaces appeared – clusters of pavilions on the shore and up on the hill. When sultans started parcelling up their gardens to sell off in the late 1600s, the age of the yalı was born. By the 1880s the *bostancıbaşı* listed a thousand of these birdcage-like waterside houses. Most have been lost, but the Asian shore still has its architectural treasures. Of the precious houses that do remain, a few retain the delicacy of the old, entirely wooden originals. There are mosques from the Tulip Period, working hamams, a rugged fortress and ornate fountains that are buildings in their own right. The simple pleasures of fishing or sailing, of admiring the views from on high or from the water, some good restaurants, friendly cafés and meyhanes are reason enough to come across, to explore the "other side".


Topkapi Palace
Galata Tower
Üsküdar
Beşiktaş
Kuzguncuk
Ortaköy
Beylerbeyi
Çengelköy
Kuruçeşme
Kuleli
Arnavutköy
Vaniköy

Beylerbeyi to Anadoluhisarı

THE ART OF IDLING

The first stage of our tour of villages on the Asian shore starts in quiet palace gardens and ends in shady riverside cafés beside an ancient castle


N
Black Sea
Anadolufeneri
ISTANBUL
Anadolukavağı
ANATOLIA
Beykoz
Paşabahçe
Çubuklu
Kanlıca
Fatih Sultan Mehmet Bridge
Anadoluhisarı
Küçüksu
Kandilli
First Bosphorus Bridge
Çengelköy
Beylerbeyi
Ümraniye
Üsküdar
4km
Kadıköy

SUSANNA HICKLING

The late Sir Steven Runciman, historian of the Crusades, wrote in his 1991 memoirs, *A Traveller's Alphabet*: "I cannot in my heart approve of the great new bridge across the Bosphorus... No man, I think, should join continents God has put asunder. But in the misty light it had great beauty."

Until the opening in 1973 of the First Bridge – designed by a Scotsman, Bill Brown, who had built Edinburgh's Forth Road Bridge and lived in Bebek – the Asian shore had remained largely untouched by Istanbul's boom and bust. It was *karşısı*, the "other side", reached by boat or ferry. Despite the ensuing havoc, exacerbated by bridges two (the Fatih) and three (imminent), it still has something of the old air. The road frequently disappears behind yalıs, and it is tempting to step onto a boat and let the captain do the work. But you can also take a series of strolls, hopping in and out of buses, minibuses or taxis as you hunt for places to indulge in a little *keyif* – the Ottoman art of idly enjoying nature.

An *Istanbulkart*, a widely available smart card, is essential for the buses, and small change for minibuses. The bends make a standing ride good exercise in itself. The villages still feel like real villages. And there are gorgeous places to pause. Exploring the Bosphorus is not about ticking off sights. Owners of the old yalıs chose between waterside window and hilltop belvedere. Today you can do the same, just about.

BRIAN MCKEE

The pain caused by the First Bridge is long forgotten, though the residents of Beylerbeyi deeply resented it. The wintry view on the page opposite is from Fıstıklı Mescit Mahallesi, the Pistachio Mosque district, where officials from Beylerbeyi Palace had built their *köşks* in orchards with a glorious view up the Bosphorus. The quarter was swept away in 1967, the ferry service was reduced, and developers made sure that the Asian shore caught up with the European in the race to build hideously inappropriate blocks of flats. Retaining walls on the steep hillsides allowed them to turn three storeys into eight, a game repeated recently in the Zorlu Center, which blights the view from Kuzguncuk.

Problems were compounded in 1988 by the Fatih Mehmet Sultan Bridge, but the real boom started in anticipation of the fiercely contested third bridge.

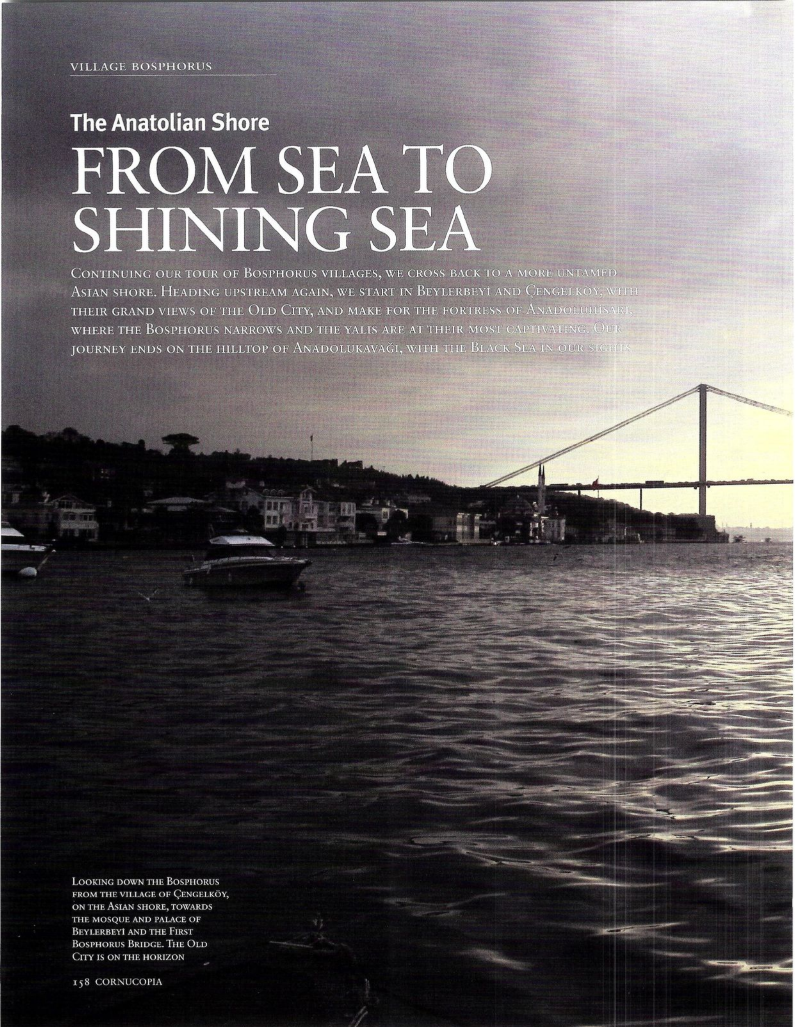
The Bosphorus in early Ottoman times probably looked much as it had done in the Byzantine period – fishing villages, isolated monasteries and churches and a few castles. It was the sultans who turned the strait into a resort by establishing *hasbahçe*, privy gardens that fed the palace and earned enough to cover their costs. Beylerbeyi was one; Çengelköy, Kandilli and Çubuklu others. In 1590 there were 39 of these gardens; by 1666 no fewer than 70. Each had a master gardener and as many as 200 hands. The sultan's head gardener, the *bostancıbaşı*, kept records of who lived where and was responsible for maintaining law and order. Surplus produce was sold by some 200 greengrocers; 17 florists took care of the flowers.

In several gardens, miniature

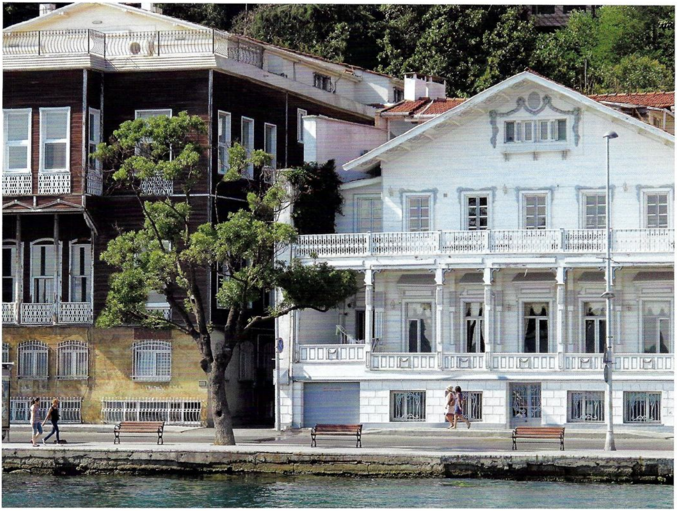
The Anatolian Shore

FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA

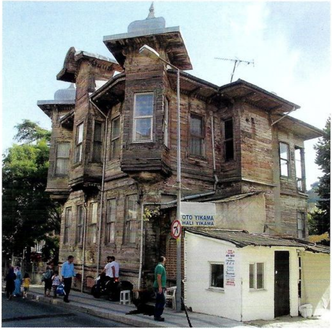
Continuing our tour of Bosphorus villages, we cross back to a more untamed Asian shore. Heading upstream again, we start in Beylerbeyi and Çengelköy, with their grand views of the Old City, and make for the fortress of Anadoluhisarı, where the Bosphorus narrows and the yalis are at their most captivating. Our journey ends on the hilltop of Anadolukavağı, with the Black Sea in our sights.



Looking down the Bosphorus from the village of Çengelköy, on the Asian shore, towards the mosque and palace of Beylerbeyi and the First Bosphorus Bridge. The Old City is on the horizon



PHOTOGRAPHS: BERRIN TOROLSAN



OPPOSITE, FROM TOP THE GARDEN OF THE MAZLUM AĞA YALI IN SARIYER'S YENİ MAHALLE DISTRICT; A SARIYER TOYSHOP; THE 'MEDIEVAL' POLICE STATION ABOVE STYLISH YALIS ON THE BÜYÜKDERE–SARIYER ESPLANADE: THE ESEYAN, BUILT IN 1874 (LEFT), AND THE 1900 KAYSERİLİYAN LEFT A RARE SURVIVING TOWN HOUSE ON ORTAÇEŞME CADDESİ

house, this time with rounded roofs and calligraphic swirls echoing the lace curtains and the metal doors. Then head straight back to the quay via the 17th-century **Mosque of Ali Kethuda.** It has a carved and painted ceiling, a lovely gallery and a women's prayer room with a feeling of great serenity.

After Sarıyer, the road ends at Rumelikavağı, a village jammed with trawlers and cheap fish restaurants. Pause on the way at **Tellibaba**, not to join the newlyweds at the shrine placing silver ribbons to give thanks, but for a view of a wild and empty Bosphorus (except for the blight of the new bridge to the north).

If you reach the village before the crowds, you might have a dip at **Altınkum** (Golden Sands), its traditional *plaj*. For a day at the seaside, **Kilyos** on the Black Sea – which has a long, sandy beach but treacherous currents – is a 25-minute drive from Sarıyer. Kite-surfers go to gusty **Gümüşdere**, slightly closer.

A wooded hill high above Sarıyer is the great meeting point for birdwatchers in spring and autumn. Take the bus for **Garipçe** and ask to get off at the sharp bend after the entrance to **Koç University.** You will see raptors in the sky and the whole Bosphorus as far as the Old City stretched out below. ◆

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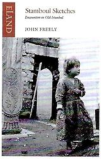
THAT OLD STAMBOUL MAGIC

BARNABY ROGERSON RECOUNTS HOW HE CAME TO REPUBLISH A FORGOTTEN WORK OF 'PURE ENCHANTMENT' BY JOHN FREELY



One of my golden rules is never to drink at lunchtime – but in a gloomy and deserted White Russian restaurant in Istanbul in winter, the sun didn't seem that far off the yardarm. My girlfriend had come south from Russia (where she was writing a pair of guidebooks to St Petersburg and Moscow) and I had come east from North Africa, where I had been busy on a similar mission. Over the past week we had been industriously scurrying around the major historic monuments of Istanbul in the footsteps of Hilary Sumner-Boyd and John Freely and their *Strolling Through Istanbul*.

This was an afternoon off, meeting up with a friend of a friend – a journalist who was on the point of launching a magazine about Anatolia and all things Turkish. The Russian food was pretty indifferent, but the conversation galloped along, spurred on by shots of vodka and the shared experience of working in foreign countries that you love and hope to understand. I was thinking about turning myself from a travel hack into a publisher, so stories about designers, distributors and the three-year cash flow were interesting.

After the bottle of vodka had been finished, our new friend summoned a taxi and decided to drop us off at a late-Ottoman imperial pavilion (Aynalikavak) concealed behind the perimeter walls of a naval base. We had spent too much time among the tourist monuments, and it was high time we saw the real fabric of the city.

His departing gift – a tattered old paperback entitled *Stamboul Sketches*, rather badly designed and much worn – was handled with interest. Written by John Freely, co-author of *Strolling Through Istanbul* (first published in 1972), it was an assembly of all the passages the editor had thought too capricious, personal and self-indulgent for that book.

The editor had been right: the chance meeting of gypsy musicians, literary exiles, fisherman poets and folk healers had no place in the pages of a historic guidebook. This was pure enchantment – and an invitation to make your own magic, to find your own city, if you had but the wit and energy to walk its streets, explore its alleys and speak to its denizens. It was by now out of print, having been published in 1974 by a wonderful old American missionary press that had rather run out of steam.

We have never dared go back to the pavilion of Aynalikavak. I doubt the curators of that lonely monument often have visitors as enchanted as we were that afternoon, glowing with the good cheer of vodka drunk on a cold winter day. It was a well-chosen place for our friend to have left us, for not only is it a completely undisturbed 18th-century pavilion, but it contained some particular historical magic for the pair of us. It was at a treaty signed here that Catherine the Great extracted the Crimea from the protection of the Ottoman Empire. It was here that the sultan had first been saluted as Caliph of all Islam by a Western power.

The gift of *Stamboul Sketches* that day kick-started a lifelong love of drifting through Istanbul, on the lookout for the odd things as well as its ancient, glorious and modern monuments.

Armed with John Freely's experiences, you start keeping an eye out for nightingale merchants, for the telltale sign of an errant husband being lured home through an inscribed walnut shell left on a lintel, a dervish holy fool in the modern guise of a lunatic taxi driver. Your ears are tuned for saz-playing poet-minstrels.

Not that you can summon up John Freely's experiences of nearly half a century ago, but by looking for it you certainly identify your own magic in your own time. For us it came in the form of a fortune-telling rabbit one Ramadan evening, a road sweeper who fed cats on a fine carpet in an ancient tomb, the roasted chestnuts fed to us by the custodian of a royal mosque every time we passed his door.

On the back of it, we ourselves would later be commissioned to write two guidebooks to Istanbul – an excuse to live in an old wooden house with our young daughters, surrounded by child-loving Turks. Both daughters have chosen to celebrate their 16th birthdays by taking a pair of schoolfriends to wander around the city. And some 20 years later, publishing a new edition of *Stamboul Sketches* is our chance to return that gift of a battered old book. The paper and the binding, and the reproduction of gritty and exquisite photographs by Sedat Pakay, are much finer than the original's. Our price tag is also higher. But £12.99 is about a third of what the first edition now fetches on the second-hand market – and the price of half a bottle of vodka. ◆

'Stamboul Sketches: Encounters in Old Istanbul', by John Freely (Eland Books, £12.99) is available from cornucopia.net, post-free for subscribers worldwide

‹ CORNUCOPIA'S ISTANBUL HOTEL DIRECTORY cont.

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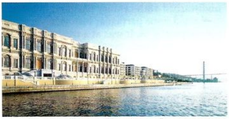

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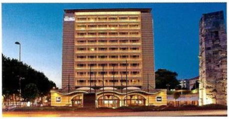

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Tel 90-212 315 5500 Fax 90-212 315 5515

Swissôtel Bosphorus Istanbul

With its palatial lobby and rooftop dining, the Swissôtel has stunning views of the Bosphorus from the chic residential and business district of Maçka, overlooking Dolmabahçe Palace. Amrita Spa & Wellness Centre, tennis courts and a swimming pool set in cedar woods, as well as a wide choice of specialist restaurants.

www.swissotel.com/istanbul istanbul@swissotel.com
Tel 90-212 326 1100 Fax 90-212 326 1122

Corinne Hotel – Galatasaray

Conveniently located off Istiklal Caddesi in the Çukurcuma antiques district, this new 39-room hotel is in a meticulously restored 100-year-old building. Rooms have every conceivable comfort: air-filtration, heated floors, pillow menu. Enjoy the sights and sounds of the neighbourhood in a café serving delicious meals all day.

www.corinnehotel.com info@corinnehotel.com
Tel 90-212 293 9494 Fax 90-212 293 9474

Pera Palace Hotel Jumeirah– Istanbul

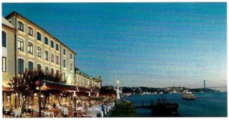
Located in Beyoğlu's cosmopolitan Tepebaşı district since 1892, the Pera Palace looks across the Golden Horn to the Old City. This historic hotel, with 115 rooms – including 16 suites named after illustrious guests – has been fully renovated in keeping with its original grandeur, while offering state-of-the-art facilities.

www.jumeirah.com
Tel 90-212 377 4000 Fax 90-212 377 4077

Ibrahim Pasha Hotel – Sultanahmet

A converted 19th-century four-storey town house, the Ibrahim Pasha is the ideal place to stay for first-time visitors to Istanbul. The rooms are well equipped and comfortable and are decorated in a contemporary-with-a-twist Ottoman style. And there are minarets and domes aplenty on show from the rooftop terrace.

www.ibrahimpasha.com contact@ibrahimpasha.com
Tel 90-212 518 0394 Fax 90-212 518 4457



The Sumahan on the Water – Çengelköy

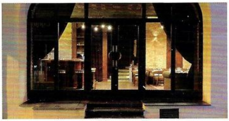
A launch whisks you across the water to Europe when you stay on the Asian shore at the Sumahan. An inspired conversion of an Ottoman distillery by husband-and-wife architects who inherited it, with wonderful views of the Old City. Çengelköy, a village that has kept its old Bosphorus charm, is a short stroll. The hotel has a hamam and shares the quay with the new Tapasuma Restaurant.

www.sumahan.com tuba.tekeli@sumahan.com
Tel 90-216 422 8000 Fax 90-216 422 8008

Vault Karaköy

On Bankalar Caddesi, in up-and-coming Karaköy, convenient for bohemian Beyoğlu, historic Sultanhamet and the Galata port district. Restored by Aga Khan award-winner Han Tümertekin, with modern interiors and contemporary classic rooms by Sinan Kafadar, inspired by the bank whose vaults give the hotel its name. Art books for browsing. Curated art exhibitions.

www.thehousehotel.com info@thehousehotel.com
Tel 90-212 244 6434 Fax 90-212 244 6414



Georges Hotel – Galata

Georges is a new stylish 20-room boutique hotel housed in a heritage building in the heart of Istanbul's chic, trendy Beyoğlu with its shops, bars, art galleries and restaurants. Contemporary interiors are offset by a stately, old-world romance. Stunning balcony views of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, in-room yoga service, conference room, French restaurant. Just a few steps from Galata Tower.

www.georges.com reservation@georges.com
Tel 90-212 244 2423 Fax 90-212 244 2448

The House Hotel Bosphorus

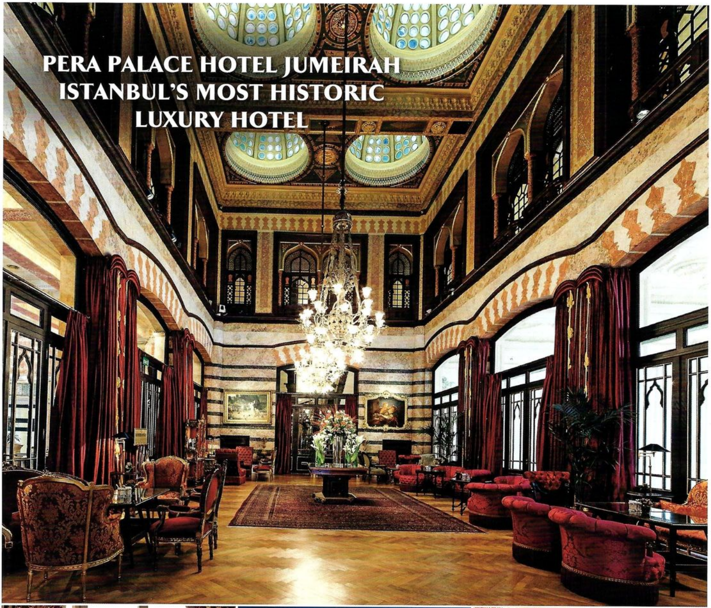
Stylish waterside apartments overlooking a pretty square in Ortaköy, on the European shore of the Bosphorus. Built in the 1890s for the Balyans, a dynasty of imperial Ottoman architects, the apartements have now transformed into a luxury designer hotel. Most of the 23 rooms have balconies and stunning sea views. From the three rooftop suites, you see all the way from Topkapı Palace to the Bosphorus Bridge.

www.thehousehotel.com info@thehousehotel.com
Tel 90-212 327 7787 Fax 90-212 327 7793

The House Hotel Galatasaray

The attractive 1890s Zenovitch Apartments in Çukurcuma, Istanbul's atmospheric antiques district, opened as the first House Hotel in 2010. The historic town house is the ideal base to explore bohemian Beyoğlu. The conversion by Autoban retains many of its original features, including the elegant façade and marble staircase. There are 20 high-ceilinged suites, and a top-floor lounge bar with views over the Beyoğlu rooftops.

www.thehousehotel.com info@thehousehotel.com
Tel 90-212 252 0422 Fax 90-212 245 2307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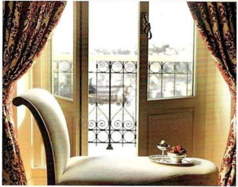
ISTANBUL'S MOST HISTORIC
LUXURY HOTEL



THE PEARL OF ISTANBUL

Gaze out at centuries of history at Pera Palace Hotel Jumeirah, with its Golden Horn view and prime location in the Tepebası district of Pera. Enjoy gourmet dining experiences in our famous restaurants and revitalise yourself in the soothing atmosphere of Pera Spa.

For reservations call +90 212 377 40 00 or visit jumeirah.com/istanbul

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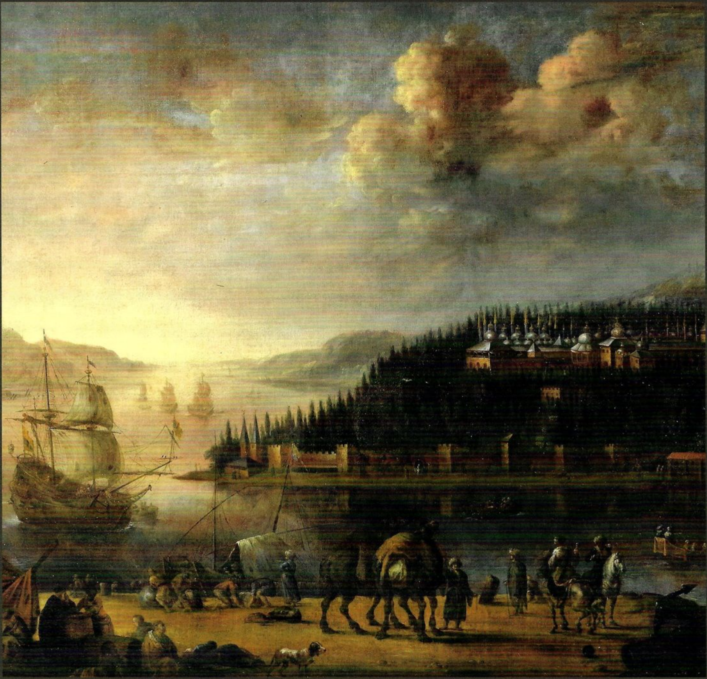

EXHIBITION 17–21 APRIL

The Topkapı Palace viewed from Pera, Dutch school, 17th century (Detail)
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